

# THE LOUISIANA DEMOCRAT.

E. W. HALSEY.....EDITOR.

ALEXANDRIA:

Saturday, Nov. 11, 1855.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,

THOMAS O. MOORE,

OF RAPIDES.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,

H. M. HYAMS,

OF ORLEANS.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,

P. D. HARDY,

OF ST. LANDRY.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,

T. J. SEMMES,

OF ORLEANS.

FOR AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS,

E. W. ROBERTSON,

OF IDERVILLE.

FOR TREASURER,

B. L. DEFREESE,

OF JACKSON.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC EDUCATION,

HENRY AVERY,

OF EAST BATON ROUGE.

FOR CONGRESS—FOURTH DISTRICT,

JOHN M. LANDRUM,

OF CADDO.

COMMISSIONER BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,

L. G. DERUSSY,

OF NATCHITOCHES.

PARISH DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES,

E. E. SMART,

K. M. CLARK,

JAMES C. WISE,

FOR CLERK,

GUSTAVUS LABAT.

FOR SHERIFF,

WILLIAM J. NEAL.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,

C. N. HINES.

FOR ASSESSOR,

J. J. SWANN.

FOR CORONER,

GILES C. WOOD.

The subscriber, having exclusive charge of the business department of the Democrat, requests persons who have advertisements to insert or payments to make to call at his office.

MERCER CANFIELD.

Parish Executive Democratic Committee.

E. E. SMART, THOS. C. MANNING,

W. L. MOULDER, WALTER BAILEY,

MERCER CANFIELD.

We are authorized to announce

MR. B. J. HUTCHINS

as candidate for Justice of the Peace for the Alexandria Ward.

## VIGILANCE!

Democratic voters will do well to keep their eyes open. Whenever our opponents begin to talk of "Frauds" we may be morally certain that there is some rascality to fear. We never knew it to fail. They raise this cry to divert our attention from their own treacherous tactics. Look out for them!

## COUNTERFEIT TICKETS!

The Opposition candidate for Sheriff, finding us unwilling to aid him in opposing the Democratic party, has had tickets, printed at the American office headed "DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET" containing all the names of our nominees except the one for Sheriff, in place of which his own name, WM. L. GRAY, is inserted. We have seen a copy of this counterfeit and we learn that other opposition candidates have had tickets printed with the same heading, each inserting his own name and leaving those of all the balance of the nominees. Other tickets have been printed, headed as above, and containing all the names of the Democratic nominees in regular order except those of Dr. SMART and Dr. CLARK in place of which are two blank spaces above the name of J. C. WISE.

Democratic voters will do well to be on their guard. There has been but one Democratic ticket printed at our office and that will be readily recognized when it is seen. Our tickets will be at each Precinct in abundance early on the morning of the Election and may be found there all day. Rapides expects every Democrat to do his duty—to get the right ticket—to be sure that it is the right ticket and then to vote it entire. Our motto is "the Democratic nominees—the ticket and nothing but the ticket." Democratic candidates do not resort to splits and counterfeits.

On Monday, there are to be elected for the Alexandria Ward four Justices of the Peace and three Constables. The candidates are, for Justices—Gwinn Harris, R. Legras, E. C. Leckie, R. B. Lott, B. J. Hutchins.

Of these the first four are the present incumbents. Mr. Hutchins presents his name for the first time.

For Constables—John Clements, J. C. Screen McKinney, W. H. Chapman.

