

Bloomington News-Letter.

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

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

J. C. CARLTON, PUBLISHER

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BLOOMINGTON:

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1855.

The California election will take place on the 10th of September.

The Whigs of Vernon have nominated J. WHEELER as candidate for Governor, and ISAAC S. WRIGHT for Lieutenant Governor.

COME OUT.—Come out from the Know Nothings, if you would save your name from worse infamy than that of the Tories of the Revolution.

Wm. DOOLITTLE, the well known railway contractor, is dead.

There are a number of Cholera cases in Paris and other parts of Bourbon county, Kentucky.

The census of Boston, now about completed, is stated to be, as near as possible, 160,000—an increase of 20,000 during the past five years.

The first instalment of \$2 per share in the branches of the new State Bank of Indiana is to be paid on the 24th of October. An election for directors will be held the next day.

In New Albany, CHARLES FETZ has been fined \$50 and sentenced to thirty days confinement in the county prison, for selling liquor contrary to the statute.

There were 125 deaths from yellow fever in the Charity Hospital, at New Orleans, during the week ending August 11th.

We read of rows and riots all over the country. There was one in Boston last Sunday. The spirit of "Americanism" is just now rampant.

Almost unbounded as is the crop of wheat this season, that of potatoes promises to be still greater. From the Eastern, Western, and Middle States, and the British Provinces, the report is everywhere the same—"there was never such a year for potatoes."

The Milwaukee Sentinel expresses a belief that the population of Wisconsin will prove, from the semi-decennial census, to be 550,000. The population in 1840 was 30,000, and in 1850 it had increased to 304,756.

By a new Postoffice arrangement, the writing, printing, or embossing of anything except the address, on the envelope containing a circular, subjects the package to letter postage, and such circulars will not be forwarded unless the full letter rate is prepaid. All envelopes, therefore, with the name of the corporation or business printed thereon, are not allowed to pass with circulars unless at letter postage. Merchants would do well to remember that only plain envelopes will pass muster.

ALABAMA ELECTION.—The telegraphic dispatches inform us that WINSTON, Democrat, is elected Governor of Alabama by a large majority.

The Know Nothings are unfortunate fellows. The telegraph elects their candidate first, always; they bet their money—and when reliable news is received, they realize the worthlessness of election reports per telegraph, and the political speed of their candidates. Poor fellows.

A letter from Washington, Ark., says Red river is three feet lower than it was ever known to be, and that it can be forded at almost any point. The merchants in that part of Arkansas are hauling their goods from Alexandria and Gaines' Landing. They pay three or four dollars a hundred; and four is selling at four and five cents; beef six and seven; and bacon at twenty-five cents. Salt commands ten dollars a sack!

The President of the Know Nothings of Monroe County.

It will be seen, by reference to our last issue, that MORTON C. HUNTER publicly announced at the Court House, on Saturday week, that he was President of the Know Nothing (which he called the "American") party of this county, and that anybody, native or foreigner, twenty-one years old and of good moral character, might be admitted into the order, provided he is not a Catholic. Mr. HUNTER is exceedingly accommodating to inform us of the important fact, when everybody knew it before! So Know Nothingism has dwindled down to this, has it?—opposition to Catholics only. We understand that the "Worthy President" is going around, endeavoring to inveigle Protestant foreigners and others into the dark-lantern society. What effrontery! what hypocrisy! We are opposed to all manner of violence, but it seems that if we were a Protestant foreigner—whom these Jacobins have been abusing for eighteen months as "red-mouthed Irish and lope-eared Dutch"—that we would feel a strong temptation to pull the nose of any mousing-owl who should solicit us to join their midnight band of traitors to their God, their country, and humanity.

[For the News-Letter.]

A meeting of the Bloomington Bar was held in the Court House, on the 16th inst., for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to the memories of Messrs. GEORGE H. MUNSON and LARKIN REYNOLDS, deceased. On motion, MORTON C. HUNTER, Esq., was called to the Chair, and C. H. LAIRD, Esq., appointed Secretary.

The Chair appointed Messrs. JACOB B. LOWE, PARIS C. DUNNING, SAMUEL H. BUSKIRK, GEO. A. BUSKIRK, and C. H. LAIRD a committee to draft resolutions suitable for the occasion. The committee retired and after a short time reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God by an afflictive dispensation of his overruling Providence, to remove from the scenes of their earthly labors our beloved fellow-citizens, GEO. H. MUNSON and LARKIN REYNOLDS, Esq.'s, members of this Bar, who were cut down in the prime of manhood, and in the bright anticipation of many future years of joy and happiness.

Resolved, That while we bow with humble submission to the inevitable decrees of Providence, we sincerely deplore the fatal stroke which has deprived the Bar of two of its talented and efficient members, and the community of two of its most upright, worthy, and conscientious citizens.

Resolved, That we tender to the families of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy and consolation in this their dark hour of bereavement and distress.

Resolved, That, as a tribute of respect to the memories of the deceased, the members of the Bar wear the customary badge of mourning thirty days.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the Bloomington News-Letter, Western Times, and White River Standard, and that a copy be furnished by the Secretary, to the relatives of the deceased.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

MORTON C. HUNTER, President.
C. H. LAIRD, Secretary.

No Bank.

A few weeks ago, Judge BICKNELL granted an injunction restraining the State Bank Commissioners from proceeding to organize the New Albany Branch of the new State Bank. We suppose the cause of the injunction was the fraud of the Commissioners in regard to opening the books an account of which has heretofore been given in our paper. From what we have learned, similar frauds were practiced at nearly all the places where Branches were located. We learn that Gov. WRIGHT is about to take steps to suppress the whole of the stupendous swindle; for such it is. It was vetoed by the Governor but passed over his head. Throughout the length and breadth of the State the popular voice denounces the Law as infamous and corrupt.

PATHEPIC.—The Rev. Mr. SMITH, who, by the way, has a holy horror of grammar and orthography, thus describes the "departure" of a "saint." "When I arrived at the house of my deceased friend, he was presiding in his last. I stood by his bedside and said, as he was too far gone to talk, Brother, if you feel happy now, just squeeze my hand; and he squeezed it."

