DAILY SENTINEL

THURSDAY..... APRIL 24

The Union it must be preserved.
—*Jackson.*

Democratic Union State Ticket.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
JAMES S. ATHON,
Of Marion County.

FOR AUDITOR OF STATE,
JOSEPH RISTINE,
Of Fountain County.

FOR TREASURER OF STATE,
MATTHEW L. BRETT,
Of Daviess County.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
OSCAR B HORD,
Of Decatur County.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
MILTON B. HOPKINS,
Of Clinton County.

The Poor Whites.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "As the Abolitionists begin to talk of the employment of the masters by the slaves, and the representation of constituencies in Congress by niggers, we suggest that the black people form benevolent associations for the benefit of the white race. The political sufferings of the latter class are beginning to be unendurable. They are utterly unrepresented in Congress, and are now subject to the hypothetical good of the slaves.

"For God's sake let somebody do something for white men."

The One Idea.

We publish this morning a report of a speech made by WENDELL PHILLIPS in Boston upon his return from his Western tour. Mr. PHILLIPS is a man of great ability and he is a consistent Abolitionist. As he fairly reflects the sentiments and purposes of the Emancipationists, we reproduce his speech to enlighten the public thereupon. PHILLIPS has but one idea, the Abolitionists have but one idea—the enfranchisement of the negro and placing him upon a social and political equality with the white citizen. To accomplish that end they make all else subsidiary. Before the war they were in favor of and advocated a separation of nineteen States from the Union to be divorced from slavery, but now they are Unionists, not under the Constitution, but with the hope that the military power may override that instrument, and under the plea of "necessity" by edict abolish slavery wherever it exists. As evidence of this we make a single extract from his speech:

Mr Lincoln, the nation, may abolish slavery; they can not save it. God appealed first to the pulpits—they were barred against his messenger; he appealed to ballots—they were too slow for his method; he appeals to bullets, and the slaves of the District are the first trophies of his victory.

So, according to PHILLIPS—the Yankee abolitionist—it was God, not the Southern men, who brought about this war. He says it is God's "appeal to bullets" to abolish slavery. PHILLIPS and his co-laborers not only intend that the negro shall be free, but that he shall be the equal of the whites. Hear him:

He came home with one idea. No Yankee, no Buckeye, no Hoosier, no natives, no foreigners, no black, no white, no German, no Saxon, in that beautiful future we behold—only American citizens, with one law impartial over all; an empire stretching from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; every race, every man, free.

That's the one idea. That's the Abolition programme. "No black, no white, one law impartial over all." This philanthropy, in the abstract, reads very prettily, but when reduced to practice the poetry vanishes. Are the people of Indiana ready for the negro feast? We think they will sink this Abolition humbuggery so deep, the first time they get a chance to strike it, that even the hands of the resurrectionists can not reach it.

Comparative Value of White and Black Labor.

One of the marvelous effects of fanaticism—though a fact nothing new in history—is the utter blindness it strikes a man with, even as to his own race and its value. Thus, a white crazy Port Royal correspondent of the New York *Times* illustrates this position:

Mr. Wilson has had a number of negro carpenters under his charge, and speaks of them in terms of great praise. He affirms the aptness of the negro to acquire a knowledge of mechanical art, and illustrates by some of the best blacksmiths on the island. I am told that the harbor master, Captain King, has had thirty black hands employed about the docks, and declares *that they are worth any fifty white laborers he could procure;* and he is said to have applied to the Quartermaster for an increase in the negro proportion of the force he employs.

Thirty negroes worth fifty white Americans, or Irish, or German laborers! Won't that do?

But, if thirty South Carolina negroes are worth fifty American, Irish or German laborers from the North, or in the North, of course they will displace the white laborers the moment we get them here, as contemplated.

Beyond all question, says the New York *Herald*, it is intended to disperse throughout the North as many of these negroes as practicable. And the reason is obvious. The support of these contrabands is becoming a heavy expense to the nation, and will increase with their increasing numbers. It is no function of the Government to enter into the cotton planting business, and the only employment it may legitimately give these people is that of being the servants and cooks of the army, a servile condition totally incompatable with the heaven born intellects and wonderful love of liberty which, according to Greeley and to Beecher, they so pre-eminently possess.

