

Bloomington News-Letter.

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

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

J. C. CARLTON, PUBLISHER

VOL. II.

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1855.

NO. 24.

THE BLOOMINGTON NEWS-LETTER

Is published every Saturday Morning, by

JAMES C. CARLTON.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy one year, \$1 50; Inflexibly in Advance.
Six months, 1 00
Local Ministers charged half price—75c a year.
No name entered on the subscription book until the subscription money is paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
One square	\$3 00	\$5 00	\$8 00
Two squares	4 50	7 00	10 00
Three squares	6 50	9 50	13 00
Fourth of a column	9 00	13 00	18 00
Half column	13 00	20 00	30 00
One column	22 00	33 00	50 00

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

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

Legal advertisements are to be paid for when inserted, or the agent furnishing them will be held responsible for their payment.

For advertising wives, Five Dollars, for two squares or less; for every square above two, One Dollar extra. Marriages, deaths, or notices of meetings for benevolent purposes when not accompanied by lengthy remarks, published gratis. If accompanied by lengthy remarks, half-price.

BLOOMINGTON:

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1855.

The Mobile Tribune says, flour is now selling there for five dollars per barrel, and is confident it will soon be down to three dollars and a half.

It is remarkable, as illustrating an ethnological fact, that while water has a tendency to spring, run and water are equally efficacious in getting people sprung, and that both operate best in a dry season.

Judge Rost, for many years a distinguished Whig leader in Louisiana, attended the Democratic State Convention recently held at Baton Rouge, where he made an eloquent speech, avowing his determination to unite with the Democrats to put down Know Nothingism.

ASA DENNIS, engineer on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, discovering a child on the track, jumped from the engine when going twenty miles an hour, and snatched it from death at the instant the cowcatcher was striking it.

NEW ORLEANS DOOMED.—The Memphis Eagle predicts that, twenty-five years from this time, grass will be growing in the streets of New Orleans, and the completed railway system of the south will have transferred the mouths of the Mississippi to Savannah and Charleston. It says that the dangerous navigation of the Gulf must and will be avoided.

A lovesick young man is a pitiable object. His ideas are centered upon ringlets, blue eyes, spotted muslins, and such like dangerous attractions. Rents, marketing, doctor's bills, and other incidentals to matrimony, never enter his head.

BARBEE DECLARED MAYOR OF LOUISVILLE.—We learn by a telegraphic despatch that the Court of Appeals, Friday, rendered a decision in the case of SPEED vs. BARBEE. The judgment of Judge BULLOCK was reversed, and JOHN BARBEE Esq., declared Mayor of Louisville.

STRANGE SUICIDE.—Of all the causes for the commission of suicide, we have heard of none more singular than that assigned in the case of GEORGE SHANK, of Waynesborough, Pa., who hung himself, on the 7th inst., for grief at the death of a favorite horse.

The state of Connecticut is free of debt, and owns \$400,000 in Bank stocks. Its school fund amounts to 3,000,000. A good state of things, that!

The latest estimates of the population of the world make it eleven hundred and fifty millions, viz:—Pagans, 676,000,000; Christians, 320,000,000; Mohammedans, 140,000,000; and Jews, 14,000,000. Of Christians, the Church of Rome numbers 170,000,000, the Greek and eastern churches, 60,000,000, and Protestants, 90,000,000.

A workman who was employed in blasting at Halifax, while being wound up out of the hole, after he had lit the fuse, was suffered to slip back again. The man fell close upon the impending danger, and in the sudden view of almost certain death fell on his knees in prayer. While praying a thought struck him; he drew out the fuse, and commenced swearing at the workmen at the top.

BRETHREN QUARRELING.—JOHN P. HALE, the Abolition Senator from New Hampshire, has written an abusive letter about the New York Evening Post, a rank Abolition journal, which pitched into him a few days since. How harmonious the brethren are!

HORRIBLE ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.—On Sunday night last a fiendish attempt at assassination was perpetrated at Fairhaven, in Rutland county, Vt. The hired man of a farmer named Chauncey E. Wood, living somewhat remote from any neighbor, undertook to chop up his employer with a broad-axe, as he was quietly sleeping in his bed. He first struck him a blow over the left eye, making a dreadful gash, and then cut him twice severely on the thigh, after which Mr. Wood escaped from him down stairs, armed himself, and returned to find the villain who had fled. It is said that he avowed his object was to kill Mr. W., and then abduct his sister. The affair created great excitement, and some one hundred and fifty persons turned out in pursuit of him, and he was finally arrested.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—Thomas A. Hendricks, of Ind., to be Commissioner of the General Land Office, in the place of John Wilson, removed.

Josiah Minot, of N. H., to be Commissioner of Pensions, in place of Loren P. Waldo, resigned.

Murray McConnell, of Ill., to be the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, in place of Josiah Minot, appointed Commissioner of Pensions.

The Boston Herald says that a wealthy citizen of Roxbury, who but a short time ago was connected with the Executive Department of the city government, has with his whole family, gone to the Alms-house, on Highland street.

THE WHEAT CROPS.—The Chicago Tribune gives the most plausible estimate of the wheat crop we have yet seen. It sets down Ohio at twenty-two millions of bushels; Illinois, eighteen millions; Wisconsin, ten millions; and Michigan, eight millions. Pennsylvania will probably yield twenty-five millions.

The yield of wheat in Indiana, according to the census of 1850, was 6,457,975. The estimate, by those best qualified to make one, of the yield of the harvest of 1855, in this State, is not less than thirteen millions of bushels.

Mrs. —, of Owego, N. Y., as she was gazing with admiration at one of the obstructions which had then lately been thrown across the Susquehanna, for the purpose of working the machinery of some mills on either side of it, exclaimed, with perfect simplicity of heart, "O, isn't that dam beautiful!"

Oration of Charles Anderson, Esq.—Beautiful Peroration.

We have received a printed copy of the able and eloquent oration delivered by CHARLES ANDERSON, Esq., on the Fourth of July, in this city. The peroration is so exquisitely beautiful that we cannot refrain from giving it an insertion in our columns. After quoting the memorable eulogy of DANIEL WEBSTER upon the State of Massachusetts, in his Hayne speech of 1830, Mr. ANDERSON remarks:

"Alas for that prophet and prophecy! The breath of life and light of inspiration have alike passed from his lips and eye. He sleeps unhonored—aye, dishonored—in the cold bosom of his beloved Massachusetts, which had taught him to love the Union more than himself, and which, by word and work, he had so much honored and glorified. And, alas! alas! for Massachusetts! Like another Israel, she has gainsayed the law and the prophecy of her own Moses. She is recreant to her own grand history. She is faithless to his sublime prophecy. The earliest and brightest North Star of the Revolutionary constellation; she that circled the first glorious orbit in our national sky, humming, as she whirled upon her own axis, and hymning, as she wheeled in her sublimer course of Federal duties, with that 'music of the spheres,' so still and silent to earthly ears, but so heavenly grand and sweet to the wide universe, her anthem-harmony of 'Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, Now and forever.'"

