

# 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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## THE BLOOMINGTON NEWS-LETTER

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

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### BLOOMINGTON:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1855.

Every Know Nothing Lodge in Minnesota, save that at Stillwater, has disbanded.

Among the candidates of the Know Nothing party in Dearborn county, are THOMAS PATTERSON, an Irishman, and JOHN F. RICHARDS, an Englishman.

RICE, DRISCOLL and STOCKING, sentenced to be hung in Lafayette, have been respited to the 11th of January, 1856.

Toronto, in Canada, has 44,000 inhabitants. It is a very enterprising and flourishing city.

If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear watch seals about you the size of a brickbat.

Senator GWIN is stumping the State of California in favor of the Democratic ticket, and is everywhere received with hearty, enthusiastic welcome. No Democrat in the Union is truer to his party and his friends, than Dr. GWIN, the able and faithful Senator from the Golden State.

JERRE CLEMENS, formerly a Democratic United States Senator, and the author of a late tremendous document in favor of Know Nothingism, was a candidate for the Legislature at the late Alabama election, and was defeated by exactly eight hundred votes!

A DIRECT APPEAL.—The Albany (N. Y.) State Register says that the spirit of Hindooism "appeals directly to the hearts of the people." To which the Knickerbocker, of the same city, replies—"It does indeed. But we regret to say the appeal is commonly made with a bowie knife. For further particulars, read the Louisville massacre."

A PLUCKY EDITRESS.—Mrs. PREWETT, who, since the death of her husband, has edited the Yazoo (Miss.) Whig, having lately received an offensive note, says: "If the biped that sent us the anonymous letter from Jackson, signed 'Cherubusco,' will come to Yazoo city, and call at the Whig office, two noble little boys, one eight and the other six years old, shall tie a leather medal around his neck, as a due bill for a flogging they owe him, payable some ten years hence, with compound interest."

A PHILOSOPHICAL HUSBAND.—The wife of Dr. D., of Moweaqua, Illinois, has eloped with his student, leaving her two children. A private letter says the philosophical husband and doctor knew she was going to elope, but didn't think it worth while to introduce any preventives.

The Vevay Reveille says that the public offices of that place were broken open Thursday night week, and robbed of two dollars!—The public officers of Vevay must be rather "hard up for soap," if they can't afford better pickings than two dollars.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer warns its readers against taking the notes of the "Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank," of Greensborough, Maryland, and the "Planters' Bank," of Georgia, both of which banks are endeavoring to get a Western circulation through the wheat speculators in Ohio.

A California paper gives the following as the best title to a lot in San Francisco: "A shanty and yourself in it, with a revolver. If the tide needs confirmation, blow somebody's brains out."

Mrs. DEXTER, an "American Bloomer," is lecturing in Australia.

Santa Anna. This hero of many a flight as well as fight, issued the following to his soldiers on leaving Mexico:

Companions in Arms: With the deepest and most painful feelings of regret, I take my leave of you forever. In thus bidding you farewell, I conjure you that you do not depart from the strict path of honor and duty; that you continue to be the defenders of the country's nationality, as you were the founders of the independence.

My friends: I go well satisfied with your conduct, for loyalty, obedience and good discipline have ever been its distinguishing features. Continue to be firm supporters of the laws and of the legal authorities. Anarchy will devour our beautiful country, and the nationality will disappear if you meddle with what does not concern you—if you support those factions which are disputing the power. Be but faithful servants of your country, and aspire to nothing more.

In the retirement, where I hope to pass my last days in the quiet of private life, the recollections of your firm adherence to me, of the valor with which you sustained my Government, and the hopes which I conceived, that you would some day become the avengers of the outrages suffered by our loved country, will be among the most pleasant remembrances of my life.

Farewell, and be assured of the eternal love of your companion and friend.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

It is reported that his one-legged Generalship is coming to the United States, and that his agent has already taken rooms for him at one of the New York hotels.

The Louisville Courier says that it can establish, by as respectable and veracious witnesses as Louisville can produce, that HURSON (whose death was the incentive to the murder and arson that followed) was shot down by his own Know Nothing friends. As he was coming out of a house into which he had pursued an Irishman, the excited mob took him for an Irishman and killed him. The witnesses to whom the Courier refers, saw the shooting and heard the shooters say, "we have killed one of our own men!" These facts the Courier is ready to establish whenever a proper judicial inquiry is instituted. The truth will come to light ere long.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The September number of this splendid Magazine has been received. The engravings are numerous and excellent; and the reading matter of the best quality. "Virginia Illustrated" is not continued in this number. We hope it will be resumed next month. The author is a genius, whoever he may be. The terms of Harper's Magazine are \$3.00 per annum. Address, HARPER & BRO.'S, New York.

IMPORTANT BOUNTY LAND QUESTION DECIDED.—The Secretary of the Interior, to whom the question has been referred, has decided that, in computing the fourteen days' military service necessary to entitle one to bounty land under the act of March 3, 1855, travel cannot be estimated.

Many have applied for land under this act who could not make out the fourteen days' service requisite without the time spent in travel. To such, lands cannot be accorded under the act of March 3, 1855.

TEXAS VOLUNTEERS.—It may be interesting to some of our readers to know that those persons, or their heirs, who served in the revolution of Texas, of 1836, are entitled to about 2,000 acres of land within the limits of that State, and those who served in any of her wars since 1836, are entitled to 640 acres.

One of the numerous suggestions made to the British Secretary of War, was "hydraulic warfare;" the plan being with 20,000 horse steam power, to force water from the sea or Crimean rivers, with 10,000 hose spouts, to deluge the trenches, pits, and men, their guns fuses, rifles and gunpowder in Sevastopol, and to keep them dripping wet.

FASHIONS AT NEWPORT.—Owing to the new style of dressing which the ladies have adopted at Newport, R. I., each lady requires about ten square feet while standing and a proportionate increase while walking. Whalebone has greatly increased in price. No wonder.

Hon. GERRIT SMITH offered the New York Tribune publishers \$500, as a compensation for publishing one of his speeches as an advertisement, doubtless thinking it an extravagant price. The publishers informed him that they will accept the offer, but the regular price would be \$2000!