They must, therefore, be brought North to be educated to kiss the blarney stone of New England, and learn that they are made in God's own image and have a right to co it.

Let them come on then, to these "fields and pastures new," to the climate which, for six months in the year, will keep their teeth in a continual chatter; to employments, which, if gained, will deprive our white laborers of their bread; to get false opinions of themselves and of others; to be in their own way and everbody's else—in short to be the plague and nuisance of every community where they muster in force. The sooner the better. We propose that fifty thousand of these contrabands be brought at once to New York and Boston, and we shall see what will be the result. Let the white coated philosophers mingle with their beloved ones, and show that the contrast of color is a mere fallacy; let the reverend doctors prove that Ethiopia may successfully change her skin, whether the Lord pleases or not; let the whole tribe of silly lecturers, men and women, rush into the throng, take them by the hand, hug them to their bosoms, and survive the effluvium as they may, yet the attempt will be a dead failure.

The presence of any large number of negroes in the North is an impossibility. The Northwestern States have already shown their determination to have no piebald population in their midst, and here all experience teaches us they cannot increase, multiply or prosper.

The Army of Gen. Halleck.

We have known for several days that the army of Gen. Pope, which has been acting in concert with the fleet of Com. Foote, had returned up the river to Paducah, and had proceeded thence to join Gen Halleck. We thought this intelligence "contraband," and have not even referred to it. But the journal which enjoys the confidence of the Administration, and therefore possibly understands Mr. Stanton's orders and Mr. Sanford's mysterious and confidential warnings to newspaper editors, last evening published the fact, and, once published, whatever mischief may result cannot with justice be attributed to us for repeating it. It should also be stated that Gen. Pope's army has been ere this replaced by another, and that the Mississippi river operations will go on as usual. The "hang fire" at Fort Pillow can now be understood by our readers.

In the meantime, General Halleck has his army again in order; with fresh troops and increased artillery he is now in the field. His army is, we are informed, so arranged that it is impossible, except by a force of twice its numbers, to defeat him. Gradually he is preparing for the work, and if Beauregard proposes to water his horse in the Tennessee river, he will have to make a wide detour to accomplish that interesting deed. Skirmishes between pickets are of daily occurrence; and it is not violating any rule to say that our pickets never fall back; they have a force behind them always to maintain their advance. Further we dare not publish. Sufficient to say that another battle may soon occur, and when it does, the rout and permanent dispersion of the rebel army is inevitable.—*Chicago Post.*

Our Army Correspondence—From the Mississippi River.

ON BOARD STEAMER SHINGISS,
April 16 and 17, 1862.

J. J. BINGHAM, ESQ.: The Captain of the steamer says the strange name she bears—"Shingiss"—was the name of an Indian queen, who ruled before the days of Braddock over the coal hills about Pittsburg, Pa., and was distinguished for many noble qualities. However that may be, the Captain is a clever man, and presides over a fast boat. By permission from the Naval Commandant at Cairo, Mr. Holloway and myself were allowed to take a room on the Shingiss, and run down with her to the fleet wherever that might be found.

We left Cairo at 2 P. M., and at 4 o'clock, the present writing, have just passed Hickman, a distance of forty miles, against a strong head wind, that sends the waves in spray clear over the cabin. The river is very high and rising. The rise is from both the Ohio and the upper Mississippi, and it is feared it will make against the operations of the land forces below. Yesterday morning, as I passed up, there was quite a little bank visible at Columbus, and now the water is over the streets and lots of the town. The situation of this whilom stronghold is, I presume, familiar to your readers. It is a semi-circular bottom, containing four or five hundred acres, skirted by hills or bluffs, with the river sweeping its front. The fortifications on these hills are very extensive and very strong—seemingly impregnable to any force that could be brought against them. They are well planned. The only defect is in the water batteries. They are entirely unprotected, and hence would have been, as Beauregard is said to have pronounced them, complete "slaughter pens" if our immense mortars had got range on them. It is thought the works will be kept up—the water batteries completed and the place made a depot for the heavy guns and ordnance stores captured and to be taken on the river.