The Washington Organ has dubbed the "order" with a new name—"The American Union Party." When it is known that the party is divided into Northern and Southern factions, which hate each other with an intensity of hatred altogether unknown in the days of Whiggery and Democracy, and which will be about as likely to unite in a national contest as oil and water, and that these factions both at the North and the South are sub-divided into other factions the oppositeness of this name is peculiar and most striking. The Organ is entitled to a leather medal.

THE INDIA RUBBER PLATFORM.—The ritual of the Know Nothing order in Kentucky has been changed so as not to disqualify a man from becoming a member who has a Catholic wife.—*Balt. Amer.*

In Louisiana the ritual is so far modified as to permit Mrs. Derbigny's Catholic husband to run as the Know Nothing candidate for Governor in that State.—*Char. Mer.*

In this place, the President of the Know Nothing Council, MORTON C. HUNTER, announced in a public meeting, on last Saturday week, that "all foreigners or natives could become members; provided they were not Roman Catholics!" Beautiful party!

The respectable portion of the Eastern press, of both parties, denounce the telegraphic reports of the riots sent them as partial and one-sided affairs. They were so considered by the *National Intelligencer* and *Baltimore Patriot*, and papers of that class, who cautioned their readers to receive them with due allowance. Other papers declined to receive them, as will be seen by the following from the *Pittsburg Union*:

NOT TAKEN.—The telegraphic reporter at Louisville undertakes to send us some statements of the Louisville Journal as to the commencement of the riots in that city. We must decline receiving statements from that source as worthy of any credence. No man who is not either knave, or fool, or Know Nothing, would be engaged in circulating the falsehoods of the Louisville Journal.

EARTHQUAKE.—An earthquake in Switzerland has destroyed the village of Viego.

Kentuckians, when provoked, have in them "a spice of something dangerous."—*Louisville Journal.*

Yes, and that is the reason why you would not render satisfaction to J. B. Clay a month ago, nor demand satisfaction of Haldeman fourteen months ago.—*Louisville Times.*

The Louisville Riots—The Cause.

We copy below, from the Cincinnati *Commercial*, an extract from an article in relation to the causes which produced the late riots in Louisville. The *Commercial* professes to be neutral in politics, but its editor is a strong opponent of the Democratic party, and supports the ticket of the Know Nothing Fusion party in Ohio.

When a party has distinguished itself for offenses of a particular character, and still employs the means by which the commission of such offenses is induced, it is proper to hold it to be responsible for its acts and their consequences. The inflammatory conduct of the press was more than any other publicly known cause, the occasion of the riot and bloodshed by which this city, and several others of the Union have been recently disgraced; and we are sorry to say that of all the Know Nothing literature that has fallen under our observation, we have seen none better calculated to beget riots, in fact, to produce the very scenes that have occurred in our sister city, than the paragraphs we quote below. They are taken from the Louisville Journal—a paper devoted to the advocacy of Know Nothingism. They are from the hand, or were published under the supervision of a man of talents and experience as an editor—one who is supposed to understand the duties and be fully impressed with the obligations of his profession, and who produced them, on the eve of an election, we are bound to believe, as the last effort of a giant intellect in favor of a cause which his heart was enlisted.

"It was quite extensively said and believed a few days ago that the Germans generally, from an apprehension of difficulty, had determined not to go to the polls to-day. We have now authentic and direct information that they have determined that they will go to the polls. We are glad to hear that they have thus determined, but we hope they will go with none but proper intentions. Surely none of them can be so ignorant as not to understand, that, if a collision be provoked by them it will occur. And if it do occur, there is but one way in which it can possibly terminate."

"One of the Police officers informs us that he never before saw half so many Irishmen here as he sees now. He beholds them hourly in squads all over the city, and he knows not where they were brought from. Their faces are strange to him. No doubt they came both to vote and to fight, though one of the operations would be quite enough. It is a shame that we Kentuckians should be imposed upon merely because we are peaceable. Our pacific reputation has made the foreigners presumptuous.—Such are the fruits of goodness."

"The Sag Nichts, including the foreign born population, have sworn that they will vote this morning before the Americans do. It really seems a little hard that our native born citizens must be compelled, on their own soil, to stand back until foreigners are served, but undoubtedly a great deal ought to be submitted to for the sake of peace and harmony. Patience is one of the human virtues. The American people however are not, we fear, very richly endowed with it."

"If the anti-Americans are defeated to-day, they are extinguished as a party; while, if they are victorious they will have decided by their vote, that Americans ought

not to rule America; that it is right and proper for American citizens to acknowledge an allegiance to the Pope superior to any they owe to the nation; and that the preservation of the Union is not of paramount importance."

"The Americans mean to be entirely pacific to-day, but they will vote. They may submit patiently to a great many inconveniences and discomforts, but they will vote. They may have to go through rain and hail, but they will vote. They may find serried hosts of Sag Nicht bullies and ruffians between them and the polls, but they will vote. They may have to encounter fire and steel, but they will vote."

"We must go to work at the polls and make some glorious news to be sent off in all directions by telegraph at an early hour this morning. The telegraph can not work in an ordinary thunder-storm. But it works beautifully in political storms. So go ahead, Know Nothings, and raise just as big a storm as you please."

"Remember, as you ponder upon your duty, the terms of reproach and slander that have been heaped upon you, and nerve your arms to vanquish that foe that has denounced you as skulking in dark alleys, guided by dark-lanterns and dark hearts. Remember."

"American citizens, one word in your ears. Let every eye be steady, every nerve well-strung, every heart resolute, and every man at the post of duty."

"Our friends must be prepared to stand up at the polls to-day in defiance of whatever they may meet with there. They may have to encounter brazen faces and brass knuckles. But our countrymen have encountered worse things in their contests with foreigners."

"With these principles to sustain and strengthen us, let us whip the foreigners as Washington did at Yorktown."

"Americans, are you all ready? We think we hear your shout 'ready!' Well, fire! and may heaven have mercy on the foe."

"The American party is composed altogether of native-born citizens. They have a right to vote, and we hope they will to-day consider it their solemn duty to their country, to their families and to themselves, to exercise their right."

"In the populous wards it will be difficult, indeed impossible, to poll the whole vote. Our friends must see that the whole American vote is polled in every ward. Otherwise, although we know we have a majority of the voters of the city, the Sag Nichts may succeed in obtaining a majority of the votes cast."