# THE PRESUMPTION OF THE INDEPENDENTS.

We have been told by opposition candidates that a great many Democrats are going to vote for them. This is told us by candidates who are still Know Nothings as much as they were in the early days of the wigwag, when one could not shake hands with a dozen neighbors without enduring a variety of strange grips and pinches. Some of them say that the whole "foreign population," (meaning American citizens who are such by preference and not by accident) are going to vote for them. We cannot credit such a story. It is a very great compliment for any Democrat to pay to any very intimate and highly esteemed friend who is not the regular nominee of his party. But there is something revolting and absurd in the idea that the very men whose rights were threatened by the followers of the dark lantern—who were classed by them as serfs and enemies—who were denied to have the right to vote when the laws gave it—who were excluded from office by all the oaths of the Know Nothing ritual—whose term of probation was sought to be lengthened out to twenty-one years or more than half the average life of man—who were subjected to every taunt and accusation which bigotry and intolerance could engraft upon the fruitful tree of political animosity—we say it is revolting and absurd to be told that these men are going to vote for the bitterest and most active of their persecutors. Who first drew the odious line of distinction between native citizens and those born on the other side of the Atlantic? The Know Nothings. Who first proclaimed that a man not born on American soil was unfit to hold an American office? The Know Nothings. Who first assumed that more than twenty years residence should be required before an adopted citizen could vote? The Know Nothings. Who cast the slings of calumny upon the holy robes of the Catholic priesthood, slandered Catholic bishops, invaded Catholic schools with legislative visiting committees, ransacked Convents, circulated filthy lies about Catholic institutions, mocked the language of the most sacred rites in their drunken street brawls, and insulted even the funeral processions of deceased Catholics? The Know Nothings of the North and of the cities of the South. Who have caused the gutters of Louisville, Baltimore and New Orleans to run with the blood of honest laboring men who were only attempting to exercise a right which our Constitution and laws confer and which a bold and honorable people ought to maintain? The bullies and assassins in the employ of the Know Nothing party. While all these things are fresh in the memory it is absurd and slanderous to say that our foreign-born citizens are going to vote for men who were the most active in the service of the oath-bound and proscriptive faction who have not yet repented of their own follies nor worn sack-cloth and ashes for the crimes of their party, who still cling to the recollection of the midnight conclave, the lantern-lighted wigwag, the stealthily concealed blue-balls, the grips and signals, the rallying calls and "slogan cries" of '55, '56 and '57.

It is with reluctance that we allude to this matter for we would forget, if we could, that in this enlightened age and in this favored land, the spirit of bigotry, demagoguism and intolerance ever got so strong a hold upon the passions and prejudices of so many thousands of the American people. It is a blot on our history that an entire political party should have adopted a creed so illiberal, so unjust and so odious.

The Proposed Union.—The National Era, a thorough Black Republican paper contains the following significant paragraph on which members of the Southern Opposition party will do well to reflect. Political necessity sometimes make the haters of Democracy "acquainted with strange bed-fellows."

SENATE.—The Richmond Whig Nashville Banner, and Louisville Journal, the three leading organs of the Southern Opposition, concur in the opinion that under no circumstances should the Southern Opposition members assist the Sham Democracy in organizing the House. They insist that upon the election of an honest Opposition Speaker will depend the question whether we are to have a full investigation into the abuses of the Administration. If the latter succeed in electing a Speaker, it will be their interest and policy to suppress investigation, and thereby hush up and hide the enormous frauds which they have perpetrated during their lease of power. The journals referred to are right in this, and we are glad to see Southern men at length becoming superior to the beguiling cry of Locofocoism, that their union with Northern Republicans in putting down corruption and misrule is evidence of their faithfulness to the South.

"Democratic" demagogues have cheated and deluded the South with the cry of Abolitionism so often, that the trick is becoming transparent to the fullest capacity. The secession is nearly worn out, and four or five years hence, people will wonder that it ever frightened anybody.

The editor of the Richmond Whig declares emphatically that, if a member of Congress, he would vote for any Northern Opposition man in preference to any Northern or Southern Democrat.

When the Richmond Whig, the Nashville Banner, Louisville Journal, Henry Winter Davis, Doty, Bell and the other magnates of the Southern Opposition party, succeed in forming the proposed coalition with the free-soil party of the North, they will need a new name for the combination. We suggest that the anticipated bantling be called the Ossawatimie party, and that instead of recognizing members by the old question: "Have you seen Sam," the password shall be: "Have you seen Brown?"

# PRESERVE YOUR LAURELS.

In the ordinary course of publication the Democrat would not have appeared again until after the election. But, although we have been duly diligent in presenting the issues of the present canvass, we do not feel disposed to let the campaign terminate without a little more friendly talk with our Democratic readers, and more especially with those of Alexandria and its immediate vicinity, for it is probable that before this number reaches our distant subscribers the election will be over.