That star has, madly and wildly, dashed from her glorious sphere, and plunged, darkling, dimmed and degraded, after her sister—the lost Pleiad of the South—down into the midnight abyss of nullification."—*Cin. Enquirer.*

Petratsch Tortan, or Czartan, born at Kofrock, in Hungary, in 1537, and died in 1722, aged 185 years, was the child of poor parents, and carried the children of the fifth generation from him in his arms. His food was principally milk, and he occasionally took a glass of brandy. No medicine was used by him except a purgative prepared from a recipe of his grandfather. He had several children over a hundred years old.—*Boston Post.*

"I wander into the depths of the forest," says Sambo, "and nature was as beautiful as a lady going to de wedding. De leaves glistening on de maple tree like new quarter dollars in de missionary box; de sun shone as brilliant and nature looked as gay a buck rabbit in a parsley garden; and de little bell round de ole sheep's neck tinkled softly and musically in de distance."

Wild Justice of Raftsmen.

We extract the following from an article of the Janesville, Wisconsin, Standard, which precedes a full report of the trial of Mayberry, at the circuit court, before Judge Doolittle, July 10:

After the sentence was pronounced a special police of about thirty of our citizens were summoned to assist the officers in re-conducting the prisoner to jail. In the meantime, the crowd without was collecting and becoming more furious in their clamors for the prisoner.

Judge Doolittle came to the portico and made a very impressive address to the populace, remonstrating against the spirit which seemed to actuate them, and in favor of the supremacy of the laws. He was listened to respectfully. This was about 11 o'clock, A. M. About 1 o'clock the crowd thinned out, and the officers deemed it a fitting time to proceed with the prisoner to jail. At this hour we were sitting in our office, which is but a short distance from and commands a view of the jail.

We were startled by the cry of "hang him, hang him!" when on stepping to the window we saw the officers and prisoner coming towards the jail, surrounded by the infuriated mob. A rush was made for the jail, the door of which was barricaded at once by the crowd and the approach of the officers cut off. The officers, though resisting the populace with all the energy they possessed, and protecting the prisoner to the utmost of their power, were borne down and overpowered. The prisoner was then almost alone; but he defended himself with super-human strength. He fought with the utmost desperation, and possessing a most athletic physical frame, for some ten yards the crowd fell like chaff before him. A blow, however, with a bludgeon from behind, felled him to the ground, and he was powerless. A rope was then passed round his neck, seized by the crowd, and a rush made down Court street. The prisoner, though dragging in the dust, caught the rope with his hands and thus prevented strangulation at once. Arrived in front of our office, a desperate effort was again made by the officers and citizens to rescue him. The rope was cut three times by Mr. Orrin Gurnsey, who exhibited the most determined bravery in his behalf, but as often was he thrust aside, and the rope readjusted.

At this time a scene almost indescribable was exhibited; a crowd of between three and four thousand persons swayed to and fro. In the center was the doomed prisoner, lying upon the ground—above him stood friends begging and struggling for his life—while a far greater number was intent upon his death. This state of things lasted about ten minutes; and as we looked from our window the hope predominated that the friends of law and order might yet prevail. But it was a vain hope. The fearful cry of "hang him," rose louder than before, and a rush with the prisoner was made to the cluster of trees on the public square; the rope readjusted on his neck, the other end thrown over a limb of a tree, and, for the first time in our life, the horrible spectacle of a human being hanging by the neck until he was dead met our view.

We have thus endeavored to give a faint but truthful history of the terrible events of this day. We have witnessed a scene, which God grant we may never see again. It was a spectacle, which, to be appreciated, must be seen, but once seen can never be forgotten. True, the circumstances which attended the murder of Alger, were of the most aggravated kind. It is unattested by a single mitigatory circumstance. But these facts do not justify the course that has been adopted to-day.

The murdered man was a raftsman. He was well known to all who follow this occupation upon Rock river; he had been known to them all for years, and was admired and respected by them all. His residence was near Jefferson, in Jefferson county, in this state. His friends were aware of the enormity of the murder, and, as they supposed, the inadequacy of the punishment which our laws provide for so foul a crime. They assembled in mass here to await the issue of the trial; during its progress no more than common excitement was perceptible. But last evening, after the verdict of the jury was known, the deep-seated and determined feeling to visit punishment upon the head of the prisoner exhibited itself, and to-day an organized band of not less than three hundred persons were present, who would not be satisfied save with the life blood of the murderer. We say this upon the authority of others, and upon our own belief. This morning about 3 o'clock signal guns were fired in the city, and there is no doubt a large body of men from a distance were present from early day, whom no influence or persuasion could have changed from their purpose. The excitable and the impulsive of our city joined them, and thus results have been brought about to-day which were undreamed of yesterday.

WISCONSIN.—The Democratic Convention of Wisconsin meets at Madison, in that State on the 29th of August, for the nomination of State officers. It is generally understood that "Sam" is a dead cock in the pit in Wisconsin, and that the Democrats will walk over the course.

INJUSTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—Mr. JOSEPH MEDILL, long the able editor of the Cleveland Leader, has recently become connected with the Chicago Tribune. From his valedictory in the former paper, we clip the following pertinent remarks upon public injustice to publishers, which the experience of a thousand others confirms in every particular:

"The result of my observations enable me to state, as a fact, that publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any other class of men in the United States who invest an equal amount of labor, capital, and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay, to stand more sponging and 'dead heading,' to puff and defend more people, and sorts of people, without fee or hope of reward, than any other class. They credit wider and longer; get oftener cheated; suffer more pecuniary loss, and are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence, than any other calling in the community. People pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper, than ten on a useless gew-gaw, yet everybody avails himself of the services of the editors and printer's ink. How many professional and political reputations have been created and sustained by the friendly, though unrequited, pen of the editor? How many embryo towns and cities have been brought into notice, and puffed into prosperity, by the press? How many railroads, now in successful operation, would have been founded but for the assistance of the 'lever that moves the world?' In short, what branch of American industry or activity has not been promoted by the press? And who has tendered it more than a miserable pittance for its mighty services? The bazaars of fashion and folly, the haunts of appetite and dissipation, are thronged with an eager crowd bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there vended are sold at enormous profits, though intrinsically worthless, and paid for with scrupulous punctuality; while the counting-room of the newspaper is the seat of jangling, cheapening, trade, orders, and pennies. It is made a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill."