These are only specimens, and we ask, "if they were not designed to urge on riots, suggest acts of violence, stimulate jealousy, and insinuate murder, for what, in the name of heaven, were they intended?" Is there not tinder enough in the constitution of the sons of Kentucky already—is not their honor sufficiently thin-skinned, and their love of fight sufficiently active, that they can dispense with the service of this cold-blooded incendiary, who deliberately sits down on the morning of the election to play the part of Macbeth's phantom dagger to a whole community, pointing it to murder? Strange indeed must be the infatuation—strange the want of conscience in an editor—an able and experienced editor—who can thus for an end so little consequence, tamper with his duty, his reputation, and the peace of society.

[From the Daily State Sentinel.]

Thoughts on Know Nothingism.

"The men who participated in those murderous riots will go to the sacramental board and partake of the Lord's supper."

"Certainly they will next Sabbath."

Such were the remarks and rejoinder, made by two of the citizens of Jeffersonville a few moments ago, as I passed them on the street, and overheard their conversation; and with a shudder I uttered the suppressed exclamation, "how are the mighty fallen," how has the fine gold become dim—the zeal of thy house, O Lord, has eaten up the substantial part of thy religion.—But the second thought brought the conviction home to the heart—the blood-stained rioters were not members of Christ's church, and I will venture the affirmation, and call on Messrs. Hughes and Haldeman, to contradict it if they can—not one of the active participants in these scenes of murder were communicants in any Evangelical church. Were they not all of the world, who take but worldly views of religion? I cannot and will not believe that they were communicants in the church of God, until the proof is produced.

Another citizen remarked yesterday, "Sir, I have in my possession a club used in the riot on last Monday; it is covered with blood and hair, and the man who brought it over had his hand stained with blood." "Can nothing be done with those rioters," said I. "No sir," said he, "the man who would dare to institute suit against any of them, would not be permitted to proceed further than the police court, for he would be marked, and effectually silenced before reaching the criminal court."

This brought to my mind the doctrines of the Louisville Journal in the Ward case—that no man of high social position in Kentucky had ever suffered the penalty of the law for murder, and by a purity of reasoning Mr. Ward should not suffer; con-

sequently, if Americans have been guilty of violence and murder, in the transactions of Monday, it is absurd to suppose that the occupants of such a high social position, must suffer the penalty of the law for taking the lives of such beings as those who were destroyed on Monday.

From the above conversation of citizens of Jeffersonville, I draw two inferences—First, that religion is too often misapprehended by its votaries who partake in bloody struggles for its advancement or protection; and Second, that the foundations of society are giving way, and we are drifting to a state of anarchy and misrule; because that the high sanction of religion has been stolen to endorse schemes of a revolutionary character, and the worst of men are found making devotion to Christianity their apology for acts of violence and murder—and in this respect Catholics and professed Protestants are possibly alike to blame. If the lights of twelve centuries are to be relied on, we could expect nothing from the former but a sinister and worldly policy—but of the latter we do and shall expect better things—shall the unbeliever be permitted to point to the blood-stained communicant, and shall such hold a place in the church of God unrebuked. Again, shall young men boast in open day, in the midst of the rising youth of the nation, of their deeds of lawless violence, and no effort be made to correct public sentiment, or drag the young life and hope of the country, from the lawless course into which designing fanatics would urge them? Alas! the true conservators of law, order, and morals, have been infatuated by a dream of danger and earthly wisdom not to say of power—no longer does the helm of our Protestant Christianity exert its controlling influence—it is nearly broken, and society in this section is surging on to ruin on the rocks of anarchy.

Should the example of Louisville be followed by the other great cities of the country, and those scenes of blood become common, the inevitable result will be a distrust in our republican institutions, which fail to give personal protection—and a disposition created to take refuge from the foundering wreck of those institutions, in a strong government—a government of physical force—seeing that one of republican principle, no longer brings personal security—may God avert such a calamity—and yet it is within the range of possibilities, unless the Protestant Churches right up, and regain their balance, and assume a singleness of position, that will stand the test of truth, and the scrutiny of our enemies—a position free from the equivocal civil associations of parties and of men.

The province of the church, if we understand it, is not to excite men to deeds of blood—her mission is one of peace—her ministers are men of peace—and her whole influence should be peaceful—like the light house reared on the ocean-girt rock, around which roar and dash the raging waves—the true Church of God should stand "the light of the world," around which might lash and beat the fury of angry and blood-stained men—but whilst she stands far removed from, and above that rage, she should shed the doctrine of peace on all below. Or, to use a more appropriate figure—as Christ stood in the midst of the stormy sea of Genesareth and said to the turbulent waters and roaring wind "peace! be still!" So on that fearful occasion, when men break away from the bonds of government, and under the influence of maddened passion rush to the deed of murder—then should a faithful church gather for the occasion, the energy of her Divine Master, and say in the potency of her delegated power—"peace! be still!"

In this light of the subject, we maintain that political leaders have no right to drag Christian men into strife that may end in blood, it is time enough for the Christian man to move in such a direction, when the legally constituted magistrate of the land lays the hand of authority on him, and say, in the voice of that power "ordained of God," "take up arms and defend your country," but no outside organization, or secret organization, or irresponsible power whatever, can take the burden of bloodshed off the conscience of the Christian man; if he shed it other than as the law directs, he is a murderer, and will receive the doom of the murderer.

It is possible I may be mistaken in regard to the economy of Know Nothingism so far as relates to our feature of that system—that an armed resistance, to what in their judgment is an aggression; but I have not been hasty in making up an opinion, and have waited for the development of time; and must now come to the conclusion that there is little or no difference between this secret order, and those of Europe organized for a similar purpose.

When Know Nothingism first made its advent amongst us, we saw distinctly its nature and its workings, and took ground against it then as a scheme of earthly wisdom, that would do religion no good; but likewise knew that all attempts to stem the tide would be useless until politicians had accomplished their ends—and it had developed its nature and tendency by such acts as would produce sober reflection in the American mind. But the elections being now over, we thus venture to point out a few of the dangers of the system, not so

much to counteract its political workings, as to counteract its religious and civil workings.