AT TIPTONVILLE.

We passed New Madrid about dusk. Three steamers with horses and stores were still there. It was dark and raining when we reached Tiptonville. A regular New Madrid thunder and lightning earthquake storm was brewing. The orders of the Captain were to run directly to the fleet, but to keep out in the stream in such a storm as was raging, would be certain destruction to the craft, and the Captain determined to lay up until the fury of the storm was passed. Gen. Slack's brigade, in which was the 47th Indiana regiment, was encamped about a mile below, and we determined to visit them. Getting ashore in such a hurricane was a matter of some danger and difficulty, and groping our way through the horses and teams of a large body of cavalry, was no less difficult; but guided by the vivid lightning which lit up the entire encampment every few moments, we contrived to get through without a kick or a scratch. We found Gen. Slack still up with his aids Lieutenants DeHart and Daily, making himself master of his situation, receiving reports from scouts, &c. While the rain fell in torrents on the canvas covering, and the thunder roared as it only can bellow in this region, and the lightning flashed blindingly, we passed a very pleasant hour with our Indiana friends. By the way, the Indiana troops in the Mississippi division of the army are badly clad. The State is anxious to supply them, but red tape is somewhere at fault. Let it be cut at once, and not have our poor boys, as I have often seen them, searching for old coffee sacks in which to wrap their feet for want of shoes when ordered at night to the trenches.

DOWN THE RIVER.

By midnight the storm had blowed itself out, and one of those dull, hot, foggy calms peculiar to this region had succeeded it. The Captain resolved to take the chances and run anyhow, as he had dispatches for Commandant Foote and a large mail for the fleet. It was a dangerous business, the pilots said. The fog was so thick that the green trees of the shore were not visible at over one hundred feet, and then very indistinctly. The bends had to be guessed at, but the pilots were familiar with the river and calculated the distance made, working out the situation of the craft in the same manner that marines do when an "observation" is not to be had.

At daylight we were met by a steamer with a peremptory order from General Pope to put back. The reply was that the "Shingiss" belonged to the Navy, and received orders from the Commodore only. In an hour more we were in the midst of General Pope's transports just above Plum Point bend. They were all afloat and such a rapid succession of shrill whistles as our arrival created was never heard before. It was like turning a fresh hog in a pen of old porkers. Every fellow had a grunt at us, and as we could only see their black smoke slowly winding up and back in the thick white mist, and they could only see our smoke, it completely mystified us. Presently the signal from the flag boat was heard to report. We ran close up, and General Pope and Assistant Secretary of War, Colonel Scott, with other dignitaries, became visible on the afterguard of the "Perry." They wanted to know what the devil we were doing there. Told them, and inquired where Commodore Foote was to be found, and was told he had not changed his position since the Shingiss left him. Some one wanted to know where the army was going, and was told that a portion was bound "up the Tennessee."

THE FLAG SHIP.

While rounding Florence Island and making for the Tennessee shore the mist lifted, so that the low black mass of the "Benton" was distinctly visible, Flag Officer's signal to "round to and report" was heard. A tug came alongside; the "Shingiss" was ordered to lay to and await orders, and in a few moments we were on board of the flag ship. Her iron clad deck was scrupulously clean and order reigned above and below. The finest cambric handkerchief might sweep her gun-deck without being stained, and the crew grouped about cheerful without being noisy, and in point of cleanliness presentable in any society. While my friends were engaged with the Commodore in his cabin, I was suffered to inspect the ship and had all my questions politely answered. I regret now that I did not also send in my card, for our party concur in representing Flag Officer Foote as affable and agreeable—a gentleman as well as a hero, and in this many thousands will agree with me that he differs from some of our fresh fledged Generals whose mushroom honors have made them so boorish that it will take years of civil life hereatter to make them decent pets in society.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

Col. Fitch, who commands the advanced brigade of the army here, accompanied by his brother, LeRoy Fitch, of the navy, came on board to confer with the Commodore just as we were about leaving the Benton. An invitation to an early dinner on board of the ordnance ship and a promise that we should accompany a reconnoissance of the rebel batteries induced us to defer our return to the "Shingiss" and accompany them.