At every election in the South, the Democrats who joined the Know Nothings and run for office, have been repudiated by an overwhelming vote.

JOSHUA EVANS, of Virginia, has received intelligence that an estate of £1,800,000 has been left in Wales, and that he was one of the three heirs to it. The sum may reach £2,500,000.

Several journals in Virginia have nominated Mr. Wise for the Presidency.

### The Secrecy of Know Nothingism.

We believe with the Pittsburg Whig that if there were no other objection, to Know Nothingism, this one of secrecy would be sufficient to secure our earnest and zealous opposition. Its characteristics are slavery and proscription—slavery of its own members and proscription of all others. A man does not even become a member by his own free choice, but must be admitted at the will of others, who, having got in themselves, have the power of keeping others out. If a person chooses to unite with any open political party he has only to consult his own inclinations and opinions. No one has a right to or can keep him out, or prevent his enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of a freeman and a party man. But if a citizen wishes to unite with one of these secret parties, he must be admitted by the votes of others sitting in secret, where his character is canvassed without any opportunity of defense or reply. He is not admitted either by a majority. The revelations published in the Chambersburg Whig showed that it only took five black balls to nullify five hundred affirmative votes, thus giving to a few personal enemies, or persons interested in keeping another out, a power unknown to the whole spirit and nature of our government. This is the very entrance of the secret party rendered humiliating to the last degree to a man of spirit and self-respect.

If he gets in he is in no better condition. He is required to take an oath to keep secrets before he knows what he will have to keep, and is rendered amenable to a code of laws or rules, irksome and offensive, and wholly useless, to enable him to discharge his duties as a citizen. Until lately he was not permitted to acknowledge his membership in the order, or the place of its meeting, or admit even its existence. If he was an upright man this led to continual difficulties and disagreeable evasions, as disagreeable as disgraceful. That it led to a wide-spread and systematic course of falsehood and deception cannot be denied. Even now a member is not permitted to tell who else are members, even when the question is directly put. His only resort is silence or evasion.

In fact, in every aspect in which it can be surveyed, a member of a secret political party such as the Know Nothings is in a state of constraint near akin to moral and mental slavery on the subject of politics, which, to an American citizen, should be the freest of all other subjects. We cannot see how any voter possessed of proper self-respect can subject himself to such intolerable constraint, which governs and controls his whole political conduct, and even compels him to vote for certain individuals, however obnoxious, or not vote at all, and all this, too, under the responsibilities of an extra-judicial oath. It is utterly impossible that such a party can long exist. —Louisville Daily Courier.

### Funny Scene on a New York Ferry Boat.

The ferry boat between New York and Jersey city was, a short time ago, the theatre of an occurrence not very often witnessed under such circumstances. On Friday, at noon, the day being particularly pleasant, and the lady passengers, which by the by comprised only a dozen, were on the benches, enjoying the sunshine. Pretty soon a shout was heard.

"Mein Cot! mein Cot!! mein vife ish going to be shick."

Instantly the ladies rushed into the ladies' cabin, and sure enough there sat a florid specimen of a Swedish woman enduring the incipient pangs of parturition, with great patience. The husband was speedily turned out of the cabin by the ladies, one of whom mounted guard at the door, while the others made preparations for receiving the expected stranger. Of course we cannot enter into the details of this subject, for we were on the outside, observing the husband, who begged lustily for admission.

"Oh, mein Cot!" he shouted through the door. Keep a stiff upper lip, Katarina, don't pe schairt. Oh, mein Cot!" and he danced around the deck in a perfect fever of excitement.

It was impossible to quiet him, until in a few minutes one of the ladies informed him, though without granting him admission, that "it was all over."

"Is it a boy or girl?" he shouted.

"It's a girl," said the lady sentinal, anxious for a little amusement.

"Oh, dunder!" was the vexed reply. "No matter; a girl ish better as notin'."

"It's a boy," again said the lady.

"Vot, ish it shanged—vos it a gal vurst, and now a leetle boy!"

"No."

"There are two—a boy and a girl—You'd better procure a carriage when the boat lands."

"Oh, dat ish goot! dat ish petter ash goot! Katarina ish punkins, I always knowed it."

And the happy husband disappeared in search of a cab, to conduct his family homeward.

The Philadelphians have remitted \$7,000 to the Howard Association of Norfolk and Portsmouth.

The Ohio and Pennsylvania Horse Show will take place at Salem, Ohio, on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October.

### [From the New Orleans True Delta.]

#### The Louisville Atrocities.

It is not necessary to call the attention of our readers to the details of the recent insurrectionary proceedings in Louisville, the bloody, brutal and disgraceful record being destined to a wide circulation among our fellow-citizens, astounded that such terrible transactions could occur under the very eyes of the public authorities of a large city, uninterrupted and unpunished; and among the nations of the old world, where the enemies of our republican system can use it as a powerful argument against our institutions and the capacity of man for self government.

We quote the accounts of the deplorable excesses committed, from the Courier and Journal of Louisville, the former a recent seceder from the order of Know Nothings; the latter, one of the most inflammatory, dangerous and unscrupulous supporters of the secret association whose influence in the elections of the country since its advent has usually been marked by the grossest violation of individual right, and the most indefensible excesses. We do not say that the blame of initiating the deplorable outrages committed at many elections in the last eighteen months was in all cases fairly chargeable to the Order; nor do we think it necessary or useful to provoke controversy about such a matter; we simply assert that since this secret association came into the field of politics as an element in our elections, more blood has been shed, more property wantonly destroyed, greater and more dangerous violations of the laws have occurred than had ever before been experienced in the most exciting times or the most violent contentions of parties, past together. Now, it is apparent to us, and it must be, be equally so to all decent, orderly and law-respecting citizens, that of two things must follow the commission of such atrocities: either we must abandon our system of self government, and submit ourselves to a military despotism, or take such steps to effect an organization of the government of our large cities as will enable those charged with their administration promptly to vindicate the laws and trample down all those who dare to violate them, whether in the desecrated name of Americans, or others chosen by adopted citizens, whose allegiance to the republic is made subservient to their evil passions and habits of insubordination. To American citizens, native or adopted, if they really desire to maintain and perpetuate republican government, all violators of the laws are alike odious, and sympathy with them is a crime, little, if at all, inferior in enormity and turpitude to the actual commission of the crimes of murder and arson of which they are the infamous authors.