There is no doubt but its obligations place Christian men in the hands and power of unscrupulous leaders, and it is useless to disguise the fact that such constitute the majority of the men who control the movements of all such organizations, whether Protestant or Catholic, so that good men who enter those societies know not what may be required of them—and no doubt they are often compelled to do that, which if unbound, they would recoil from as from a loathsome thing. We had an illustration of this in this city last May, which we cannot better state than to quote from one of our city papers, the *National Democrat*, of May 16th:

"We clip the following paragraph from the New Albany Ledger, every word of which we fully endorse:

"A painful case of proscription was reported to me by a Methodist minister last week. An old man named Wilson, 'Uncle Tommy' he is usually called, has for many years been clerk of the city of Jeffersonville. No one ever thought of running or voting against Uncle Tommy till the present Spring election, when it was remembered that 'Squire Wilson was born in Ireland. It is true he had lived in the United States for nearly half a century; in politics he was and is a Whig, and voted the Fusion ticket last fall on temperance grounds; in religion a strict and faithful member of the Methodist church. But this availed him nothing. The ruthless hand of Know Nothing proscription was laid upon him—the decree had gone forth that 'Americans must rule America,' and at the late election 'Squire Wilson was ousted. He is now an old man and poor, having given all his earnings over and above what was absolutely necessary to meet his personal expenses, to religious and charitable purposes. The church, the classroom, the prayer meeting were his chief delight and the solace of his declining years; but the brethren who worship at the same altar, who commemorate the Last Supper of the dying Lord at the same table, who respond to the fervent prayers of their brother in Christ, who listen with delight and admonitions of the Christian patriarch, could not vote for the good old man at the polls, because a secret and proscriptive society had decreed otherwise. And this is not an isolated case."

I cannot describe my disgust with the system, when I witnessed the old friends of this worthy man, dragged up to the polls by the force of their obligations to this society; to cut down our old and well-tried friend, who would have been supported by them before any man living if unbound; but having assumed obligations to this secret power, they were obliged to follow the directions of unscrupulous leaders. I must confess that a horror for, and a dread of, the workings of such obligations filled my mind from that day, and I have regarded the order as capable of anything if hard pressed; especially if sanctioned by the presence of its religious members, whose high endorsement seems to absolve them from all claims of friendship, age, merit or service rendered—for before the decrees of Jacobine clubs, Orange and Riband lodges, and Know Nothing councils, these claims were but ropes of sand.

What has been the result of this new system, so far as it acts on the Protestant church and her members? Let us see—Brethren distrust each other, the Christian of foreign birth feels himself degraded, and in spite of himself he looks with jealousy on his American brother; but this is not all, those well-tried adopted citizens, have many friends among the native population, who now sympathize with them in the hour of their depression; here a fresh element of discord is thrown into the field, so that the condition of things in Indiana is about this—one half of the members of Churches are displeased with the other half, because of those misfortunes—and what is true of this State, we suppose to be true of all others where this new way of defending religion has come.

But the statesman and political manager, refuses to let go this potent engine of success, and they would rather see the social fabric undermined, and overthrown than not succeed. Are there not great questions—fearful issues now before the American people of sufficient magnitude to command your energies, without making religion—that sacred bequest of confessors and martyrs, and the hope of the world—a common football, to be abused and defended by champions, many of whom stand self-condemned before the world, because of their private life, and actually deplore the political necessity that is upon them to talk of religion on the stump—surely there is other political capital at command to justify the release of religion.

In our first article we attempted a respectful address to our ministerial friends, on the false position our common Protestantism was about to assume. In this we have confined our remarks to members of churches. We propose a third article containing a few thoughts for adopted citizens, to whom as an adopted citizen I shall take the liberty to speak freely, but I trust in the spirit of Christian charity, being a sharer with them of a common lot and common misfortune. J. MITCHELL.
Jeffersonville, Aug. 10, 1855.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1856,

HENRY A. WISE,

OF VIRGINIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

JESSE D. BRIGHT,

OF INDIANA.

Democratic Mass Meeting.

At the Democratic Mass Meeting, on Wednesday, Gov. PARIS C. DUNNING was chosen President, and A. B. CARLTON, Secretary. The speaking took place in a beautiful grove on Prospect Hill. The first speech was delivered by Hon. JOSEPH E. McDONALD, distinguished for his ability in arguing the Nebraska question. He discussed the various political topics of the day with great clearness and eloquence. His address was one of the most masterly vindications of the Democratic doctrine of non-intervention, to which we have ever listened.

In the afternoon, a large audience, among whom were a number of ladies, assembled to hear the eloquent and gifted Gen. U. F. LINDER, of Illinois. It was a speech long to be remembered in this county, and was pronounced by all Democrats and some Whigs who heard it, to be the best speech to which they had ever listened. We commenced taking notes for the purpose of reporting the speech for our readers; but who can catch the sunbeam, or paint the lightning's flash? We became so entranced with his fervid eloquence—his sledge-hammer arguments, and the brilliant coruscations of his wit, that we forgot paper and pencil, and were carried along with the speaker to the end. Indeed, the most skillful short-hand writer cannot do justice to Mr. LINDER. To appreciate him you must hear him. After some playful introductory remarks, he said that he had always been a Whig—a HENRY CLAY Whig—and had stood by that party in prosperity and adversity, until, upon the death of its great leaders, HENRY CLAY and DANIEL WEBSTER, the Whig party ceased to exist.

He said he had not changed his politics; but the old issues between the parties were gone, and new ones have sprung up. He charged that it was a slander to deduce the present Fusion party of Abolitionists and Know Nothings from Whig principles; and HENRY CLAY, if he were now alive, would denounce them as a treasonable gang of conspirators against the integrity of the Union and civil and religious freedom. He read an extract from one of CLAY's speeches, as follows:

"If it (the Whig party) is merged into a contemptible Abolition party, and if Abolitionism is to be engrafted upon the Whig creed, from that moment I RENOUNCE the party and cease to be a Whig. I go yet a step further. If I am alive, I will give my support to that man for the Presidency, who, to whatever party he may belong, is not contaminated by fanaticism, rather than to one who, crying out all the time he is a Whig, maintains doctrines utterly subversive of the CONSTITUTION and the UNION."