A Tremendous Blow Up.

We have for some time been satisfied that after the August election, there would be a series of explosions in the Know Nothing Councils throughout Kentucky, that would throw Mount Vesuvius' best efforts entirely in the shade. But they have commenced sooner than we expected. Read the following letter from the Secretary of the late "Johnson Council, No. 456," at Whitesburg, Ky.—*Low. Cour.*

DEAR SIR:—This day 1, as Secretary of Johnson Council, No. 456, addressed a letter to Philip Swigert, Grand Mogul of the State of Kentucky, and for fear that he may not have received the same, I will endeavor to send to you a copy to be published that he and others may be informed of its contents.

Honored Sir: Our Council has dissolved of itself—182 members, 91 of which have been expelled and 91 have withdrawn. The amount of funds disbursed, is \$46 37; the amount of funds on hands, is \$135 62; which we have concluded to divide amongst the good Democrats and Sam's youngest children. Your books are in the hands of an honorable and high-minded gentleman, the anti-American candidate in the sixth Congressional District of Kentucky. Be pleased to publish me through the different councils of the United States, as a traitor to my God and my country for joining such treasonable societies, and may any man who does attach himself to said American party be so dealt with.

Yours, truly, JAS. W. ROBINSON. Secretary of Johnson Council, No. 456. To PHILIP SWIGERT, Esq.

ANOTHER LIQUOR CASE.—On Saturday last we were present at Esq. Akin's, seven miles above town, to witness the trial of Captain Travis, of the U. S. cavalry, and the two Hillers, charged with violating the liquor law. Capt. T. was charged with violating the law by putting brandy on the table of his private boarding house. The two Hillers, proprietors and attendants at the house, were charged with being accessories. A jury was empaneled, and Capt. Travis was placed upon his trial first, Judge Baker prosecuting, and Johnson and Denby defending. The prosecution failed to make out the case as to Travis, and he was acquitted. The two Hillers were then put upon trial as accessories, before the same jury, and the jury held that it was not proven that Captain Travis was guilty of any crime, and that there could be no accessories to a crime that had not been committed, and they were accordingly acquitted. The whole prosecution seems to have been a malicious one to reach and punish Mr. Hiller over Capt. Travis' shoulders. The jury was composed of substantial farmers of Knight township, and their decisions were righteous ones.—*Evansville Eng.*

There is to be at Jordan's White Sulphur Springs, Va., on the 25th inst., a tournament, followed by a ball at night, and a headache the next morning.

Horrid Murder of a Wife by a Jealous Husband.

At a little after twelve o'clock this morning a woman named Brown, wife of Peter Brown, residing in Page's Court, at the North End, was murdered by her husband, under the following circumstances:

Some persons had lately represented to the husband that his wife was unfaithful, which seemed to considerably excite him. Last night the husband and wife retired as usual, but at a little after midnight high words between them were heard by the neighbors, followed by an outcry from the wife, "Brown, don't do it," or something of that sort.

The screams of the wife were afterwards heard, and when the neighbors and police reached the spot, the couple were found in bed side by side—but the wife was dead, having been stabbed to the heart by her husband, who used for his purpose a file ground down to a point of an extraordinary degree of sharpness. When asked why he had killed his wife, he replied that he could not bear that she should be unfaithful to him and live. He also said that he should soon be a dead man—when it was found that he had stabbed himself also, but the wounds were not of a fatal character, not reaching any vital part. He bled, however, quite profusely, and was very weak this morning.

He was taken to the station house and thence to jail. Coroner Sanborn was called to hold an inquest upon the body of the wife. The murderer, who after his arrest acknowledged that he intended to kill his wife, is rather a large man, by birth a Swede, and is about 40 years of age. The deceased is Irish by birth, about 35 years of age. Brown was brought before the Police Court this morning, and fully committed to await the result of the jury of inquest.

It is said that the phrenzy of the husband was caused by strong drink which he had swallowed, probably to nerve himself to the accomplishment of his dreadful purpose. He was in a terribly excited state when taken from the house, leaving behind him the dead body of his wife bathed in blood.

They have before this lived together in a peaceable manner. The wife is quite good looking, and is said to have been a virtuous, industrious, and well-disposed woman. The husband could have had no cause of jealousy against her, and it is thought that it was only the fear that she might at some time, while he was absent at sea, be induced to leave him, that led him to the fatal tragedy.

APPROPRIATE EPIGRAM.—Dr. Keene died of a surfeit, from a roast goose he had taken too liberally of, whereupon a witty wrote the following epigram:

"Here lies Dr. Keene, the good Bishop of Chester, Who ate a fat goose and could not digest her."

WOMAN KILLED.—The freight train from Crestline, on the Indianapolis and Bellefontaine Railway, ran over and killed a woman near Union, about half past 6 o'clock, on Thursday evening. No one knew her, and there was no mark on her clothing, by which her name could be learned. She was standing on the track when the train came along, and the engineer rang his bell, which she did not seem to hear. He then blew the whistle, when she turned round and stood looking at the engine. It was then too late to reverse and check up the train. She was horribly mangled, and lived but a few minutes.—*Dayton Journal.*

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.—At the annual exhibition of the Grammar Schools of Boston, the Hon. Edward Everett closed an admirable speech with the following capital anecdote:

The celebrated Archbishop Usher was, in his younger days, wrecked on the coast of Ireland, at a place where his person and character were alike unknown. Stripped of everything, he wandered to the house of a dignitary of the church, in search of shelter and relief, craving assistance as a brother clergyman. The dignitary, struck with his squalid appearance after the wreck, distrusted his tale, and doubted his character; and said that, so far from being a clergyman, he did not believe he could even tell how many commandments there were. "I can at once satisfy you," said the Archbishop, "that I am not the ignorant impostor you take me for. There are eleven commandments." This answer confirmed the dignity in his suspicions, and he replied with a sneer, "Indeed there are but ten commandments there are in my bible; tell me the eleventh, and I will relieve you." "Here it is," said the Archbishop, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

[From the New Albany Ledger.]
Filibustering in Central America.

We subjoin, from the New York Journal of Commerce, an account of the conclusion of Walker's "Agricultural" expedition to Central America. The account shows that the undertaking was purely military from beginning to end—that, after plundering and burning according to the old fashion of the English and French buccaneers on the same coast, Walker and his compan-

ions were attacked by the public force of the country and most ignominiously defeated with great loss—that a remnant of the company, wounded, destitute, and desperate, stole a small vessel on the coast and escaped, after most wantonly setting fire to the public buildings of San Juan del Sur.