For two days the big guns on both sides have been sullenly silent. The rebels only stir themselves when our folks wake them up, and this was one of the days appointed to pitch a few shells into their nest. The defenses are at the first Chickasaw bluffs, on the Tennessee shore. On all maps that I have seen it is called Fort Randolph, and Fort Pillow is placed below. The river just above the bluff makes one of those abrupt bends so common on the Mississippi—the Arkansas shore running out like a promontory, the tall timber of which hides the bluff. From the middle of the river above nothing appears to vary the monotony of numberless similar scenes except the appearance of a slight elevation beyond the point, as if a cluster of trees had taken a notion to outstrip their neighbors in growth. From the Tennessee shore, however, where the flag ship lays, the high land is to be seen, dotted with tents which the rebels have been moving since yesterday. The river narrows at the point; the bluff is bristling with cannon, so that a vessel rounding the point would run into their jaws. About a mile or a mile and a half above the promontory, and in the middle of the river at its present stage, is an island, or towhead bar. Parallel with the foot of this, on the Tennessee shore, the flag ship is anchored, with the navy transports above. Opposite the head of the bar, and stretching upwards on the Arkansas shore, lay the army transports. The gunboats are anchored in the stream below, and the mortar fleet is in position on the upper side of the promontory or bend. The tugboats are here, there, and everywhere, skimming constantly over the broad expanse of water carrying messages and orders.

Shortly after meridian Captain Myndiers of the army, the chief of the mortar fleet, announced all ready. The tug boat came alongside and Cols. Fitch and McLean, Mr. Holloway and myself with the naval and military gentlemen immediately interested, stepped on board. The active little craft ran down by the mortar fleet, Captain Myndiers giving his orders to the several mortars as she passed the boats, and then she headed for the opposite shore, the pilot having orders to place her directly opposite the bend. As she passed it (the bend) the bluffs lifted to view and when we reached the middle of the river the upper rebel battery was to be seen distinctly with the naked eye. The tug headed up stream and kept steady while the officers swept the hill with their glasses. Presently the signal was given to the first mortar boat to open fire. A volume of smoke rose slowly up, a heavy roar so loud that I have not language to describe it succeeded and this was followed by a rumbling as of distant thunder as the shell sped through the air. These immense shells do not scream or screech in their progress as lesser missiles do—they rumble and reverberate almost beating nature in their imitation of thunder. Every eye was strained to note the effect of the shot. Moments elapsed, the thunder rolling on and on, when a small white cloud was seen immediately above the cliff which sent back a sound like a twenty-four pounder. The shell had burst—the range was right. Another and another succeeded in rapid succession from the other boats, followed and mixing up the thunder in such confusion that earth and water seemed to quake. They all had range. The rebel gunboats below steamed up to get out of the way, for we could see the black smoke from their stacks getting blacker and swaying in large clouds above them. The reconnoissance was over—the fight was opened, and Capt. Myndiers gave orders to run for the mortar boats. The rebel batteries were slow to respond, but when they did open they kept up the fire briskly and with their heaviest guns. Their shells mostly burst in the woods on the promontory and their solid shot went clear over the mortar boats. The boats were hid from their view by the timber and they aimed for the smoke of the guns as it rose above the trees. In half an hour the fight was hot and the constant roar of such heavy artillery was deafening. The rebels evidently have some fine guns in position and of heavy caliber. A one hundred and twenty pound shot struck within a few feet of the Carondolet, dashing the water over Mr. Fishback of the St. Louis *Democrat*, as he sood, one of the group on her deck. The sight was grand. The decks of all the vessels were crowded with spectators and the panorama of the broad bay with its infinite variety of craft and the many thousands witnesses was exceedingly beautiful, if such a word can be appropriately used amidst such a stormy cannonade. For two hours the mortar boats thundered and the rebels replied, when orders were given to throw our shell every fifteen minutes and keep it up at that.