"Now," said Mr. LINDER, "who shall dare to say that I have departed from the principles of our glorious old chieftain, HENRY CLAY? What party is 'contaminated with fanaticism' and 'subversive of the Constitution and the Union'? The Know Nothing, Abolition party of the north!"

Mr. LINDER proceeded to say that his party had become extinguished upon the death of its great leaders. "For my part," said he, "I want a home; and I have come to the Democratic party, as the only national party of the country—the only party that stands up for the Constitution and the Union. Democrats, will you let me in? [Cries of yes! yes! yes!] Well I would be apt to come in, any how, for you could not keep me out. [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. L. made some reference to the position of Col. RICHARD W. THOMPSON, of Terre Haute, an old-line Whig of the HENRY CLAY school, who would not give in his adhesion to the present Abolition movement; but is endeavoring to resurrect the old Whig party, and rally them to the defence of the Constitution and the Union. "He," said Mr. L. "is weeping over a dead wife, while I am marrying a new one." [Applause.]

The speaker proceeded to depict the glories of the Union, in eloquent terms. He then turned his battery upon the Abolitionists and poured into them volley after volley of the most terrible and eloquent invective. He told an anecdote of an old man who was complaining bitterly to his neighbor, about his family misfortunes—"Why, what's the matter?" The old man replied: "My oldest daughter has married a *mulatto*!" "Well, that is very bad indeed," said his neighbor. "But," added the old man, "the worst is to let yet—my other daughter has married an Abolitionist!" [Laughter and immense applause.]

Mr. L. took up the Know Nothings and handled them without gloves. After showing in an argumentative and eloquent manner the total want of necessity for such

an organization—its unconstitutionality, and its dangerous and anti-republican principles, he opened the seven vials of his wrath, and poured it, like red-hot lava, upon the heads of this lying, intolerant, sink-hole, dog-fennel, owl-and-bat party. "This is the 'American' party, is it?" said Mr. L. "They are a *libel* upon the name of Americanism! Why don't they come out as we do, into the glad, green and glorious earth, with the blue sky above us, our banner spread to the breeze in the broad light of day, and discuss their principles openly, nobly and manfully, like true Americans, instead of skulking and sneaking, at midnight, into their dens, cellars, and warehouses, disturbing the repose of bats and owls to make room for their dark and hellish orgies?"

"Why," said Mr. L., "they have no confidence in each other; but have such a bad opinion of their brethren, that they *sneak* them to be true."

He ridiculed the idea of an oath, by putting the case of a jealous husband who should call up his wife and say: "my dear, hold up your hand—I want to *swear* you." "What for, my dear?" says she. "Do you love me?" asks the husband. "Certainly, I love you, my dear," says she. "Yes," but says he, "I want you to *swear* you love me!" [Laughter.]

Mr. L.'s speech in regard to the Know Nothings was most eloquent and convincing throughout; accompanied with several trenchant and terrible dashes of denunciation. "Come out," said he, "from this oath-bound party, meeting when honest men are asleep, in garrets and dens, among bats, and snakes, and lizzards! God save me from such a buzzard roost!"

Mr. L. pronounced a beautiful eulogy on LAFAYETTE, the generous-hearted foreigner who came to our shores and assisted us in our struggle for liberty. He spoke of his visit to our country in 1824, when we had grown to be a mighty nation, great in arts and in arms, where the oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, and the victims of despotism might recline under the shade of the tree of liberty. He spoke of LAFAYETTE's triumphant reception by thousands and tens of thousands of the people, wherever he went. He was the nation's guest, and his advent was a nation's jubilee. Old men with silvery locks met him with smiles and tears of joy—in infant prattlers were held in their mothers' arms to see the friend of Washington; fair women bestrewed his pathway with flowers and welcomed him with songs of triumph, and gratitude; and, gentlemen, the memory of LAFAYETTE will be revered, loved, and cherished by millions yet unborn, when the names of THEODORE PARKER, HENRY WARD BEECHER, and the whole race of bigots and fanatics, will be sunk into oblivion and hell!

But the part in which brilliant flashes of his wit, and his powers of terrible denunciation were most conspicuous, was in relation to the political preachers "who have stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." He commenced by paying a thrillingly beautiful and touching compliment to those meek and humble preachers of the Gospel of Peace, who "point the road to heaven and lead the way." God bless them, and prosper them, for "they are like angel's visits, few and far between!" Let us divide the last chicken with them though he crows the next minute. [Laughter.] I am getting to be an old man," said Mr. L., "though I don't like to acknowledge it before these beautiful and charming ladies; but I am getting old, and I like old things—old customs and manners—I like the old-fashioned Gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was preached in its purity, freely, without money and without price, ere the wild unrest of ambition and the thirst for money and power, had seduced so many of the preachers of the Gospel from their holy and legitimate calling of preaching "peace on earth and good will to men;" and had turned them into rancorous political preachers.

In the good, old-fashioned times when I was a boy, we met to worship our God, in the little church, with its humble roof, in the green woods of the forest, under the ministrations of an humble man of God, who "was passing rich with (far less than) forty pounds a year." The blue sky was bending above us—the tall trees were pointing far up toward the Heavens—peace and kindness and charity fell, like manna from Heaven, from the good man's lips, and love and Christian charity dwelt in the people's hearts! But alas! We have fallen upon evil times. The day of persecution—of religious intolerance and bigotry, is come upon us. Many preachers have become the most rabid politicians, and have introduced scisms, heart-burnings and divisions into the church, where all should be peace and fraternal love—"The political-priests" said Mr. L. "are only thirsting for power and place—they want to live off the fat of the land and devour all the chickens, while they are riding the people, booted and spurred. Are you willing to submit to them? Then bow your neck and come under the yoke—or confess yourself an ass and say to the black-coated gentlemen, 'Come, got on

and ride me—spur me along—I'm an ass—don't you see my ears? [Here the General placed his hands to his ears, and imitated the auricular organs of an ass, amidst immense applause and laughter.]

They have gone into Know Nothing lodges and united with them in their hellish "orgies." He denounced such preachers, with terrible and withering effect—and every word he said upon this subject met with a ready and hearty response from the crowd. He concluded by warning his audience against the machinations of these crafty and hypocritical priests who are, for the lust of power, endeavoring to destroy the civil and religious freedom of the country.