It was in this town that the wigwag party received its first check in the State, where it was most vigorously opposed, where it has been uniformly beaten. In the stormy canvass of 1855 the zeal and activity of the Democracy of Rapides attracted the attention and won the admiration of Democrats throughout Louisiana, gaining for them the deserved distinction of constituting "the model Democratic Parish." Firm as granite, true as steel, they were the subject of general approbation by the Democratic press. When the Democratic voice of the city was stifled by the bloody hand of violence and when anxious men who cherished the well-being of the State looked to the Democrats of the country parishes to save it from the polluting and degrading rule of Know Nothingism, they were cheered by the light which shone in the North and nowhere more brightly than in Rapides.

In calculating in advance the result of the election in '55 and of subsequent contests they always set down the Democratic vote of Rapides as a certain majority. When ambitious and disappointed demagogues first raised the banner of disorganization it was well known and often declared among Democrats of other localities that the movement would find neither sympathy nor countenance here.

Will you suffer this well deserved reputation to be lost by indifference or inactivity? Will you forget the fierce struggles and the glorious triumphs of former years? Will you be deceived by the cunning appeals, boisterous clamors and industriously circulated fabrications of the leaders and organs of the opposition? Democratic principles are now the same noble ones for which you have long gallantly contended. Democratic organization is the same as that under which a past generation of Democrats descended in compact columns upon cohorts of Federalists. You have a worthy list of candidates at the head of which stands the honored name of one of your own citizens. What more can we desire? There is surely nothing in the declared purposes of our opponents nor in the character and capacity of their candidates to merit our approval, to win our sympathy or to make us love Democracy less.

We know that the time for elaborate argumentation is past and that whatever we might now present in the way of facts or of deductions from facts would produce little effect. Our purpose will be accomplished and our wishes gratified if our final issue of the campaign shall serve to remind the Democrats of Alexandria of the honors won by them in past contests and of their duty to win new ones now by becoming active and union.

## Bloody and Brutal Work.

The following sad picture of thug political conduct in New Orleans is from a late number of the Bee the oldest opposition paper in Louisiana. The Bee, like the National Intelligencer, treats political affairs with gravity and sobriety at all times. When it complains there is full cause for complaint.

Prior to the election, assassins commenced their work and seek by every means of disorder to inspire terror among the voters. This has been our condition for several weeks past. Murder succeeds murder, and our city appears to be in the power of a band of miscreants and assassins.

It is killing by day and killing by night. Nobody is safe. Last Friday one of our compositors leaves his work at half-past one in the afternoon and on turning the corner of the street he is assailed by a man with a brass knuckle, who strikes him a terrible blow on the back of his head. He is taken up bleeding and carried home in a dreadful condition. The authorities are informed, witnesses are looked for, neighbors are questioned. Nobody has seen the attack, nobody has seen the aggressor, and yet the assault was made in the most populous and central portion of the city in broad daylight. Verily, fear make those blind who do not wish to see.

We recounted, some time since, the attack upon Barry, a mate of a ship. The wounded man having recovered, is taken before the Recorder of the Third District and confronted with the two individuals who, by means of the knife and the pistol, nearly succeeded in taking away his life. He declares he is unable to recognize them, and they are immediately set at liberty. In the face of such incredible transactions, what becomes of society, surrounded by so many perils!

Coffee houses are pillaged; the assassins walk the streets with knife in hand, and shoot down the passer-by with revolvers. This is the way we prepare ourselves for an election. Is it surprising that this act, which should be a grand expression of popular government, is now executed by peaceable and honest citizens? It suppresses in effect personal security by the agitation it provokes and the evil passions it engenders. As an offset to such outrages, we were permitted to enjoy political liberty, the permission to go to the polls and have our heads split open if our vote should displease the bullies who are put there to watch.

Neither personal security nor political liberty is our lot. What, then, is left us? Alas! nothing, or next to nothing. The impotence or the complicity of the authorities—we cannot undertake to decide where the one ends and the other commences—threatens to plunge us into complete anarchy. The citizens feel themselves so little protected, that they have to look to their own security. Every one is compelled to be prepared for an attack, and to keep knife and pistol with him. Is this condition of social disorder to be perpetuated? Good God! what example are we giving to our children, and in the midst of what horrible corruption and degradation are they receiving those first impressions that are never effaced and which trace so fatally their path for the future!