The trip to the fleet paid well if only to witness the bombardment of a few hours which I have so feebly described. B.

From the Boston Courier, April 13.

Wendell Phillips on the Policy of Government.

The abstract which we give of Wendell Phillips's address we commend to the public consideration. The speech is an "eye opener"—not for its logic, certainly, its sense or its decency—but for its revelations.

Last evening, Wondell Phillips delivered an address by invitation of the Fraternity Association, in Trement Temple. The body of the hall was crowded with people, and the galleries were about half full. Rev. J. M. Manning and Collector J. Z. Goodrich occupied prominent seats on the platform. Mr. Phillips was introduced by Mr. Charles W. Slack, who said, in substance, that he (Mr. P.) had recently placed his hand on the heart of the great West, and found it all right.

In commencing, Mr. Phillips said: I certainly owe great thanks to you and the Fraternity that have given me an opportunity to speak here tonight, marked as this week is by one of the greatest events in the history of progressive movements, that any of us has seen, or any of us perhaps, may be permitted to see. For the first time the constituted authorities make one step towards the motto—"Freedom National." Neither you nor I could have expected to live to see that result—not the most sanguine of us expected so much. In a nation that lives so fast, it gives good promise that some of us may live to see the whole country, so far as it acknowledges the stars and stripes, free from the fetters of slavery. South Carolina, flinging down the gauntlet of battle, has led the way in the abolition of slavery; and as heretofore the nation follows her lead. I came back from the West with the same idea that I carried there, that the death of slavery is recorded. You may see it in the expression of the people; you may see it in the expression of the nation, and, I think, in the intention of the statesmen; but I care little for intentions. When I see a man half way down the Falls of Niagara I don't ask his intentions. I find great encouragement everywhere. I find it in the disposition of the President. I believe he means what he said to the Border State Commissioners—"Gentlemen, you love slavery; I hate it; you mean it shall live; I mean it shall die." I believe he lacks neither intention nor capacity. If he lacks anything, he lacks will. I believe that what he lacks will be found in his Cabinet, which exists in one man, who, like Atlas, is able to bear the whole nation on his shoulders—Stanton. I don't believe in any Cabinet outside of him.

We had a Secretary of State once who told the Minister to France, Mr. Dayton, that the conflict would cease without disturbing the status of the slave; but the nation has drifted so far that he is lost sight of. Mr. Chase, who placed McClellan at the head of the army, against the earnest remonstrance of General Scott, has faded out of sight. The key-note of the Secretary of War is, "You'll fight, or you'll go out. Mr. Blair says, "Why can't I have a court martial for Fremont?" "Because I have too much to do to wash your dirty linen," says the Secretary. I don't think the Secretary of War is an Abolitionist to day, but he is on the anxious seat. If Jeff. Davis holds out till next January, he will be one. I don't believe the newspaper stories that Stanton has gone out of the Cabinet; but if he has, we have lost the key of our position. He is the only man on the continent who deserves the name of the Napoleon of the crisis. Mr. Lincoln may abolish slavery—he can't save it; the nation may abolish slavery—it can't save it. God has said, "Let my people go;" but we have been hardening our hearts until He now seals the mission of emancipation in the blood of our first-born. Toombs said he would call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill; I have first heard the roll call of a Massachusetts regiment on the sacred soil.

The President is ahead as yet of the manifestations of the people. He has taken a step in advance and holds out his hand for support. His recent message contains more than we have accorded to it. Noticing some criticisms on his message lately, he said there was "more in him than people saw." In illustration he told a story of an Irishman down in Maine who went into an apothecary's store and called for a glass o' soda. The Maine law was in force, and he whispered to the man behind the counter, "You couldn't put a drop of the crather into it, could yer, unbeknownst to mesel?" "So this message," said the President, "contains something unbeknown to those who asked for it." Be happy that you live to hear such words as are conveyed by that message. For the first time the Administration of this country has done an anti-slavery act. A short time ago McClellan banished the Hutchinsons from the Potomac—a slight sign; the soldiers hang on to John Brown—a great sign.