In thus unqualifiedly denouncing the perpetrators of such crimes as those which have, within a few days past, disgraced Louisville, and to some extent lowered in the eyes of the world the character of our country, we should be unfaithful to our duty did we forbear from pointing the attention of reflecting citizens to those persons, neither obscure nor uneducated, in our own city, who are found openly defending the murders and the destruction which have occurred, and who daily, in the most public manner, endeavor to stir up the murderous passions of bad men here to a repetition of the horrors of which Louisville has been made the theatre. We have several persons of this description in our mind's eye at this moment, and we hope we shall be spared the pain of ever referring more directly and pointedly to them.

The question should not be whether persons charged with violations of the law are of this or that party, of American or foreign birth, but whether they are really guilty; when the utmost penalties prescribed for such offences should be rigorously and impartially dispensed to them; for every one should be made to understand that this is a country of law and order, not disorder and licentiousness, and that no man can violate either with impunity. Hoping that our columns may never again be polluted with such abominable particulars as those copied from the Louisville journals, we take leave for the present of the loathsome subject.

The Know Nothing conspiracy are guilty of six out of seven mortal sins, which, according to Solomon, the Lord hates:

"There are six things that the Lord hates, yes, seven that are an abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood. An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief. A false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren."

They can only be excused from the first. We don't see anything proud about the animal's look. At present, it resembles only two things in nature—a lean jackass and a sick hound!

PUGHES! WHAT A NAME!—Mr. JOHN CASS advertises a large amount of real estate for sale in a Western State. We hope his intimate friends don't call him Jack Cass!

The case of the girl who died in Boston from swallowing a pin, is a serious warning against making a pin-cushion of the mouth.

### End of a Tennessee Frolic.

BY SAM FLICK.

Well we danced and hurraed without anything of particular interest to happen till about three o'clock, when the landest mass was kicked up you ever did see. Jim Smith set down along side Bet Holden (the steel trap gal), and just gave her a buss, bar fashion. She took it all very kind till she seed Sam Henry a looking on from behind about a dozen gals, then she fell to kickin', and a hollerin', and a screedin', like all wrath. Sam, he come up and told Jim to let Bet go. Jim told him to go to that far off country whar they give away brimstone and throw in the fire to burn it. Sam hit him strate between the eyes, and after a few like the fightin' started. Oh, hush! It makes my mouth water now to think what a beautiful row we had. One fellow from Cady's Cove knocked a hole in the bottom of a fryin' pan, over Dan Tucker's head, and left it hangin' round his neck, the handle flyin' about like a long quion, and thar it hung till Jake Thurman cut it off with a cold chisel next day. That was his share for that night, sure. Another feller got knocked into a meal barrel; he was as mealy as an Irish tater and as hot as a hoss radish; when he busted the hoops and come out he rared a few. Two fellers fit out of the door, down the hill, into the creek, and there ended it in a quiet way all alone. A perfect mule from Stock Creek, hit me a wip with a pair of windin'; he made kiallin' wood of them and I lit on him.

We had it heads and tails for a very long time all over the house, but if the truth must be told and shame my kin, he warped me nice; just to save his time I hollered. The lickin' he gave me made me sorter oneasy and hostile like; it wakened my wolf wide awake. The little fiddler came serongin' past, holdin' his fiddle up over his head to keep it in tune, for the fightin' was gettin' tolerable brisk. You are the one, thinks I, and I just grabbed the dough tray and split it plum over his head! He roited down right thar, and I paddled his tother end with one of the pieces! While I was a mollyfin' my feelings in that way, his gal slipped up behind me and fetched me a rake with the pot-hooks! Julie Seywer was thar, an' just annexed to her right off, and a mighty nice fight it was. Julie stripped and checked her face nice, like a pertidge net hung on a white fence. She hollered for her fiddler, but, oh pshaw! he couldn't do her a bit of good; he was too busy rubbin' first his broken head, and then his blistered extremities; so when I thought Julie had given her plenty, I pulled her off, and put her in a good humor by givin' her soft sawder. Well I thought if I had a drink I'd be about done; so I started for the creek, and the first thing I saw was more stars with my eyes shut than I ever did with them open. I looked around, and it was the little fiddler's big brother! I knowed what it meant, so we locked horns without a word, thar all alone, and I do think we fit an hour. At last some of the fellers hearn the joits at the house, and they cum and dug us out, for we had fit into a hole where a big pine stump had burnt out, and there we was, up to our girths, a peggin' away, face to face, and no dodgin'.

### Sleigh-Riding with a Young Widow.

Snow had fallen; the young of the village had got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance; and the interesting widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same Buffalo as myself—"Oh! Oh! I don't!" she exclaimed as we neared the first bridge, catching me by the arm, while her little eye twinkled in the moonlight. "Don't what?" I asked. "I'm not doing anything." "Well, but I thought you was going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lambkin. "I," I rejoined, "what's that?" "How?" exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells. "Dr. Meadows pretends that he don't know what toll is!" "Indeed, I don't then," said I laughing, in turn. "Don't know that the gentlemen, when they go on a sleighing party, claim a kiss as toll when they cross a bridge." "Well, I never!" When we next came to a bridge and I claimed the toll, the struggles of the young widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it, and somehow, when the veil was removed, her face was turned directly towards my own, and in the glittering of the moonlight, the horse trotted on himself, toll was taken for the first time in his life by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge, but the widow said it was no use to resist, and she paid up as we reached it without a struggle. "But you won't take toll for every arch, will you, Doctor?" she asked. To which the only reply was a practical affirmative to the question. Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a widow, and take toll at the bridges?

There are thirteen Swedenborgian Societies in Massachusetts.

JANE DOWELL, a Gipsy, recently, by tune telling, swindled a Philadelphia merchant out of \$8000.

There arrived at New York during the month of August 6,553 emigrants, who brought with them \$223,323 75.

### Good Humor.

Keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that crabbier existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the "minor miseries," that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality. It helps nobody and hinders everybody. It is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some rare cases when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that "noble rage" seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Till cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost. Keep in good humor.