A similar, but probably more tragical fate awaits Kinney and his handful of "agricultural laborers," if they ever succeed in reaching Central America.

It is a melancholy thing to see men like Walker and Kinney, and some of their companions, who seem to have enterprise at least, if nothing else, throw themselves away, body and soul, upon expeditions like these, which are stupidly silly as they are criminal, and every step of which consists of false pretences in the United States, and of murder, robbery, and arson in Central America.

It is demonstrated now that Walker and Kinney have had but one plan and one hope from the outset, and that was to fight under the banner of some petty rebel chief in Nicaragua, and through him to obtain temporary control of the government. But they over-estimated the assumed factiousness and treasonableness of party spirit among the inhabitants, who, while disputing in arms, the possession of power among themselves, are alike averse to the military combination of foreign adventurers, and especially to that of *Los Yankees*. It is now demonstrated also, that the pretence of these parties that they had grants of land from the Government, was utterly false, as the Minister of Nicaragua has always represented it to be.

The remarks of the Alta California indicate with truth the supreme folly of the idea of our people setting up for farm laborers in the sugar and coffee plantations of tropical America.

Our government, it is very plain, performed its simple duty, and no more, in ordering the prosecution of Kinney and Fabens; and at the same time, in so doing, performed an act of genuine mercy towards them and their associates, who, if they had gone on as they contemplated, would have added one pecuniary loss to another, while the greater part of them would have perished, by disease or by a violent death.

It was suggested some time since by one of the New York journals—the Mirror—that if the government had prosecuted Walker for his unsuccessful foray in Sonora and Lower California, his expedition to Central America would not have occurred. In giving this intimation the Mirror strangely forgets that the government did all they could in the matter, by causing Walker to be arrested and prosecuted, and that in spite of law and evidence, he was acquitted by the jury, they alleging in excuse, the refusal of the French consul, Dillon, to appear and testify.

"Capt. Walker was beaten out of Rivas, with the loss of twenty men. The natives who had joined him, all deserted. He was holty pursued. He threw off his coat containing all his documents and private letters. In their flight the invaders passed through San Juan del Sur, on the night of the 1st of July, seized a schooner in the harbor, and sailed for parts unknown. They left the barracks at this place a smouldering mass of ruins. They took the passengers' boats to embark in, but returned them, and did no injury to the property of the Transit Company."

It is probable that this intelligence will reach San Francisco in time to prevent the departure of the reinforcements under the lead of the notorious Parker H. French, spoken of in the annexed extract from the Alta California of June 30th:

The Expedition to Central America.—Some little excitement is rife about town among that very excitable portion of our population known as the Filibusters, owing to the report that Parker H. French is to start in a few days with a band of over 30 men for Nicaragua.

The report that Mr. French has received grants of land from the government of Nicaragua, must be a mistake, as the only grant made was that to Walker, through a third party. Walker is doubtless there by this time with his little force, and French is probably going to join him. It is said that fifty men have enlisted in various parts of the State for the enterprise—add this to the 63 of Walker, and we have 113 eager expeditionists, determined to restore liberty and order to that very warm part of the continent. We can guarantee plenty of aguariante, fruit, jiggers, fevers, rain, treachery, and small glory; but what else the reformers will obtain, we must estimate from the history of the English and Prussian attempts to colonize the coast lands of Nicaragua, during the last half century.

Americans and Europeans cannot live and work in Central America, excepting in the table lands and cool mountain districts of Honduras. In Nicaragua, little else than disappointment, enervation, and disgust, awaits the settler. Besides, the Central Americans will not be "filibustered" or encroached on. The only way to approach them is in a commercial way, and by offering inducements to increase their trade and the prospect of immediate gain. Patriotic and fiery, they are easily excited to war. It is only by peaceful negotiations that anything can be effected with the Spanish American.

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

LOUISVILLE ELECTION!

K. N. Murders and Other Atrocities.

TWENTY MEN KILLED!!

"DEMOCRAT" AND "TIMES" PRINTING OFFICES ATTACKED!!

Catholic Church Burnt, &c., &c.

In chronicling the Louisville election of last Monday, we have to record the most horrible and demonic crimes that it ever fell to our lot to lay before our readers. For weeks before the election the thing was expected and predicted by all of us. For, ever since the reign of this dark-lantern, oath-bound party commenced, such scenes of bloodshed and violence have occurred at the elections in all the large cities. Last Monday, however, was reserved to cap the climax of Know Nothing atrocity. Every possible means was resorted to by this oath-bound party of conspirators, to defeat the gallant Col. Preston, the anti-Know Nothing candidate for Congress. They have succeeded in their object, by the most damnable and nefarious means. The civil powers of the city are completely in the hands of the Know Nothings, and although it was absolutely certain that not more than one-half the votes could be taken in the first, second, and eighth wards, on account of the great number of voters in those wards, mostly naturalized foreigners, yet the Know Nothing authorities refused to establish additional places of voting. Not content with this wholesale disfranchisement of voters, the Know Nothings took possession of the polls at an early hour of the morning and would let no one pass in, unless he could give the Know Nothing sign, when he was quickly allowed to vote. If he was a naturalized foreigner, he was instantly beaten, knocked down, or driven from the polls. The city was, indeed, during the whole day, in the possession of an armed Know Nothing mob, the base passions of whom were infuriated to the highest pitch by the incendiary appeals of the *Louisville Journal*, and the popular leaders of the Know Nothing party in secret council. Several slight skirmishes had taken place in the forenoon in various parts of the city. These were seized upon by the Know Nothings as a pretext for making a general and indiscriminate assault upon all foreigners; who defended themselves as best they could. The Know Nothings had cannon in their possession, which they used against the Germans and Irish. The Know Nothings set fire to a number of houses, and we are informed that two squares were burnt to ashes. Some of the houses were tenanted by Irish, and when any of the tenants, men, women, or children, ventured to escape from the flames, they were instantly shot down. Five men were roasted to death, who had been wounded and were unable to escape from the fire. On the next day, the court-house yard of Louisville presented a most horrible spectacle. Burnt bodies were lying around in all directions. One woman was lying on the ground with her legs burnt off!

On Tuesday morning the work of death continued and the Know Nothings set fire to the Catholic Church. They also attacked the Printing Offices of the *Times* and the *Democrat*—broke out the windows with stones, and destroyed the sign of the *Times* office. Not less than twenty lives were lost, and at least half a million dollars worth of property destroyed.