Mr. L.'s speech was about three hours in length; but the people would willingly have staid to hear him till night. His positions were bold and manly—and sustained by overwhelming arguments, and thrilling eloquence. We saw many old men, with silvery locks, now convulsed with laughter, and now bathed in tears, and all except a few sore-headed abolitionists and lugubrious Know Nothings, odoriferous with dog-fennel, were perfectly delighted with Mr. LINDER's speech. It was now nearly time for the cars to come in, and there was not time for another regular speech; but SAMUEL WILSON of Crawfordsville, and S. H. BUSKINK, entertained the audience for a few minutes, with some appropriate and well-timed remarks—the latter exhorting the people to go up to Indianapolis on next Tuesday, to attend the great Democratic Mass Meeting to be held on Wednesday the 29th inst.

Every thing went off peaceably and quietly. There were no women and children murdered. And no one displeased, so far as we could hear, except Jesse T. Cox, and RILEY MEADOWS.

How CAN we Please the Know Nothings?

We frequently hear of such expressions as these coming from the Know Nothings:—"CARLTON used to be a mild and amiable sort of a fellow, and lived here more than three years without giving offence to any one.—What's got into him? His paper is very violent, and gives the Know Nothings no quarter at all!" Now, it would certainly afford us much pleasure to please everybody, and have the good will of all. But this we cannot do.—The man who edits a political paper in these exciting times, and tries to please both sides, is not worth a Scotch baubee; he is a miserable, good-for-nothing, white-livered and spiritless poltroon.

How shall we, as Democratic editors, manage to please the Know Nothings? They so much desire to please us—are so tolerant, charitable and just, that we ought, perhaps, to make an effort to please them!

O yes! we see how it can be done! By editing a tame, sickly and unmeaning paper. By abandoning our party, upon which alone rests the hopes of our country, and yielding like a slave, when fanaticism and bigotry are about to deluge our country in blood, and when the Protestant Clergy are about to subvert the last vestige of civil and religious liberty in the world!

Yes! if we would bow our neck and come under the yoke—surrender our independence and do homage to a crafty and hypocritical priesthood;—this would please the Know Nothings.

We could please them, too, by joining in the Know Nothings' song of blood:

"Zee, faw, fo, fun!
I smell the blood of an Irishman—
And, dead or alive, I will have some!"

And when the streets of Louisville are slippery with the blood of murdered men and women, and the smoke of a human hecatomb, kindled on the Know Nothing altar, is ascending to heaven—while poor Irish women are wailing over husbands burnt alive, and innocent babes whose brains have been spattered over their arms by Know Nothing fiends—we could please the Know Nothings by lying paragraphs, palliating those horrible crimes and attempting to show that the "d—d Dutch and Irish were to blame!"

O, yes! they are very easily pleased. All we have to do, is to take an oath to surrender our independence—to sell our birth-right for a mess of pottage—to meet with them in dark alleys, up a back pair of stairs, or out in the dog-fennel—stab our neighbors in the back—concoct assassination—chuckle with them over murdered women and children, and help to feed the fires of a hellish religious intolerance and bigotry!

And when, without just provocation, they do their utmost to injure us by force or fraud—when they attempt to assassinate us in the night, we could please them, by "bending low, and in a bond-man's key, with whispering humbleness, and 'bated breath, thanking them for their courtesy and their chivalry!"

In conclusion, let us say, that we feel, that we, in common with every honest man, are called upon to do all that we can to put down this dangerous party, which fulminates treason and threatens ruin to the country.

GODBY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The September No. of this magazine, time out of mind the favorite among all the ladies, has been received. The fashion plates are beautiful and the reading matter is, of course, of the most recherche and useful character to all the fair sex.

To check a woman, dress her in gingham.

We will give the subscription price, or one year's subscription, for the first volume of the News-Letter.

Clerical Lies.

"Lord! how this world is given to lying!"

JACK FALSTAFF.

"He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in; in virtue's guise,
In holy phrase, transacted villains
That common sinners durst not meddle with."

If "honest JACK FALSTAFF" had lived at this day, when lying is systemized by an organized secret society, and many preachers of the Protestant faith have adopted the jesuitical doctrine, that the end justifies the means, he might have used the above expression with peculiar force. We have before us, the "Weekly Indiana Republican," an Abolition, Know Nothing sheet, of Indianapolis, edited by the Rev. S. P. CRAWFORD, Secretary of the State Know Nothing Council of Indiana, containing an editorial article, headed "Commencement of the Indiana University"—which is a tissue of the most bare-faced falsehoods and misrepresentations, from beginning to end. Speaking of the meeting of the Alumni, this editor says, in substance, that AMBROSE B. CARLTON, when the election for one of the Speakers was pending, opposed the election of Col. HENDRICKS, upon the ground that he was a Fusionist. These are not the words but the evident meaning of the article, in this respect. This Reverend gentleman also endeavors by misrepresentation to create the impression that the Alumni were governed in their action by political bias. This is false, and we believe, willfully false. Let us see. We elected Hon. WM. K. EDWARDS, as President of the Alumni, unanimously. He is not a Democrat. We elected GEO. G. WRIGHT, Fusionist, of Iowa, as Speaker at the next anniversary meeting. We elected JAMES WOODBURN, Whig, or anti-Democrat, as Treasurer.

When JOHN A. HENDRICKS, of Madison, was nominated as alternate Speaker, we proposed as a candidate, ROBERT L. RUDDICK, without knowing whether he was a Democrat or a Fusionist. We did so from personal friendship to Mr. RUDDICK, and because he was a young man just commencing life, with a reputation to make; and because we believed he could, as an orator, do honor to himself and the Institution. He was elected by a large majority. In regard to this matter, the *Republican* says, ironically: "Well, he, (HENDRICKS) had no right to be a rascally Fusionist, any how, and ought to be proscribed."

The same Reverend gentleman (God save the mark) also says in his corrupt and mendacious article, that:

"We wish well to our State University, but we deprecate the unhallowed and ruthless party spirit that has gradually crept into the managers of our State Institution. We are heartily glad to hear that some of the young men, on Commencement day, independently assailed this miserable party spirit and hurled defiance in the face of Slavery, and other pets of popular great men. * * * We say huzza, boys!"