The company of a good-humored man is a perpetual feast. He is welcome everywhere. Eyes glisten at his approach and difficulties vanish in his cheering presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams' fire or Jefferson's wisdom. He clothed wisdom with smiles and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humor.

A good conscience, a sound stomach, and a clean skin are the elements of good humor. Get them, keep them, and keep in good humor.—Life Illustrated.

Anglo-Saxon.—Trench has a great many good and original things in his late volumes. He says of our language:—"The Anglo-Saxon is not so much, as I have just called it, one element of the English language, as the foundation of it, the basis. All its joints, its whole articulation, its sinews and its ligaments, the great body of articles, pronouns, conjunctions, prepositions, numerals, auxiliary verbs, all smaller or words which serve to knit together and bind the larger into sentences,—these, not to speak of the grammatical structure of the language, are exclusively Saxon. The Latin may contribute its tale of bricks, yea, of gootly and polished hewn stones to the spiritual building, but the mortar, with all that binds and holds these together, and constitutes them into a house, is Saxon throughout. You can write a sentence without Latin, but you cannot without Saxon." The words of the Lord's Prayer are almost all Saxon. Our good old Family Bible is a capital standard of it, and has done more than any other book for the conservation of the purity of our language. Our best writers, particularly those of Queen Anna's time—Addison, Steele, Swift, &c.—were distinguished by their use of simple Saxon.

### Man and Woman.

I should not say, from my experience of my own sex, that a woman's nature is flexible and impressive, though her feelings are. I know very few instances of a very inferior man ruling the mind of a superior woman; whereas I know twenty—fifty—of a very inferior woman ruling a superior man. If she loves him the chances are that she will, in the end, weaken and demoralize him. If a superior woman marry a vulgar or inferior man, he makes her miserable, but he seldom governs her mind or vulgarizes her nature, and if there be love on his side, the chances are that in the end she will elevate and refine him. The most dangerous man to a woman is a man of high intellectual endowments morally perverted; for in a woman's nature there is such a necessity to approve where she admires, and to believe where she loves—a devotion compounded of love and faith is so much a part of her being—that while the instincts remain true and the feelings uncorrupted, the conscience and the will may both be led far astray. Thus fell "our general mother"—type of her sex—overpowered, rather than deceived by the colles of intellect—half serpent, half angelic.—Mrs. Jamieson.

### "Save the Man with the Red Hair."

It requires great coolness and experience to steer a course down the rapids of the Saint Saint Marie; and a short time before our arrival, two Americans had ventured to descend them without boatmen, and were consequently upset. As the story was reported to us, one of them owed his salvation to a singular coincidence. As the accident took place nearly opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing towards the groupe, frantic with excitement. "Save the man with the red hair!" he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed. "He owes me eighteen dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Saint, and, in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature. "And I'll tell you what it is, stranger," said the narrator of the foregoing incident, "a man'll never know how necessary he is to society if he don't make his life valuable to his friends as well as to himself."—Blackwood.



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

## Pulpit Politics.

"Verily there is no new thing under the sun."  
Why is it, that while hundreds of young and inexperienced men are easily inveigled into the toils that are spread by political priests for the subversion of our civil and religious freedom, that we find, throughout the country, that men of age, experience, and wisdom, look upon the encroachments of ecclesiastical power, with alarm and terror? Why is it that men of this character wish for an eternal barrier to be placed between politics and religion? It is because those men who have lived under the Administrations of JEFFERSON, MADISON and JACKSON, have seen the same thing attempted in those days, that the political preachers of this day are endeavoring to bring about. It would be well for the young men of this country, if, instead of reading such monstrous books, as the "History of the Great Red Dragon," and spending their nights in secret midnight lodges, they would sit down calmly and deliberately and read the history of their own country.

We have before us an old book of great value, which is now almost out of print, entitled "The Olive Branch," written by M. CARLY, at Philadelphia, in 1814, during the last war with Great Britain. We have perused it with great care and interest. It is written with marked ability, great learning, and candor, and the startling facts which it develops, commend it to the favor of every friend of republican liberty. We would to God, that a copy of this book could be placed in the hands of every young man in Indiana. We learn that our friends of the Indianapolis Sentinel, contemplate its re-publication. During the author's life, it went through ten editions, and was held in high esteem by the Democratic party, and all literary and liberal-minded Federalists. We give, below, some extracts from the book, from which it will appear that there is "nothing new under the sun," and that the Democratic party, during MADISON'S Administration had to contend against the pernicious influence of pulpit politics, and had to carry on the war of 1812, against the influence of the whole Federal party, backed by fanatical political preachers,—these fulminating treason from the pulpit—those burning "blue lights" for the enemy.

But let us examine the "Olive Branch." We make some extracts from

"CHAPTER LVI.  
PULPIT POLITICS.—PREDICATION OF THE SACRED FETTER.—MADISON'S AND HIS (SIR) ORATORY.—AN ANTHROPOLOGY OF SINCERITY.—Politics and the pulpit are two things that have little agreement. No sound ought to be heard in the Church but the voice of healing charity. [What a divine idea!] The cause of civil liberty and civil government gains as little as that of religion, by this confusion of duties. Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world, in which they are so fond of meddling, and inexperienced in all its affairs, on which they pronounce with so much confidence, they have nothing of politics but the passions they excite.—SUCH THE ORIGIN OF A DISSENT WHERE ONE DAY'S TRUCE OUGHT TO BE ALLOWED TO THE DISSENTS AND ANTI-SINISMS OF MANKIND."—Burke.

"Of all the abominations (says the author) that disgrace and dishonor this country in these portentous times, I know nothing more deserving of reprobation than the prostitution of the pulpit, for party or political purposes. No man of correct mind, can seriously reflect upon it without shuddering with horror."

"A clergyman, whose functions preeminently require him to preach 'peace and good will among men' ascends the pulpit among a congregation assembled to unite in praising and adoring the Omnipotent Creator. He holds in his hand the Testament of Jesus Christ, which breathes nothing but peace—he pronounces and has for a text the words of Jesus Christ, or of his Apostles, of the most pacific tendency; and, as a suitable accompaniment, for an hour long he employs all his zeal, all his talents, all his influence, for the fanatical, anti-Christian, the Satanic purpose of enkindling among his hearers the most hateful, the most furious passions—of preparing them for insurrection and revolution—for all the horrors of civil war."