In these bloody Know Nothing atrocities we see the fruits, which religious intolerance and bigotry have always borne. And the political clergy, who have incited these feelings of asperity, have a heavy responsibility resting upon them. This secret association, founded on proscriptive and intolerance, must end in nothing short of corruption and persecution of all sects, and in a civil war against the domination of priestcraft, Protestant or Catholic. Indeed, it is so already, that the real reason of this secrecy, is, that the priests who have a zeal without knowledge against the Pope, are unwilling to be seen in their union with this dark-lantern movement. Hence it is, that, although it is absolutely certain that the Know Nothings of Bloomington had a number of preachers in their ranks, who opened their meetings with prayer (!) as chaplains of this treasonable gang of dark-lantern schemers against the liberty of conscience, yet we don't find any of their names on the books. Woe! woe! to the hypocrite who leaves the work of his Master, the Prince of Peace, the great High Priest after the order of Melchisedec, for a worldly and bloody work, like this!

The time has come when we must speak plain truth. And we hold, that no honest man, much less a Christian, can longer remain a member of this dark-lantern and bloody association; and that every Know Nothing, in this State, who yet holds to the order, and acknowledges the obligation of his midnight oath of fealty to this band of conspirators, is a participant in these horrible Louisville murders. Let an outraged and indignant public; too, hold these Protestant Jesuit preachers who have taken such horrible and proscriptive oaths, responsible as fomenters and instigators of the demoniacal passions that have led to such terrible results. Have we not seen the Know Nothings of New Albany and Jeffersonville, in this State, sending over their bullies and aiding with fire-brands and brass-knucks, the Know

Nothing ruffians of Louisville, in their crimes of arson and murder, on Monday last? Have we not heard Know Nothings on the public streets of Bloomington, openly justifying these outrages? But such is bigotry and fanaticism, when led on by these Protestant Jesuitical priests. But why should we argue with a bigot?—a wretch whom no philosophy can humanize, no charity soften, no religion reclaim, no miracle convert; a monster who, red with the fires of hell, and bending under the crimes of murder and arson, erects his murderous divinity upon a throne of skulls, and the smouldering bones of murdered women and children, and would gladly feed, even with a brother's blood the cannibal appetite of the Know Nothing altar! Wherever Know Nothingism is in the ascendant, there we invariably find the same scenes of blood, rapine, and incendiarism. So it was in Cincinnati last spring, when they burnt the ballot-boxes and slaughtered naturalized citizens. So it has been at New Albany, Chicago, and many other places. Their proscriptive does not stop here. We find they carry it to the extent of proscribing and persecuting everybody who will not unite with them in their unlovely, bigoted, and fanatical crusade. We speak of things we know, and have experienced. Have they not attempted to proscribe and put us down, for our independence in speaking our sentiments against the principles of this oath-bound, dark-lantern party? Has not our office been threatened with assault?—Have they not attempted midnight assassinations against us, when they found we could not be intimidated by their dastardly and cowardly threats? Don't we know all about their proscriptive principles and policy?

Upon our publication of the list of Know Nothings, and our attack upon the infamous gang, there was a combined effort on the part of the Know Nothings, and their accomplices and co-belligerents to put us down by abusing us out of society, or, if this could not be done, by personal violence. Precisely the same kind of desperate means means were resorted to, which have been carried out on a larger scale in the awful murders and burning of houses which now makes persons shudder at the very mention of Louisville. The men most active against us, both by word and deed, are those who long ago, would have expiated their crimes in the penitentiary, or possibly on the gallows, if they had received the penalties of the crimes of which they are generally believed in this community to have been guilty. Some of these men have been permitted to walk abroad in our midst—to take the place of leaders of society—to become candidates for office—to be calumniators of our best and most useful citizens, and the apologists and defenders of the Know Nothing atrocities of Louisville.

Some of these men are endeavoring to call to their aid the Know Nothing faction, and to cover up private disgraces and obliquities, under cover of the oath-bound association of Know Nothings; and are attempting to carry their ends by subterranean villainies of every kind. But under the exposure of the Press, and the personal recollections brought to the consciousness of all, by these exposures, these men are finding their true level; if indeed their own impudence, recklessness and exposure of themselves, had not before brought them to that level.

You can see, as some of them pass about with their accustomed quick, stealthy, and burglar-like step, with a fiendish and ghastly attempt at a smile, chuckling over and justifying the Know Nothing villainies at Louisville, as well as the dastardly midnight assault upon the senior editor of this paper—that good men are unwilling to be seen conversing with them, and draw off as from a walking moral pestilence. In all that we have said, we have but acted in self-defence. We could not suffer ourselves to be victimized by villains who were slandering or waylaying us. We have to a very small extent removed the mask from three or four of the assassins, who have been attacking us. If it shall be necessary to tear this mask completely off, there will be presented such a picture that the Fiend of Wickedness will grin a ghastly smile in recognizing a twin-brother upon earth, and all good men will startle back at its hideousness. We have, with the facts in our possession, used but a mild pen. We have brought forward such facts only, as seemed necessary in self-vindication. We have in reserve, chapters of crime and episodes of meanness, which, if need be, we shall, without hesitancy, bring forward to the light of day: so that the public may know the true character of those who assail our reputation by day, and our person with murderous missiles, by night. If we are driven to such an exposition, it will be found that what we have heretofore said is the merest mercy and compassion. The dark-lantern party will find that the game of attacking editors and assaulting printing offices, as they did the *Times* and *Democrat* offices of Louisville, won't do. It is a satisfaction to know that in our course, we have the approval of the best men in our community—a community long since tired of constant attempts to rule or mislead it, by lying anonymous letters and kindred arts.—These men are well acquainted with the fact that our course had been mild, pacific and conciliatory, until there was an effort made to crush us; and they see by this time, that this is a thing not easily accomplished. We have evidence that every issue of our paper is waited with great expectancy. We have, of late, published a large number of extras, but never yet enough for the demand.

There are a few very good and very religious men in our midst, who are so pious that they thank God daily, like the Pharisee, "that they are not as other men are;"—who stand upon the corners of the streets and publicly justify these Know Nothing outrages. These men are opposed to our course—they are afraid it will

do harm. If they lived at Lafayette their sympathies would be, not with the poor old man who was murdered in his own house, and then the house burnt to hide the awful deed—not with the poor murdered German Fahrensbach, and his family—not with society; but with Abe Rice and Tim Driscoll, who are to be hung. Our town has been disgraced by a kind of villainy, mean, cowardly, craven-spirited. Shall we be rid of it? and shall law, order and justice reign? As to the Know Nothing party, we know that many good men were inveigled into their ranks under false impressions, made on credulous minds by the wily leaders. Such men are in a great degree excusable for joining. But now, when Know Nothing principles are fully known, and their history has been marked by scenes of blood and violence, which, if persisted in, are the sure precursors of all the horrors of civil war, we ask in the name of reason—in the name of justice, humanity and Christian charity—CAN AN HONEST MAN LONGER REMAIN A KNOW NOTHING?