# RETROSPECTIVE.

Upon reviewing the course of the Democrat for the past six months it is pleasant to observe that the plan announced in May of conducting this sheet on our part has been adhered to. We know of no single paragraph contained in our columns which we have the slightest reason to regret or the least desire to recall. Neither the zealous advocacy of the cause of our party nor our esteem for its prominent members nor our personal relations with its candidates, nor any attacks levelled at them or at us have tempted or provoked us to any course not sanctioned by the rules of strict decorum and propriety. The candidates of the opposition, however nominated or brought before the public, have been treated by us with uniform consideration. We have neither dragged private matters into a public discussion nor sought to attack their party by repeating the idle personal gossip or neighborhood tales which are put in circulation by the wanton or the mischievous. Within the latitude allowable in political discussion we have engaged in the examination of the tenets, arguments, purposes and tendencies of the opposition with the greatest freedom. If we have sometimes been tempted to indulge slightly in satire we find a sufficient excuse in the grotesque absurdities which our opponents have exhibited, inviting irony and ridicule rather than serious argument.

Thoroughly convinced of the uselessness of newspaper controversies, which are interesting only to a few individuals on either side and seldom instructive even to them, which are often employed for the gratification of editorial vanity than for the good of readers, which generally descend from argument to personalities, which too often leave unnecessary bitterness of feeling, which detract from the dignity of the press as much as they diminish its utility—we did not for four months allude to our contemporary published here except to acknowledge courtesies and favors of a business character.

It was with reluctance that we at length began to notice and correct such of its frequent blunders and mistakes as we could not consistently with our duty as a Democratic journalist, in the midst of an important canvass, suffer to pass without contradiction and disproof. Until a similar occasion arises in some future campaign we shall resume the plan on which we commenced and vary from it only when strictly necessary. The longer it is before that necessity occurs the better satisfied we shall be.

Until the opening of the Presidential campaign seven months hence our columns will not again contain the proportion of purely political matter which we have found necessary during the canvass now closing. By giving more room for other matters of general interest we hope to make the Democrat a valuable paper to all and a welcome messenger to the homes and firesides of our patrons.

## TOO BAD!

The most diabolical misrepresentations concerning the size, shape, color and ornamentation of the Democratic Ticket have been floating through the community since Saturday. The "Sketch" writer's miraculous fancy has teemed with more than its usual compliment of visions, and sundry "base outrages" have been on the eve of perpetration. It is incredible how much political feeling will increase the tendency to credulity in the minds of men. Upon no other hypothesis can we account for the even partial credit attached to the foolish stories that busy-bodies circulate.

It has been asserted, for instance, that our Ticket was to be adorned, by a wood-cut, representing the conductor of the American in an unbecoming and an unusual position. Others have said it was to represent a lean and weazen-faced animal bestride a lance, pouring on all sides a blackish looking liquid out of a vial, which is labelled "Distilled Mischief." Men and women are fleeing its presence, with looks of mingled version, horror, disgust and fear; but it keeps in its course, scattering the baleful liquid through the crowd, and chattering and whispering without pause. On opposite sides in its rear stand two men, near enough alike to be brothers, who are bidding each other a sorrowful adieu, for the path of the mischief-maker is distinctly marked between them.

Others have conjured up a more grotesque picture still—it is that of a creature standing on a pedestal which, on closer inspection, turns out to be a Pill Box. Its face is that of a pug-nosed fice, flaming with rage, and barking and snapping at something that looks like a shirt collar, which seems to be the object of its fury.

Now we must express our astonishment at these "base outrages." The Democratic Ticket has no representation of any thing similar to either of these scenes, and we can only say to those who have used well concocted (as they thought) plans to get a look at it, that they will see it soon enough. The people will let them hear it too on Monday next.

W. C. Faircloth, Sen., T. B. Stephens, Matthew Stephens, Ishak Kirk, G. A. Smith, L. Cooper, John Cooper, J. E. Cooper, J. P. Edelman, Addison Miller, G. B. Burr, J. S. Duncan, Thomas J. Gill, P. L. Gill, John Gill, A. S. Williams, D. W. Krutman, Robt. W. Martin, T. L. Thompson, Mark McAlpin.