The Gulf States have made up their mind; there is no Unionism in them, except in the city of New Orleans—because of her commerce. The Gulf States say, "Slavery without the Union"—the Border States say, "Slavery and the Union," and the Northern States have made up their mind that they want "Union without slavery." If this cannot be made manifest as the mind of the North, the Union is gone; neither you nor I will ever see it again. I believe it does exist, and it is our duty to make it manifest. That is what I have to say to you to-night.

Mr. Phillips said the golden hour afforded by our reverses at Manassas and Ball's Bluff for declaring direct emancipation had gone by. With victory to our arms, party lines are being drawn. The Democratic party is drawing its lines. The recent municipal elections all over the land indicate this. The future of the negro was secure—he was out of the ring. The question to be decided was, "Are free institutions to survive this struggle?" There should be no union of parties without a community of ideas. It leads to the election of such men as Judge Thomas, in the House of Representatives. An empty seat there would be worth its weight in diamonds. The message he brought to them from the West was, "Give us a support of ideas, not words." He got a Democratic indorsement at Cincinnati, which opened his way to the heart of the West so rapidly that he was afraid people would think it was a collusion.

The *Courier* and *Post* say, why don't you bring the 400,000 slaves in South Carolina to Massachusetts? Why don't the editor of the *Courier* go to South Carolina? Because there is no pro-slavery paper for him to edit there. He stays here because he finds something to do—so much the worse for us. Why don't the negro come to Massachusetts? Because he can't raise wheat, or edit the *Courier*—thank God for that last. The *Courier* and *Post* talk of compensation for slaves set free. Compensation for whom? Thieves and beggars! We give slaveholders money because they can't take care of themselves, and we set the slaves free because they can. That was the way he looked at it. He came here to hear the Democrats talk of the negro not being able take care of himself, when he saw on the Washington Register that Stephen A. Douglas once mortgaged his house to a negro for $12,000. It shows that a negro not only had money, but that he knew enough not to lend it to a Democratic candidate for President without having it secured by mortgage.

McClellan, Halleck, Buell and Grant, who put negroes outside of their lines when their masters are likely to be in the vicinity, are to go by the board, and the Fremonts and Hunters and Siegels are to be put in their places, before this war is brought to a successful termination. [Applause and hisses.] I expect to be hissed for that for some time to come, but it is true. The dead timber in the Cabinet, and the Major Generals taken from the regular army, who like the South better than the North, are all to be sloughed off. The sky is bright for the negro, but dark for the white man. You haven't a paper, said Mr. Phillips, in Boston, which dares to print Mr. Sumner's speech delivered on this platform. Not till the New York *Herald* had printed the speech did the Boston *Journal* skulk up to Mr. Sumner's study and ask for a copy of it. The only papers that have the courage are the sycophants of South Carolina. He had yet to hear the first word of justice from a Boston paper since the Cincinnati mob. So long as the class of men who occupy the seats of their grandfathers live, the Boston *Courier* will live. They can find fault with the Welleses, but why does no voice go up from the Exchange indorsing the President's policy? If the *North American Review* denounces Charles Sumner as a traitor, let Faneuil Hall indorse him as a statesman. If Massachusetts saves herself it will be in spite of her editors.

Mr. Phillips closed his address by urging his hearers to encourage the President to enlarge his border State message, and encourage the Secretary of War to say, death to every institution that interfered with the progress of the war.

From the Cincinnati Price Current, April 23.

Financial and Commercial Summary for the Past Week.