A charitable mind, may find slight palliation for the wholesale murders, and burnings of women and children by the Know Nothing bullies of Louisville, for they committed these crimes in hot blood, excited by the incendiary and treasonable appeals of the oath-bound Jesuitical preachers of the midnight lodges, and the corrupt leaders of the Know Nothing party. But what excuse can be made for the man who, in cold blood, remote from the scene of slaughter, with a fiend-like malignity and the smile of a demon, exults and gloats over the slaughter as a vampire over the blood of his victim!

Merciful God! is it not almost an argument for the skeptic and the disbeliever, to see the so-called Minister of the Gospel, turning the pure faith of the Redeemer into an engine of persecution and bloodshed?—to see the Methodist Preacher and the blackleg—the Presbyterian Minister and the bawdy-house bully—leagued together by more horrible oaths than that of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, to subvert the principles of civil and religious freedom? It is time for deep and solemn thought! Whither are we going? Are the scenes of the French Revolution to be re-enacted here? Is the bloody guillotine to be the arbiter of our fate? Shall Americans out-Jesuit the Jesuit? Shall we have another Venetian Council of Ten—to sit in secret—to condemn without a trial, and assassinate in the dark? We boast our freedom; but even in England, such a thing would not be tolerated. And her great poet, SHAKESPEARE, writes:

"Let every Briton, as his mind be free;
His person safe; his property secure;
His house as sacred as the fane of heaven;
His fate determined by the rules of right;
No hand presume to write his doom!
No demon starting at the midnight hour
To draw his curtain, or to drag him down
To mansions of despair!"

Know Nothingism must be put down, or the liberties of this country are at an end!—Whither shall we look for safety in this hour of peril? We answer, to the NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY, which guarantees the union of the States and the rights of the States; which has withstood the mad waves of fanaticism and incendiary sectionalism in days gone by, and is yet able to conquer all the insane heresies of the times. All around us the body politic is convulsed—the very foundations of morality and government seem to be giving way—the comet is let loose, "that from its fiery hair shakes pestilence and death." The clouds are gathering, the tempest is roaring, the darkness is at hand; but DEMOCRACY towers sublime like the last mountain in the deluge; majestic in its elevation, immutable amid change, magnificent amid ruin; the last remnant of political integrity—the resting place and hope of the Ark of Freedom! Dark, dark, indeed, would be the fate of the country, if it were not for the conservative power of the DEMOCRATIC PARTY, in this terrible crisis! Sweep away the barrier, between us and destruction—between union and disunion—between liberty of conscience and religious despotism. This conviction must force itself upon the minds of all, and we invite every friend of the Union, and of civil and religious freedom—every enemy of treason and anarchy—every Old-line Whig who is not willing to adhere to the Know Nothings and Abolitionists—to rally with us under the Banner of the Freedom of the Country!

Here, and here alone, in the old Democratic Temple, is there safety for the country!—in that venerable fabric which has stood from Jefferson's time, splendid and immutable; which time cannot crumble, nor persecution shake, nor political heresies change; which has stood amongst us for three-quarters of a century like some stupendous and majestic Appennine, the earth rocking at its feet, and the heavens roaring round its head, firmly balanced on its base of equal rights, and the eternal principles of civil and religious freedom!

The Mass Meeting at Indianapolis.
Let every Democrat who can, turn out to the great Democratic Mass Meeting at Indianapolis, on Wednesday, the 29th inst.

The Wabash River is high and the Lafayette American says that much fear exists as to the destruction of large crops of corn on the bottoms.

Forty miles of the Western Central Division of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad—comprising that section between Vincennes and Mt. Pleasant—is all graded ready for the iron.

Our friends, Messrs. KAYS & BROS., request us to say that they want all those who are indebted to them to call and pay up before the 10th of September next. If payment is not made by that time, the claims will be placed in the hands of the proper officer for collection. They mean just what they say. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

On last Monday the "Lightning Train" ran over two of JOHN CHRISTIAN'S horses, just above town, and broke three legs of one horse, and one leg of the other. They had to be killed.

Indignation Meeting in relation to the Louisville Murders.

On Friday afternoon, the 10th instant, there was an Indignation Meeting held at Bloomington, Ind., in regard to the Know Nothing murders and arsons at the late Louisville election. W. C. TARKINGTON, Esq., was called to the Chair, and A. B. CARLTON was appointed Secretary.

Hon. JAMES HUGHES addressed the meeting at great length, in a clear, forcible, and eloquent speech. He dealt in a kind, and conciliatory manner with the mass of the Know Nothings, but denounced their leaders with withering sarcasm and denunciation. Able and forcible speeches were also delivered by SAMUEL H. BUSKIRK, Esq., Prof. READ, Dr. FOSTER, ALEX. MCLELLAND, BENJ. WOLFE, D. SHEEKS, and L. C. STINSON. A. B. CARLTON also delivered a short address.

On motion, M. McPHERTRIDGE, P. L. D. MITCHELL, and A. B. CARLTON were appointed a committee to draft resolutions. They submitted the following, which were unanimously adopted by a standing vote:

Resolved, That we have heard, with pain, of the atrocious crimes committed at Louisville, on the day of the election, last Monday; and that whatever may have been the immediate cause of these outrages, they should meet with the condemnation of all good men and all friends of law and order.

Resolved, That we see in these horrible crimes of arson and murder, but the legitimate fruits of the proscriptive and intolerant principles and practice of the secret party called Know Nothings.

Resolved, That all persons who yet adhere to this oath-bound, midnight party, are responsible to some extent for the crimes which have disgraced the city of Louisville; for it is apparent to the most common apprehension, that those scenes of bloodshed are the natural and legitimate consequences of secret political societies, based upon proscriptive and religious intolerance.

Resolved, That those Ministers of the Gospel who have been making such incendiary appeals to the basest passions of human nature, to array one portion of our citizens in deadly feud against another, ought not to be held guiltless by an indulgent public.

Resolved, That the elective franchise ought to be held inviolable; and that no good citizen should endeavor, by force or intimidation, to prevent those from voting who are legally entitled to that privilege by the laws of the country; and that we see in the forcible and murderous deprivation of the right of suffrage in Louisville, a beginning of the horrors of civil war.

Resolved, That the Editors of the *Bloomington News-Letter*, the *Louisville Times*, *Courier*, and *Democrat*, and the *Indianapolis Sentinel*, be requested to publish these proceedings.