Remember, gentle reader, that these words were written in 1814, at a time when our union was brought to the very verge of destruction by the Federalists and the political preachers combined. But does it not really seem that they were written for the year of grace 1856, when our country is sick and bleeding with the most dangerous maladies? Who are now "enkindling among the people the most furious passions," and "preparing them for all the horrors of civil war?" The political preachers!

We have not time nor space to give as copious extracts from this work, as we desire; but we will add a few of the extracts which the author gives, from the sermons of the political preachers of those days. We find that they were most rampant in old Dutch-burning and Quaker-hanging Massachusetts—which State has kindly condescended on the 13th of July, 1856, to send the Abolitionist, HENRY WILSON, to Indiana to Abolitionize the people of this State!

"As Mr. MADISON has declared war, let Mr. MADISON carry it on." So said Rev. J. S. J. GIBSON, a M. E. rector of Trinity Church, Boston, in a discourse delivered April 9th, 1812—page 15.

"Every provocation has been offered to Great Britain on our part, and our resentment has risen in proportion as she has shown a conciliatory spirit."—John page 15.  
"THE UNION HAS LONG SINCE BEEN VIRTUALLY DISSOLVED: AND IT IS FULL TIME THAT THIS PART OF THE DIS-UNITED STATES SHOULD TAKE CARE OF ITSELF!"—Idem, page 19.

The author gives several pages of extracts

from the sermons of several preachers, breathing the same pestilential and treasonable spirit. We will content ourselves with one more extract from a sermon delivered by the Rev. David Osgood, D. D., Pastor of the Church at Medford, June 27, 1812:

"Were not the authors of this War [meaning Madison and the Democratic party] in character nearly akin to the DEISTS and ATHEISTS of France; were they not men of HARSH, TREASON, SCANDALOUS, IMPROBATE MINDS, and ESPERATE WICKEDNESS, it seems utterly inconceivable, that they should have made the declaration!"

Truly, the Rev. Mr. OSGOOD was nearly as accomplished a black-guard as the Rev. Mr. CHARY, of Aurora Still-house and Maggot memory—or Rev. Mr. JOCELYN, the soap-locked rascal, who descants so elegantly about "whisky and niggers"—or the Rev. S. P. CRAWFORD, and the Rev. Mr. GOONWY, who have distinguished themselves by lying on their brother ministers, for difference of political creeds, or any of the balance of the political preachers who figured in 1854-5. We would like to lay before our readers the author's contrast between old Abolition and traitorous Massachusetts and the young and patriotic States of Tennessee and Kentucky during the war of 1812. The former tamely and basely submitting to the foe, and fulminating treason against the federal government, while the latter were wreathing imperishable laurels around their brows in the terrible Indian wars, and on the glorious field of New Orleans. But want of space forbids. We hope that a new edition of the Olive Branch will be published. It would do much good. Among the chapters, we find one headed "Prejudices against Foreigners," which contains as strong anti-Know Nothing arguments as we have heretofore found.

## Guthrie, Indiana.

The County Commissioners of Lawrence county have formed a new township in that county, and called it MARSH, in honor of our old friend, BLAISE MARSH, Esq., Superintendent of the Southern Division of the N. A. & S. R. R. At the instance of our enterprising friend, W. W. OWENS, of Bedford, the Railroad company established a switch, and the Post Master General established a Post Office, and called it GUTHRIE, for our distinguished Secretary of the Treasury. This will be an important point on the Railroad at no distant day, commanding, as it does, a large and fine agricultural district. We hope friend OWENS may realize all of his expectations. Mr. OWENS, by the way, is our agent at Guthrie, and persons living in that region who wish to subscribe for the News-Letter, can hand their names and the money (always) to him.

In the absence of the senior editor, we take the liberty of calling the Boston Post to account for appropriating the senior's Parody—"The Battle of Louisville." We find it copied into the Washington Union and other papers, credited to the Boston Post. It first appeared in the News-Letter.

PATRICK, of the Putnam Denner, is down on us, about what we said in a speech at Indianapolis. He compares us to the Tories of the Revolution, and the Know Nothings are the Americans, in his opinion! Nothing so much disgusts us as this Know Nothing cant of assuming the name of Americans. They call themselves the American party, and the Democrats the Anti-American party! Just as if all but oath-bound, midnight Jacobins were traitors and enemies of their country! What folly, to call it by the softest name!

We should like to see your Americanism put to a proper test. You have the portrait of GEORGE WASHINGTON hung up in your secret lodges. If, in your midnight orgies, that portrait should start into life, like PROMETHEUS's statue, what a terrible rebuke you would receive from him who signed that Constitution which declares that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for office;" and who learned to love and cherish the brave foreigners—LAFAYETTE, DEKALB, PULASKI, MONTEGOMERY, HAMILTON, and thousands of others—who fought with him for our nation's freedom. No! tear down the portrait of WASHINGTON, the friend of the brave and generous foreigner, and supply its place with that of BENEDICT ARNOLD, the native-born traitor!

The ruthless massacre at Louisville, says the Boston Post, will present the most disgraceful record in American history. The more thoroughly the facts are developed the blacker appears the crime. The bloodshed and murder were designed before the day of the election, is perfectly apparent. The intimations of the Louisville Journal, the refusal by the Know Nothing municipality to take any precautionary measures, all go to show that the Know Nothings had determined to carry the election at all hazards, at any cost. The knife and bullet of the assassin did their work, aided by the torch of the incendiary. Dwellings were devoted to the flames—innocent men, women and children were burnt, shot, stabbed, hanged, by a crazy, maddened, drunken mob! If this be Americanism, woe unto those who practice it—who uphold it—who urge it upon a civilized, human, Christian people. The day of their accountability will be awful.