The great abundance of money continues and the supply is increasing, without any increase in the demand for it, from sources satisfactory to capitalists, who are not as yet willing to go beyond first class business paper. As the supply of unemployed capital increases and the success of the Government army continues, there is an increased demand for the securities of the Government, and there is an active demand for the 7 3-10th Treasury notes at over par. It is clear that in no way can money be invested now, to pay so large a net interest, as in these securities, the only draw-back being the fear that an attempt will be made by a political party after the war, to repudiate this Government debt, and make this issue a stepping-stone to power and place. If the American people will thus permit themselves to be used by any faction, then has this great war been in vain, and the blood which has been poured out profusely by the citizens of the loyal States, has been shed to no purpose. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," should be the motto of our Government always, for upon no other foundation can it stand to be prosperous and permanent. First-class business paper we quote at 8@10 per cent. for short, and 10@12 per cent. for long date. It is difficult to borrow money on real estate at 10 per cent. The supply of exchange has been light and the market firm at ¼ prem, the buying rate being par@1-10 prem. There has been quite an active demand for gold, chiefly from the Ohio Banks, in anticipation of the amount they will need to furnish the State Government to pay its July interest, this being one of the conditions of the law permitting them to suspend specie payment. The market therefore has ruled firm at 2 prem. selling rate and 1½ do buying rate. There is hardly any, what is called, counter demand, for it.

	BUYING.	SELLING.
New York	par	¼ prem
Gold	1½ prem.	2 prem.

In uncurrent money there is an advance on Wheeling City and two of the branches to 1 discount.

The demand for all articles in the provision line has been quite limited, and the sales small comparatively until Monday, when a brisk demand arose again for bulk sides from the English packers, and on Monday evening and yesterday the sales were over a million and a half pounds, at 5c, including 300,000 lbs. shoulders, packed in fly-tight hhds., at 3¼, which is equal to 3c loose. The weather in the forepart of the week was quite warm, which stopped packing for the Liverpool market; but since Sunday it has been quite cool, and favorable for the business, and this is one cause of the increased demand, though not the only cause. The private advices by the Canada are more favorable than had been expected, the Liverpool market being sustained better under the unusual large receipts than had been anticipated. This renewed demand has been confined to bulk sides and shoulders, chiefly the former. There has been nothing done in mess pork or lard of consequence; the former is offered at $10 25@10 50, and the latter at 7¼@7½c, but in order to effect sales, mess pork would have to be sold at $10 and lard at 7@7¼c.

A moderate demand for bacon sides at 5½c, but none for shoulders, which are offered at 3¾c. Bulk hams may be quoted at 4@4¼c, the latter rate including packages. When cut in a shape and cured in a manner to suit the Liverpool market, they command 4½c, but none of this kind are to be had. Bulk shoulders are being shipped thence freely, packed in fly-tight hogsheads and in dry salt. The consumptive demand for American meat is good in England, but the demand is chiefly speculative, which is based on the low prices, and the belief that prices at this side will materially advance.

The demand for flour has been of the most limited nature, and prices have been to a great extent nominal, buyers holding back for a decline, and owners, under the light receipts, not disposed to make such concessions as buyers demanded. Superfine has been offered at $4@4 10 and extra at $4 15@4 20, but yesterday, under the news of a reaction in New York, holders were firmer and wanted $4 10@4 15 for superfine, but there was hardly anything done, not enough to establish quotations.

Wheat declined to 88@90c for red and 93@95c for white.

Corn in good demand at 32c, and the tendency of prices was upward at the close.

Oats have been in good demand at 29@30c and the market closed steady.

Whisky has fluctuated some, as usual, under the agitating cause growing out of the tax question, but closed firm at 18c.

Linseed oil declined to 87c, with sales. The market is dull, but it is held at 88@89c pretty generally.

In the grocery market there is no especial change, with the exception of molasses, which has advanced to 42@43c, and it is scarce. Sugar has met with a good jobbing demand at 8@8¾c for Cuba and 9@9¾c for Porto Rico. Coffee is quiet and unchanged.

☞ A telegraphic dispatch from Cairo to the Chicago *Post*, dated 21st, states that Governor HARVEY's body, who was recently drowned at Pittsburg, has been found and was at the former place at that time.

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IS warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of Piles. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists.
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☞ WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO ANNOUNCE the name of JAMES K. PLUMMER, as a candidate to represent Marion county in the next Legislature, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. MANY VOTERS.