On motion of HUGH MARLIN, it was

Resolved, That the *Bloomington News-Letter* merits and ought to receive the cordial support of all true men, for its bold and fearless exposition of Know Nothingism.

The meeting was warm and enthusiastic. Never have we seen greater enthusiasm and indignation than was exhibited in regard to the terrible scenes of the Louisville election. The meeting adjourned to meet at the Great Democratic Mass Meeting at this place, on the 29th inst.

W. C. TARKINGTON, Pres't.

A. B. CARLTON, Sec'y.

[The Muse of our "Machine Poet" never sleeps to the dizzy heights of PARASITS, except to chronicle some great and glorious achievement, such as the Know Nothing victory at Louisville.]

The Battle of Louisville.

A PARODY.

"I congratulate you on our glorious victory."
—MAYOR BARBER'S SPEECH.

It was on an August evening;
The bloody work was done,
And "SAMUEL" at his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sitting on a stool
His little grand-child, WILLIAM POOLE.*

They saw the dead with ghastly wounds
And limbs burnt off, borne by—
And then old SAM, he shook his head,
And with a holy sigh,
"They're only Dutch and Irish," said he,
Who fell in the great victory!

"Now tell me what 'twas all about,"
Young WILLIAM POOLE, he cries,
While looking in his grand-dad's face
With wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell me all about the war,
And what they killed the Irish for."

"They were Know Nothings," SAMUEL cried,
Who put them all to rout;
But what they shot and burnt them for,
I could not well make out.

"But Mayor BARBER said," quoth he
"That 'twas a glorious victory!,"

The Dutch and Irish lived in peace
Till silvery stream hard by;
The Hindoos burnt their dwellings down,
And they were forced to fly;
Nor had their wives and children fled,
So had they where to rest their head."

"With fire and guns the city round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many an Irish mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But think like that you know must be
At a Know Nothing victory!"

"They say it was a shocking sight,
After the day was won—
For twenty bloody corpses there
Lay rotting in the sun;
But think like that you know must be
After a Know Nothing victory."

"Great glory GEORGE D. PRENTICE won,
And also Captain STONE!"
Why 'twas a very wicked thing,"—
Quoth SAMUEL'S little son:—

"Nay, nay, my little boy," said he,
"It was a famous victory!"

"And Cayennes said," Americans
America shall rule!"—
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little WILLIAM POOLE:—

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
But 'twas a glorious victory!"

*NOTE.—Named after the great Prize-fighting Bully, who was canonized in New York, and followed to his grave by eighty thousand men.

Thanks to our friend THEODORE READ, Esq., of Washington City, for a late number of the *Washington Union*.

By a mistake of the printer, we omitted the name of WM. DUBLEY on the Stanford list of Know Nothings. We learn that HOWARD CAMPBELL has withdrawn from the Know Nothings at that place.

Shall the Laws Prevail—Or Secret Oaths?

Last week we published an account of a proceeding in the Common Pleas Court of Monroe county, in which a Know Nothing witness refused to answer whether he was a Know Nothing or not, on the ground that he would criminate himself. Since then a friend has sent us the following extract from the *Lowell (Mass.) Advertiser*, from which it appears that the same attempt was made to subvert justice and desecrate the sanctity of the laws, under cover of the unlawful and unconstitutional obligations of their oath-bound, midnight, dark-lantern society. Judge JAMES M. PORTER, of Pennsylvania, charged the Grand Jury of the Quarter Sessions of Wayne county, Pa., that "no oath or obligation to do an unlawful act was, or could be binding in law, or conscience;" and it may be laid down as a clear rule of law that the courts will not permit any secret oath to interfere with the regular course of justice in the courts of judicature. We cannot perceive, then, why any judge can permit a witness to withhold his testimony on the ground that he had taken a secret oath. It is true that if a band of counterfeiters or horse thieves, take a secret oath of conspiracy, they are not bound to testify; not because of the oath they have taken, but because they would criminate themselves. To criminate means to "acknowledge to be guilty of a crime." [Webster.] A CRIME according to our Revised Statutes is an offence punishable by death or confinement in the Penitentiary. In this State we have no crimes except those declared to be such by our Statutes. If it is a crime to be a Know Nothing, will some gentleman refer us to the page in our Statutes? By our Statutes to be a Know Nothing is neither a crime nor a misdemeanor. What do these Know Nothings mean, then, when they swear they cannot admit their membership without criminating themselves? Do they mean to evade the law, by false swearing?—or, to take up the only possible remaining hypothesis, do they, in their dark, secret councils, concoct plans for the perpetration of crimes and misdemeanors? The latter hypothesis, alone, is reconcilable with the legal idea of self-crimination.

How strangely it would sound if a witness were asked if he belonged to the *Democratic party* or the *Whig party*, to hear him answer: "I cannot answer that question without criminating myself!" Thank God, it never was considered a crime to belong to the Old-line Democrats or Whigs. But such is Know Nothingism. It may flourish for a while, in its dark and secret midnight councils, but it cannot stand the light of day. The free and enlightened people of this country will no longer tolerate a miserable, oath-bound, dark-lantern, secret oligarchy, that defies the constitution and tramples under foot the laws of the country.—We give below the extract referred to above.—[Eds. NEWS-LETTER.]

A KNOW NOTHING EXPOSE.