KIDDER'S METROPOLITAN GREENADERS will accept our thanks for their delightful (!) serenade under our office window, last evening. A member of this far-famed troupe left at our office, last night, a red card, with the name of their company and the words "ADMIT ONE" on one side, and on the other, "COMPLEMENTARY," and endorsed with the initials, "C. W. K.," written in a very bad hand; which card the indefatigable, energetic, polite, clever, and—and—and—well, the man who takes around the free tickets, sticks up the posters, engages grub for the crowd, and takes care of things generally—the manager, we mean; can have by calling at our office. We understand they are to perform at HILTON'S HALL on next Tuesday night.

## Daring Larceny.

On last Sunday at about 11 or 12 o'clock, while ALEX. MCCOYLAND, Esq., was absent from home attending the Second Presbyterian Church, three thousand and one hundred dollars in gold and eighty dollars in silver, were stolen from his house. He had it concealed in the garret of his house, between the plastering and the garret floor—the gold in a shot-bag, and the silver in another bag. The gold was principally \$20 American coins. From twenty to thirty minutes after Mr. McCoy went to Church, Mr. PLEASANT WILLIAMS and family, who live in the rooms adjoining, went to the Methodist Church. Upon returning, they found that one hundred and fifty dollars, as some say—or two hundred and fifty, as others say—was stolen from them. This money had been concealed in a bed between the straw and feathers. The rooms were entered, in the opinion of Mr. W., through a cellar window of Mr. W.'s kitchen—then up a short stairway into the room where Mr. W.'s money was stolen from the bed—then into a hall, up another stairway into Mr. McCoy's room—then up another stairway into Mr. McCoy's garret. The place of concealment of Mr. McCoy's money was known to several persons. How many knew where Mr. W.'s money was concealed, we are not informed. It is singular that two parcels of money concealed in such unreasonable and strange places, should have been stolen at the same time, in broad daylight, when numbers of persons were passing the streets, and no one was seen making off with the money. Evidently, therefore, the money was stolen by some one who knew all about the premises. Mr. McCoy procured a search-warrant and the whole premises were carefully searched, and even the bottom of the well examined, but no money was found, except about one hundred and fifty dollars in gold and silver, which was found in a broken tea-pot, in Mrs. W.'s cellar kitchen.—This, she said, had been there for some time, and belonged to her. It is a mystery difficult to solve; and therefore the public ought to be very careful in making up their minds as to the guilt of any particular individual. The presumption of innocence ought not to be overcome, even in private judgment, until the proofs are strong and clearly convincing.

We learn from the Bedford Standard that, at the Springville Camp Meeting, which held over a week, there were about a dozen accessions to the Church. It is not now like it was in times gone by, in this country, when preachers preached Christianity instead of politics, and when new members were obtained at Methodist Camp Meetings not only by dozens, but by fifties and hundreds. Yet the revival at Springville Camp Meeting might be called in these times, a glorious revival; for it is the only one, this year, at which any new converts were made, so far as we have heard.

Two or three selections on the first side of to-day's paper, were made and put in type in the absence, at Indianapolis, of both the editors. Had either of us been at home, they would not have been published.

One of the clergymen in Brooklyn has forbidden the members of his congregation to sing the popular song "Pop Goes the Weasel," because one verse ends thus—

"The preacher kissed the cobbler's wife,  
P goes the weasel."

## Iowa Items.

We clip from the Iowa City Reporter, and other Iowa papers, the following items of events in that noble State:

Henry county recently elected the Democratic ticket by 100 majority. Last fall it gave a Fusion majority of 700. A like reaction has taken place throughout Iowa.

B. & M. R. R.—The Iowa State Gazette reports matters in a state of favorable progress on the railroad west from Burlington, notwithstanding the many discouraging rumors which have come to us. It says:

Railroad work goes bravely on. Mr. Nye is working about one hundred hands, and in a week hence there will be over 1000 at work.—The iron will soon be on the way here, and before a month shall pass away we shall be greeted by the shrill whistle of a first-class locomotive on the west bank of the Mississippi at Burlington.

CLINTON CITY.—Such is the name given to the town usually found on the map under the high-sounding title of "New York," and now become the eastern terminus of the Mississippi and Iowa Central R. R. The Camanche Chief of the 31st ult., thus speaks of this new Clinton county emporium:

This is destined to be one of the largest towns in the State, although at present, we believe, there is not a building completed in the place. Laborers are already at work on the road, and it is the intention of the company to push the work forward with all possible despatch. We also learn that there will be an auction sale of town lots at that place on Wednesday, the 1st day of August next. Those wishing to secure eligible sites for business or residences should improve the opportunity then offered.

Now-a-days parents entertain a silly notion that their children must be instructed in a genteel profession; they repudiate the "vulgar" notion of bringing up a boy as a carpenter, cabinet maker, blacksmith, shipwright, or in fact any occupation that involves labor. He must be educated for the church, the bar, or for the post of civil engineer—hence these professions are over-run, and hundreds, nay thousands of young men, are a burden upon their families, being unable to find anything to do.

We advise the dyspeptic to try Hurley's Sarsaparilla. We do so, from the fact that influential certificates from several parts of the Union, speaking in the highest terms of its wonderful and unfailing properties, have been laid before us, and from our own experience of the article in question, we pronounce it the safest and best medicine of the day. One bottle being tried, its effects will be too apparent to admit of further doubt.—Louisville Times.

Perhaps SAM may get upon a frolic tonight. At any rate he will cut up "a shine." So said the Louisville Journal, edited by the infamous PRENTICE, upon the morning of the election. The "frolic" alluded to was the murdering of innocent men, women and children; and the "shine" consisted in burning down their houses.

UNIFORMED CONDUCTORS.—The Conductors on the New York and Erie Railroad have adopted a uniform. It is appropriate and becoming, not unlike that of the New Police. The buttons bear the emblem of a miniature locomotive, and the word "Conductor."

The Democrats of Montgomery county have a Mass Meeting at Crawfordsville, to-day. There will no doubt be an immense crowd there, as the Democracy of that section of the State are fully aroused and determinedly arrayed against the dark-lantern gentry and hypocritical Abolitionists. The New Albany Saxehorn Band, and quite a number of persons from points on the Railroad south, were on the two Express trains which passed here last evening, on their way to Crawfordsville.