This hypocritical scamp well knew, when he penned the above lines, that his assertion was wilfully false. It is untrue "that ruthless party spirit has crept into the managers of the State Institution." But see the hollow-hearted and bigoted prejudice and partially he manifests. It is horrible in his estimation, for any thing to be done or said at the College Commencement which favors Democracy; but he is "heartily glad" to hear Fusion, Abolition, Know Nothing speeches from the other side!—"Huzza boys!"

What a contemptible lie it is, too, that the "managers" of the Institution are influenced by "party spirit!" Who are the managers? The Board of Trustees—only two of whom are Democrats—the remaining six are Fusionists!

We have another CLERICAL LIE to nail to the counter. The Rev. Mr. GOODWIN, editor of the *Brookville American*, another Abolition, Know Nothing sheet, writes an article in his paper, which is *basely and maliciously false from beginning to end*, in relation to Dr. DAILY's Baccalaureate, at last Commencement. He accuses Dr. DAILY, with an affront and baseness of falsehood, seldom equaled, and never surpassed, of having defended Catholicism, Slavery, and so forth. His article contains many other false and slanderous statements not necessary to mention. We heard all of Dr. DAILY's Baccalaureate, and have read it in print since it was delivered. There was not one word nor syllable in it in favor of Slavery or Catholicism!

Just what we might expect from these blind and bigotted fanatics. After having taken an unlawful, unscriptural Know Nothing oath to lie in regard to Know Nothingism, it is but another step to lie about anything else to carry out their infamous maxim, that the end justifies the means.

What shall we do for Preachers of the Gospel?

We have enough of Preachers of the Gospel according to NED BUNTLINE, GARRISON, and THEODORE PARKER. But Preachers of the Gospel according to SAINT MATTHEW—the Gospel of Love, and Peace, and Salvation, are becoming exceedingly scarce. The people, too, are awake as to their rights and duties in regard to political Preachers. They will "stop their feed." They are not disposed to pay a Preacher to abuse and vilify the Democratic party in the pulpit by day, and plot treason against the country by night in oath-bound conspiracies. But what shall we do for Preachers? If we can't have any but fanatics, and bigots, and plotters of treason, let us do without them, and trust our souls in the hands of the God from whom they came. No political Preacher can save nor damn the soul of man. It is God alone who pondereth the heart! As chickens are becoming somewhat scarce in the country, we can afford to send a few of these political Preachers as Missionaries to Louisville, to advance the Kingdom of Christ by inciting religious bigotry to the killing of the Dutch and Irish and burning their women and children.—Oh, it is better, by far, that we should return to ancient barbarism; that Christianity should be driven to the fastnesses and the rocks, as in the days of its primitive purity; that every man shall

erect an altar in his own heart to the only true and living God—a God of Justice, and Mercy, and Love, and Peace; than to give ourselves, soul, body, and conscience, into the keeping of bigots and fanatics, whose skirts are sprinkled with the blood of murdered women and children! But the preachers are not all Know Nothings and politicians. Thank God for it! Let such as are genuine Christians be cherished as we would cherish the apple of our eye, and they will do much to advance the Kingdom of the Prince of Peace!

The Hard Times' Account of the "Republican (!) Meeting."

Nearly two columns of the above paper are devoted to an account of the Fusion meeting of last Saturday week, in Bloomington. Never have we seen a greater tissue of falsehoods.—We would not notice the article at all, were it not that there are several statements in regard to Judge HUGHES and ourself, that are *basely false and slanderous*. Here is one:

"That cowardly rascal, the Judge's Cur," said FARMER, pointing to Sr. AMBROSE, "goes armed all the time!"

Now, this is simply a LIE! FARMER never said any such thing. What he did say was this: "I understand that young man goes armed all the time." We replied, good naturedly: "Well, we wouldn't hurt you, Mr. FARMER, for any thing in the world." FARMER said: "Yes, you want to sugar me off." He, in the same connection, speaking of us, said: "He is a clever fellow—you can see that in his face—he wouldn't be near so bad if they would only let him alone!"

He did not call us the "Judge's Cur"—that was applied to Prof. READ, who was not present. Neither Mr. FARMER nor any other man ever did, or ever can call us a "cowardly rascal" or a "Cur," without instant resentment. All that part of the *Times'* account of FARMER's abuse of Judge HUGHES, is a miserable misrepresentation. The *Times* says that "he (FARMER) told Judge HUGHES" so-and-so. All a lie. Judge HUGHES was not present, at that time. Then the account of HUNTER's speech—how abominably false and ridiculous! HUNTER did not say one-fourth of what is there reported. This report makes him out a very valiant black-guard—a perfect BOMBASTES FURIOSO; whereas, his speech was weak and puling as a beggar's at Halloween! Oh! how the heavens thundered and the earth rocked! "how shrieked the timid and stood still the brave," when this terrible speech of Mr. Hunter's was delivered!

We will remind our readers of a remark of Mr. STORMONT's, one of the speakers of that day. He complained of Congressmen, for having speeches printed that they never had delivered at all. We wonder if Mr. HUNTER did not act upon this hint, and write out that part of the editorial himself? What self-glorification! What a *Jupiter Tonans* he is!!

Col. R. W. Thompson's Position.

We publish the following letter from Col. THOMPSON with pleasure. Certainly we have no disposition to misrepresent one whom we so highly esteem, for his manly and consistent course as a politician, and his high and honorable bearing as a gentleman. Our information concerning Col. T.'s speech at Greencastle, was merely verbal; and we were mistaken in one point. We were right, however, in saying that he would not stand on the 13th of July platform:

TERRE HAUTE, August 18, 1855.

A. B. Carlton, Esq.,—Dear Sir: I have today seen an extract from your paper, in which I am represented to have said in my speech at Greencastle, a few days ago, that it was my intention "to cooperate with the Old-Line Democrats in future."

This is a mistake. I did not say so, or any thing like it. The whole object of my speech was to persuade those who, with me, had always been Whigs, not to suffer themselves to be Abolitionized; but to continue upon the old national grounds of the party. I said nothing about what party I should cooperate with.