According to the *Lowell (Mass.) Advertiser*, some of the secrets of the Know Nothings have yielded to a court of justice. On the 27th of October, Michael Reardon was put on trial in the Court of Common Pleas in that city, charged with the crime of rape. Mr. Snow, of Groton, being on the witness stand, was asked by counsel: Do you belong to a secret society popularly called the Know Nothings? Mr. S. having denied that he did, and stoutly persisting in the denial, the question was put in a different form, when he was finally driven to the wall, and asked leave of the Court to consult counsel. This liberty was granted by Judge Bishop, who gave the jury a recess of ten minutes on account of the delay. When Mr. Snow again took the stand, the question was again asked; upon which he promptly replied: I cannot answer that question without criminating myself, and subjecting myself to punishment. Again and again was the question urged by the ingenious counsel for the defendant, every time assuming a new form, but being the same fearful visage to this disciple of the secret order, until, at last, having detained the court more than two hours, and exhausted everybody's patience, he replied, "I do." Quoth. How long have you belonged to it? Ans. About four or five months. Q. Is it a secret society? A. It is. Q. Did you take any oath, or obligation, in joining that society? A. I did take an obligation. Q. Was it in the form of an oath? A. I do not know. Q. How was it administered to you?—Did you hold up your hand when it was administered? A. I did. Q. Did you call upon God to witness the obligation? A. I think I did.—"So help me God" were the last words. Q. Are there different degrees in that society? A. There are. Q. How many have you taken? A. Two. Q. Does Dr. N. Smith (a witness in this case) belong to that society? A. I have seen him at the meetings. Q. Have you ever seen John A. Gardner (another witness) at the meetings of the society? A. I have. Q. Have you ever seen Dea. John Pingree (another witness) at the meetings of the society? A. I have. Q. What is the form of initiation? A. I shall not tell, as it will criminate me, and expose me to judgment.—Here the Court remarked to the witness that he had a right to protect himself. If he had taken an oath contrary to the law, he was not bound to criminate himself. But, said Judge Bishop, this is a startling revelation, that men take obligations in secret societies, which are regarded by them as of higher authority than those administered in this Court. A. M. Gage was then called. He testified in a frank, humorous manner, that he once joined the order, but left it some three months ago. Mr. Butler called his attention to an exposition of the oath, published in the Boston Post of October 25th, which Mr. Gage seemed to think was about the kind of an oath administered to him, though he did not remember exactly. From his testimony, we judge he had become disgusted with the order, and exposed its secrets without any misgivings. Dr. Norman Smith called. Q. Do you belong to a secret society opposed to aliens? A. I do, to a society which is calculated to exercise a religious influence. Q. Does it also exercise a religious influence? A. Some think it does. Q. Can a Roman Catholic join that society? A. Not if he is a foreigner. Q. Can he if he is an American born citizen? A. No. Q. Can he if his wife is a Catholic and he a Protestant? A. No. Q. What is the object of the society? The Doctor, drawing himself up to his full height, and extending in a statesmanlike manner his right arm, replied with great emphasis—"To protect our liberty, sir!" at the same time bringing his right hand, with

great violence, down upon the judge's bench, and making the court echo with the sound of his hand, as well as the music of his voice. Q. What is the form of initiation, and what the character of the obligation you take? A. I cannot tell! Q. Why? A. Because I have bound myself not to! Q. But have you not sworn here before this Court to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth? A. I shall not tell unless I am obliged to. The Court here asked the witness if he thought by answering he would expose himself to punishment. To which he answered, Yes. Q. Did you assist in getting up the lodge at Groton? A. I did.—Q. Are you an officer in the lodge? A. I am. Q. What office do you hold? A. I cannot answer that question without criminating myself, and exposing myself to punishment!

Glorious News from Old North Carolina!
DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHANT.

The Know Nothings Routed,
HORSE, FOOT, AND DRAGON!!!

The indomitable Democracy of the Old Tar State have gained a glorious victory over the Knights of the Dark Lantern. Clingman, Branch, Winslow, Craige, and Ruffin, Democrats, are elected to Congress. The contest is close in the Sixth District.

In our article of last week calling attention to the advertisement of Messrs. D. H. CADWALADER, SON & CO., of New Albany, we stated that they proposed "selling their splendid stock of Dry Goods, &c., at auction;" from which it may be supposed that they intended closing out. Such is not the case. We have just received a letter from Messrs. D. H. C. & Co., in which they desire us to say that they propose carrying on a regular Auction and Commission business in connection with their Jobbing business. See their advertisement.

The Hindoos have gained what they claim to be a victory in this city. They have elected the renegade democrat, Haggin, to the Senate, the renegade, McGowan, Sheriff, Whitley to the Legislature, and Marshall, long time ago democrat, to Congress. They have, in fine, elected every thing they started, whether renegade or white man. They call this, and will claim it to be a victory. But how has this victory been won? First, by preventing eighteen hundred democrats from voting. We say preventing them from voting, for they had the choice of keeping away from the polls, or being beaten nearly to death, or peradventure killed. Second, their so-called victory is achieved by fraud, arson, burglary and theft; by brutal maiming of innocent citizens, and by murder in all its most horrid shapes. Their victory is gained by the brutal hanging of an Irishman in his own porch, before his wife and children, and then setting fire to his house; by shooting Germans in their own houses, in Preston's woods, and wherever they could find them; by burning fifteen or twenty houses, and making that many families desolate; by blowing out a child's brains in the arms of its mother; by roasting Catholic Irish as if they were swine, their own houses and furniture being the materials of the bonfires; in fine, the Hindoo victory in this city has been achieved by the sacrifice of all political rights and honor; by the loss of much property; by the irretrievable disgrace of the city, and by more wounds and deaths than would be announced in a respectable *sortie* against Sevastopol, by the allied armies. The Hindoo victory has been achieved over the honor of Kentucky, over American liberty and religious freedom.—*Louisville Times*.

N. A. & S. R. R.—A correspondent of the *New York Courier* writing from Chicago, under date of July 24th, pays the New Albany and Salem Railroad a very flattering compliment as follows:

"At 3 o'clock, p. m., yesterday, we took the cars on the New Albany and Salem Railroad, at Lafayette, and reached this city at 10 o'clock at night. We never enjoyed ourselves better; for the country we passed through, and the easy and safe transportation on the cars, were such as conspired to render travel agreeable. The New Albany and Salem Railroad has been in operation for about two years, and is doing a large business. Much of the travel from the South and Southwest is on this excellent Road, which extends from New Albany on the Ohio, in Indiana, to Michigan City, on Lake Michigan. At Michigan City it connects with the Central Michigan Railroad to Chicago. The journeyist who desires to visit Southern Indiana, will find it much to his advantage to take this Road. The transit is made in a few hours, and that, too, with great safety and ease.—Every precaution is taken on this Railroad, the Conductors are true gentlemen, and your comfort, as well as convenience, is looked to in every respect. Mr. Paul will please accept our earnest thanks for the kind attention he paid us, and for the courtesy he extended to us. If we ever travel westward again, and have occasion (which we may) to come this way, we shall surely take 'his train,' and avail ourselves of the pleasure of his society."

We can cheerfully endorse everything said in the article above, in reference to Charles Paul, than whom no cleverer conductor lives.—*State Sentinel*.

Liquor Law in Connecticut.—Drunkenness.—Probably there is more intoxicating liquor retailed in Hartford at this time than ever before, and evidently there is more drunkenness. A stringent law will not make men moral or temperate. The liquor generally used at this time is said to be a very deleterious article, and is doing much harm. A laborer remarked the present week to one of our merchants that he knew of twenty-three places on one short street where liquors were sold. The town rum agency is also in full blast, dealing out large quantities. Club-rooms have multiplied to a fearful extent, and hundreds of families in which liquor was unknown before August last, now keep a variety, and ask their friends to drink.

This one feature alone is doing incalculable mischief. The fashion of keeping liquors upon the family sideboard is fast coming into use, and its evils are as great as those of the rum-shop. The liquor law is the parent of that evil.—*New Haven Palladium*, July 27.