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NOW OPENING
SECOND INVOICES OF ENTIRELY NEW DESIGNS IN
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Chesterfield, Gleneham and Palo Alto 6-4 Cloakings, from 75c to $2 25 per yard; Schwarzs, Poplin, Galgtech, Talconey & Co.'s celebrated brands of English Prints, only 12½c per yard; Check and Fancy Silks, from 62½c to $1 15 per yard.
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Large Fire-Proof Building,
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AGENT.

George F. Worthington,
AGENT FOR
MILITARY CLAIMS,
NO. 434 THIRTEENTH STREET, ONE DOOR FROM F, Washington City.

HAVING BEEN ENGAGED FOR A NUMBER OF years in the settlement of such Claims in one of the Government Offices, (from which he has withdrawn,) offers to attend to claims of any kind that may be entrusted to him, such as those for Pensions, Bounty, Arrears of Pay, Subsistence, Transportation, Clothing, and particularly for horses, and other property lost or destroyed in the United States service, including cases of impressment.

TESTIMONIAL.

We are well acquainted with Mr. Worthington, and cheerfully testify that we know no Agent in Washington on whom claimants can more confidently rely than on him to conduct their business with integrity, capacity and zeal.

Signed by
HON. JOHN D. McPHERSON,
Asst. Solicitor of U. S. Court of Claims.
HON. CHAS. B. CALVERT,
House of Representatives.
REV. SMITH PYNE, D. D.
COL. W. B. RANDOLPH,
Chief Clerk U. S. Treasurer's Office.
Washington, D. C.

I fully indorse the above testimonial, and cheerfully and confidently recommend Mr. Worthington to my brother officers and soldiers in Kentucky and elsewhere, and to all others having claims against the Government. Probably no man has a more thorough knowledge of War Claims than Mr. W., and for zeal and integrity he has not a superior. T. S. EVERETT,
apr7-d3m Captain, Adjt. General's Dept.

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WOOD LAWN GREEN HOUSE!
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PROPRIETOR.

I HAVE A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF BEDDING-out Plants of assorted varieties, at reduced prices, including
VERBENAS,
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Also, a general assortment of hardy Bedding Plants, as Spireas, Phloxes, Chrysanthemums, &c.

Fruit and Ornamental,

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A rare collection of all the different classes.

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A large and complete collection of Azalias, Camillias &c., direct from Philadelphia

And also the most complete assortment of hardy native Grapes in the West. As most prominent among them I name the Delaware, Diana, Concord, Cuyahoga, Allen's Hybrid, Rebecca, Warren, Union Village, Pauline, Anna, Ontario,

All better than the Catawba,

And thirty other hardy sorts.

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A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF GARDEN RAKES FROM 8 to 14 teeth; Garden and Ditching Spades, Garden and Bricklayers' Trowels, Forks, 2, 3, 4 and 5 prong; Garden and Railroad Wheelbarrows, Pruning Knives and Shears, Hedge Shears, Grindstones, Nails, Wire and Wire Cloth, Belting and Packing Hose. A splendid assortment of Table and Pocket Cutlery, together with a large and general assortment of

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BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS

Are speedy in action, often effecting a cure in a few days, and when a cure is effected it is permanent. They are prepared from vegetable extracts that are harmless on the system and never nauseate the stomach, or impregnate the breath; and being sugar-coated, all nauseous taste is avoided. No change of diet is necessary while using them; nor does their action interfere with business pursuits. Each box contains six dozen Pills.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR,

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None genuine without my signature on the wrapper.

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☞ TOMLINSON & COX, Agents for Indianapol
July 19-d&w '61

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"Great American Remedy,"
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CHRONO-THERMAL FEMALE PILLS

Which have never yet failed (when the directions have been strictly followed,) in removing difficulties arising from

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Or in restoring the system to perfect health, when suffering from Spinal Affections, Prolapsus, Uteri, the Whites, or other weakness of the Uterine Organs. Also, in all cases of Debility or Nervous Prostration; Hysterics, Palpitations, &c., which are the forerunners of more serious disease.

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