A writer of the Scientific American says he has observed the growth of nails on his fingers, and find that in four months and a half the old grow off, and are entirely replaced by new. This period, of course, may be greater or less in others.

A Turkish enthusiast at Constantinople lately cut off two yards of the telegraph wire, which he brought to his house, in the hope of being the first to know the news. When taken up for the offense, he admitted the fact, and said that all he wanted to learn was the fall of Sevastopol.

JOHN RANDOLPH once said of a man who refused to fight a duel on the plea that he belonged to church, though no one before suspected him of being a Christian, "I revere a true and consistent Christian; but I do not like a man who turns Christian merely in order to hide himself under a communion table."

The Smithsonian Institute are going, it is said, into a minute investigation of the variations of the magnetic needle, which are now exciting so much attention. The subject is important; not only to marines, but to accuracy of titles to lands, the description of which often depends upon the compass.

WONT PULL TOGETHER!—We notice that in some of the Whig Conventions recently held in New York, it has been decided not to nominate as candidates men who are known to belong to the Know Nothings.

TO KEEP MILK SWEET.—A. BOYD, a correspondent of the Scientific American, states that he has practiced a peculiar method, with much success, of preserving milk sweet in pans. It simply consists in placing a piece of new hammered iron or three twelve-penny nails in each tin pan, then pouring the warm milk on them. He believes that electricity has something to do with producing the result. He tried many experiments before he hit upon this one, which he finds will preserve the milk sweet for a longer time than any other plan tried by him.

A FAIR HIT.—At the Woman's Rights Convention, in Saratoga, a few days since, while Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell was speaking, some facetious lady opponent of Lucy's theory asked her "who would take care of the babies, when mothers went to Congress?" "I will reply to that everlasting query," rejoined Lucy, "by asking who takes care of them when their mothers come to Saratoga?" and then clinched the repartee by adding, "if mothers in Congress found their babes required their presence at home, they would resign and let the men run." After this hit, Lucy was allowed to "take her time."

The great iron steamship now being built on the Thames is divided transversely into ten separate and perfectly water tight compartments. The fracture or entire filling of one or two of these compartments would not endanger the buoyancy of the ship or damage the cargo which the rest contained. There are no openings in the bulkheads between these compartments below the deep water line, except one pipe for steam water, which can be easily closed in a moment.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.—A circumstance of a somewhat extraordinary character occurred a short time since, in one of the flourishing towns of a midland county. A clergyman died, and his wife and daughters, on the third day of his decease, collecting that no likeness remained, it was agreed, ere the grave closed over him, that the body should be unshrouded, and a portrait taken. A young lady of some professional celebrity was engaged for the task. She, with the assistance of the attendant, took off the shroud and placed the body in the requisite posture; but, other duties requiring the artist's attention, the sketch was deferred till noon. About 12 o'clock, at the foot of the bed, the lady commenced, and went through an hour's work on this image of death. At this stage of the proceedings, by some unaccountable motion, the head of the death-like figure fell on the side. Nothing daunted, the artist carefully took the head to replace it, when, lo! the eyes opened, and, staring her full in the face, "the dead" inquired, "Who are you?" The "young professional," without trepidation, took the bandage from the head and rubbed his neck. He immediately saw the shroud, and laughed immoderately. The artist quietly called the family; their joy may be imagined, but cannot be described. That evening, he who had lain three days in his shroud, bemoaned by mother and sisters with agonized tears, gladdened their hearts by taking his accustomed place at the tea table, and at this moment is making an excursion in North Wales.—Bedford (England) Times.

## Horrible Outrage Contemplated.

We copy the following from the Indiana Journal. The blood chills in the heart to think there are beings wearing the human form who are capable of contemplating such a horrid deed as is here developed:

On Wednesday night, between six and seven o'clock, as a gravel train was backing down the Lafayette road, some four or five miles from the city, at a point near Crooked Creek, where the track runs for some distance upon piles, the train ran over some obstruction placed upon the road, and was thrown off, severely injuring one man and hurting two or three others considerably. Fourteen cars were thrown off out of seventeen. On examining the track, it was found that some one had laid a heavy plank across it, and it had evidently been done but a few minutes, as the gravel where the board had been lying on the embankment was still damp, marking the outlines of it distinctly, and moreover a train had passed up without accident only about an hour before. As the evening passenger train with a very large number of passengers returning from the Convention, was expected up about the time the gravel train came down, there is good reason to suspect that some inhuman scoundrel did it with the purpose of killing it is impossible to tell how many persons. The destruction of life would have been unparalleled in the history of railroad disasters. The plank was placed where the train would have been thrown, not down an embankment, but sheer down to the ground a considerable distance. And with the hundreds of persons crowding the cars, (there were probably a thousand on the train) the destruction would have been appalling beyond parallel. As fourteen heavily loaded gravel cars were thrown off, we can hardly doubt that every passenger car would have been hurled with terrific force against the ground below. We have never been called on to record a more diabolical act than this. There is a depth of depravity about it that even the poisoning era of Italy cannot equal.

The passenger train arrived in a very few moments after the accident to the gravel train, so that its escape was owing solely to the accidental arrival of the gravel cars a few minutes ahead of it.

## The Lost Tribes of Israel.

Professor Kennedy recently read a paper upon this subject, before the British Association for the advancement of Science, of which the following is an abstract:

That the number of those taken away in the different captivities had been much over-estimated, only the principal people having been made captive as hostages, with the men of war, and others most available as slaves; that the main body of the ten tribes was not taken away by the Assyrians, but were left in their ancient possessions, when they became again partially subjected to the kings of Judah; that the tribes that can be supposed to have been really removed were the Reubenites, the Gadites, with the half tribe of Manasseh, and that of Naphtali, who, being placed on the east of Jordan and on the North, were most exposed to the attacks of the enemy; that the greatest part of those who had been taken away to Babylon, or their descendants and the descendants of those taken away by the Assyrians, returned to their native land; that, while in Babylonia, Assyria and other countries of their conquerors, they could not be supposed to have lived apart by their tribes, so that in the space of two hundred years and upwards those taken away must have lost almost every distinction of tribes, and thus have become prepared to form part of that restored nation which took the name of Jews from the principal tribe amongst them; that the tribe of Judah having been most numerous, and their city of Jerusalem the center round which the Israelites congregated, it follows as a natural consequence that their name would become the prevailing one; that the amalgamation or union into one people of all the Israelites was in accordance with the predictions of the prophets; that the remnant of the Israelites left in Babylonia and Assyria, though smaller in number than that portion which was restored to their ancient possessions, might yet have increased to an immense multitude in the six hundred years which elapsed between the first restoration and the time of Josephus, but that the remnant left beyond the Euphrates cannot be properly considered to have been the representative of the ten tribes, much less the entire body of the ten tribes; that in the time of Josephus all distinctions of the other tribes having become lost, except those of Judah and Benjamin, he erroneously supposed they were the only tribes that had returned, and that the other ten tribes still remained beyond the Euphrates; that in any case the dream of Esdras respecting the ten tribes having taken counsel among themselves and gone into a further country where never mankind dwelt, was a mere dream or vision, as it in reality professes to have been.

Somebody has been publishing a libel on the gentle sex. Too bad: "To plunge a lady six fathoms deep in happiness, give her two canary birds, half a dozen moon-beams, twelve yards of silk, an ice cream, several rose-buds, a squeeze of the hand, and a promise of a new bonnet. If she don't melt it will be because she can't."

RELIGION OF THE PRESIDENTS.—The religious belief of the fourteen persons who have filled the Presidential chair in the United States, as indicated by their attendance upon public worship, and the evidence afforded in their writings, may be summed up as follows: Episcopalians, Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, and Taylor; Unitarians, John Adams, Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, and Fillmore; Presbyterians, Jackson and Polk; Dutch Reformed, Van Buren; Trinitarian Congregationalist, Pierce.

The following letter from a good man, a Methodist preacher of this State, will be read with peculiar interest at this time. It contains some home truths. We copy from the State Sentinel:

Letter from Rev. Mr. Curran.

We take great pleasure in publishing the following letter from Dr. Curran, of Jeffersonville, to Gov. Wright. It contains some home truths, which should sink deep into the heart of every Christian, philanthropist, and patriot of the land. It is rendered the more interesting from the fact that Dr. Curran is one of the oldest and most respectable citizens of our State, a minister of the gospel in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is universally respected and beloved wherever known. He has been a resident of our city not many years since, and what we have stated above, is known by our citizens to be literally true. He was universally esteemed here as one of the most quiet, unobtrusive Christians in our midst. We commend his statement, and his warning voice to his brethren of the Protestant ministry everywhere, as worthy of their careful and conscientious consideration. It may do them good.

The disposition to pervert and misrepresent as referred to by him in his letter, seems to be universal and systematic in its application by the Fusion party at this time, as is too plainly manifested by the press, and the tattle and gossiping news-mongers of this city in relation to the speeches made at the recent Democratic Convention. And it seems of little use to contradict or show up the falsehood of these base fabrications, for no sooner is one met and silenced, than a half dozen new ones will spring up in its stead.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Aug. 23, 1855.

Dear Governor Wright:—I am prevented from mingling with our friends at this great gathering of the Democracy at the Capital, by the burthen of duties at home, in part, and in part by a sense of responsibility that rests upon me as an ordained minister of the church of God, to maintain a decorous reserve upon exciting political topics. And yet I cannot but feel the deepest interest in the events transpiring around me, nor would I withhold what little of influence I may have in sustaining the right.

A critical period seems to have arrived in the progress of our free institutions, which will try them to their foundations, requiring all the conservative power we can rally, to preserve them from overthrow. Amongst the most dangerous now at work, are the Jacobinism boldly avowed and practiced by heated partisans, and a resort to violence and brute force in carrying elections. One step farther and we are in the midst of anarchy and a bloody revolution. There is no great principle attempted to be established now by our opponents. It is simply victory they seek, either at the ballot-box, or at the point of the sword. Our motto must be, free and unobstructed access to the polls, to all legal voters, without respect to language or religion. Anything short of this makes our free government a mockery. A few more such scenes as we have had in the last few months at the polls must destroy the confidence of all men in the stability of our government.

The scenes in Louisville on bloody Monday, have never been fully portrayed.—From my chamber window on that dreadful night, I witnessed the conflagration of the German dwellings, heard the screams of women and children, the rattle of fire-arms, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying: And O, God, forbid that I should ever witness such a sight again, even at such a distance; the recollection sickens me, and fills my dreams with fearful images. And for these atrocities, a portion of the professed religious press of the country finds an apology. The Western Christian Advocate, of the following week, gave the Know Nothing version of the whole, throwing the blame upon the poor foreigners, without uttering one word of censure against their brutal murderers; and the editor is himself an Irishman!! Has he sold himself to the enemies of his countrymen? How else can we account for his editorial course?

There was once a Judas, and an Arnold, shocking instances of perfidy and iniquity which we had hoped would never find a parallel—there may however turn up another Traitor.

It is now manifest that the war upon the Catholics is only an incident in this great movement; it is wrong in to catch the fanatic. That portion of the city of Louisville where the greatest slaughter of men and women, and destruction of property took place, contained no Catholics; they were Protestants, but they were Democrats. They were industrious, peaceable citizens, contributing to the productive wealth of the city and country, paying their taxes without a murmur, and sustaining the laws. One man, who was injured so badly as to die since, was a member of the German Methodist Church. He was merely passing from one place to another, when the mob met, seized, and inflicted deadly blows upon him, while he was pleading for his life. And Know Nothing ministers and editors stand forth as their advocates and apologists. And if one man raises his voice, or writes a line to proclaim the truth, these clerical bullies mount him and deal him deadly blows.

I beg leave to say that the articles of Mr. Mitchell, in the Sentinel, are duly appreciated and indorsed here, however the unscrupulous Know Nothing editors may assail them. I am pleased to see that they feel their force; and this, I think, is the more manifest, since in place of replying to his facts and arguments, they resort to personal abuse.

Allow me to add, that unity amongst our friends is indispensable to success; let us bury all personal differences, and let the Democratic party act together as of yore.

In great haste, yours truly,

R. CURRAN.

The Philadelphians have remitted \$7,000 to the Howard Association of Norfolk and Portsmouth.







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