Very truly, your friend,
R. W. THOMPSON.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times, in a recent letter, tells the following:

An individual condemned some time ago to ten years' hard labor, for robbing a church, having served out his time, and having by good conduct recovered his reputation, was last week married, at the age of sixty, to a girl of eighteen, who was totally ignorant of his antecedents. Hardly had they retired for the night, when a scream was heard and the fiancée fainted. She had seen upon the shoulder of her husband, in deeply branded letters, the horrible word SACKLEGE. When she recovered her senses, it was found she had lost her reason.

There were a good many of our citizens in Louisville on that day, but they had far less to do with the riots than the editor of the Courier. We feel assured of one thing however—that if an attack had been made upon the offices of the Times and Courier, and any of the New Albany boys were present, they would have 'pitched in with a will.—N. A. Tribune.

Of course they would. Nothing better could be expected from the "Brass Knuck" bullies of New Albany. They are the very chaps to commit just such a high handed lawless outrage. And we know of no more fit a person to proclaim the disgraceful fact to the world, than Milton Gregg, the incendiary editor of the New Albany Tribune.—State Sentinel.

Why is THIRTY-NINE the number of lashes the Christian selects as the maximum for Christian flogging? asked the Brahmin Poo-Poo of Old Roger. Old Roger thought a moment. The question was a sarcastic one and conveyed a severe reproof. "I suppose," said he, "it is to keep within the limit of human fortitude." The Brahmin stroked his long tassellon his cap and it vibrated like a pendulum.—Boston Post.

Prentice and the Louisville Riots.

In the wise ordering of Providence, it is permitted, that some such creature as Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, should occasionally exist, to remind men of the management of their affairs. Apathy or prejudice will arise, either to lead mankind into carelessness or disregard of the rights of others, or into the subversion of general liberty and equality. Prejudice has the power to pluck up flowers and plant thorns in their stead, and with diligent industry she pursues this sort of work for pleasure. But not unfrequently it is followed by remorse, which is deep and abiding. That the editor of the Louisville Journal will be subjected to that feeling, for the recent horrible tragedies, of which he appears to have been the main instrument, we are confident, as we have the assurance of the Almighty, that the shedder of human blood shall not go unpunished. Prentice excited the ignorant populace of Louisville to a bloody butchery, and himself presided over the crimson festival, because, from the strength of numbers, and due preparations, he was free from danger. He has obeyed the decrees of the Secret Order, and they should now reward him for his cruel and cowardly assassinations. That he is the author of all the murders and incendiarisms in Louisville, at the late riot, no honest man who reads his "Journal," previous to, and on the day of the election, can doubt. This gory butcher, reeking with the cowardice which he had just manifested in his dispute with the son of Henry Clay, felt it necessary to exalt his manhood among the vile wretches with whom he was in concert, by urging an attack upon gray-headed men, and defenceless women and children. And this is the depraved creature who writes eloquent articles upon the chivalry of his spurious Americanism! What man with a spark of nobility or humanity in his nature, would excite a drunken and lawless mob to an attack upon the homes of women and children, for the simple reason, that God willed their birth in another land, or poured his soul-quickening religious energies into their hearts through a different channel from that which conveyed them to the heart of a Protestant? No one but a vile, debauched and brutal poltroon could be induced to turn the wrath of a phrenzied mob—maddened with drink and prejudice—upon the innocent and defenceless. There will be a day of retribution, when all concerned in the gory tragedy, will feel the disgrace and horror of their position.—Only think of men and women being roasted alive in their own dwellings, by incarnate Know Nothing fiends, driven forward by the language of Prentice. The fiercest torments of hell are too mild for the monster; but we must leave him to the gnawing of his own conscience, and the indignant scorn of an outraged world. He could urge his pliant drunken associates to war upon helpless female innocence and children's weakness—they could stab or shoot an unarmed husband or father in the presence of his wife and little ones, or hurl him, wounded, into the flames of his consuming home—but he shrunk with pallid fear from the manly glance of a man whom he had injured, to skulk behind the pretext that he was opposed to duelling.—We rejoice that such baseness is rarely permitted, by a superintending Deity, to cast its repulsive features over human society. He is not the first miserable craven who has proved himself a monster. The latter is a natural concomitant of the former.—Pennsylvanian.

A Pointed Appeal.

A correspondent of the Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist, over the signature of "A Mason and Odd Fellow," uses the following pointed and convincing language:

"I am of foreign birth, and of Roman Catholic parentage, yet a Protestant in faith and practice, and expect to remain so, unless this Know Nothing inquisition serves to drive me from the church into the wilderness; for I lay it down as a fixed fact that a child who is wanting in regard for his parents while living is worthy of no respect or confidence; and the child who can tolerate abuses of the creed or principles of his parents when dead is too pitiably and mean to merit the esteem of any man or party. For this reason, then, I despise this midnight monster."

"Again, I am a Mason, likewise an Odd Fellow; and, for very many years have regarded these men as my covenanted brethren, whose plighted honor bound them to help me in distress, defend my fair name, and honor me as an equal. How can they forget and lay aside these first obligations, to swear and enter into a league to degrade me, or any number of the hundreds of Masons and Odd Fellows who happen to be of Catholic parentage or foreign birth?"

These are the emotions of mind under which I am passing, trying all the time to believe that in the church, my brethren, who advise and pray for me, have not considered the matter as it affects social relations, and need but to be directed to a proper contemplation of the spirit of suspicion and distrust it must engender to abandon its unhallowed leadings; and that my brother Masons and Odd Fellows will, from these hints thrown out in fraternal kindness, see the inconsistency and unreasonableness of taking a new obligation that, in its effects, tends to annul and destroy the first, the older, the purer, and better covenant of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and of Friendship, Love, and Truth."

AN INCIDENT.—Yesterday an old gentleman of seventy years of age, of wealth, and thirty years a resident of Louisville started to look out for himself and family a new home in Indiana, where the rights of person and property will be respected. He says that he cannot longer live in a city given over to mob rule, and will seek a quiet and peaceful home in Indiana, and spend the remainder of his days. Such is the case with hundreds that a week ago had no thought of leaving Louisville, the "Blood Red City."—N. A. Ledger, 14th.

Only the actions of the Just,
Swell sweet and blossom in the dust!