We have before us seven other certificates signed by the neighbors of Mr. Shelton, who are gentlemen of indisputable veracity, which corroborate all the statements made by Mr. Smart in his letter as published in the Democrat of Sept. 28th. We do not deem it necessary to spread them before our readers at length except in the event of a reiteration of the groundless charges contained in the late letter of Mr. Shelton to the Red River American. They substantiate the above card by specific details plainly and carefully presented.

There seems to us to be no necessity for documents to refute the aspersions cast upon the Hon. John R. Smart by Mr. Shelton in a letter which was in many respects unfit for publication and which disgusted a great number even of his political friends. The high reputation which this distinguished citizen of Sabine has won by his honest, pure and upright bearing in all the relations of life is the best possible vindication against the insinuations or open charges made by his personal enemies. He is too well and too widely known as a truthful, honorable and sensible gentleman to be called upon to reply to the charges of petulant and disappointed aspirants. If such a vindication were needed there is no man in Louisiana to whom we would more cheerfully lend our aid and the use of our columns than to this estimable citizen and sterling Democrat. But we assure him that the weak and wishy-washy letter of Mr. Shelton cannot injure him in the slightest degree nor alter the opinions of any man in Louisiana whose esteem is worth a pinch of snuff.

## Know Nothing Outrage.

On the evening of Wednesday Oct. 26th, a large procession of the regular Know Nothing party was passing the corner of Orleans and Royal streets, New Orleans, in the vicinity of the St. Louis Cathedral. There were bands of music, torches and men with fantastic garb mounted on horseback. Several gentlemen were sitting on the benches in front of the Orleans Theatre and a few steps from the corner. As the procession approached they went to the corner to see it. Among them were three young men of respectable character, Mr. Butler, Mr. Emanuel Blasco and their friend whose name is not given. They were members of the Independent American Club opposed to the politics of those who formed the procession. As the latter passed, Mr. Butler in spite of the remonstrances of his two friends waved his cap and repeated several times "Hurra for Ben Harrison." What subsequently occurred is related by the Courier of Friday, after a careful investigation, as follows:

The men in the procession, some of whom knew them, answered Butler's cheers with groans as they passed him. One of the horsemen of the red cap club at the head of the procession turned back, and looking at Butler as if to recognize him, shook his whip at him, saying, "I'll fix you to-night!" He then rode on, and just as he wheeled his horse around, a man of small stature let the ranks, crossing just behind the horse, and walking up to Butler, said something which our informant did not hear distinctly, but which appeared to be a threat and an order to hush. Butler answered by giving another cheer, and the man, who was then some four steps from him, drew a pistol and shot at him. This first shot was followed by three or four others in rapid succession; our informant could not say by whom they were fired, but he is positive that the first shot was fired at Butler by the small man he had seen leave the ranks.

The bystanders scattered in every direction. Mr. Blasco, who was standing alongside of Mr. Butler, seeing his life in danger, drew his revolver, and discharged the five barrel at his antagonist, after which he retreated in Orleans street; he was pursued and ran into an overstore saloon just as the keeper was closing the door. He received a last shot, which took effect in his coat collar, as he crept on the very threshold. His clothing was pierced in four different places, one of the balls causing a slight wound and a more severe contusion. Mr. Butler escaped unhurt, as also a friend of Mr. Blasco, who had discharged one shot in his defense. They were pursued, but at no very great distance. We learn that five persons from the ranks of the procession were wounded, but none seriously.

Mayor Stith was at the head of the red cap club which contained several of the most notorious thugs and assassins whose services have disgraced the Know Nothing party of New Orleans for years. The Mayor is duly castigated for his unwarrantable communication with evil-doers and for giving countenance to the brutality exhibited. This matter may lead to the gravest consequences.

# The Hon. John R. Smart.

The following card, which explains itself, was received along with numerous other similar documents too late for our last issue:

We, the undersigned citizens of the Parishes of Rapides and Sabine have seen with surprise and mortification, the communication of W. B. Shelton, bearing date Oct. 8th, and to be found in the American of the 15th Oct., in which he charges, and attempts to prove by certain certificates that some of the statements contained in the Hon. John R. Smart's letter, to be found in the Democrat of the 28th Sept., and bearing date Sept. 13th, to be false.

Now, this is to certify that we have carefully read the said letters of the said Smart, and that we believe every statement it contained to be virtually true.

W. C. Faircloth, Sen., T. B. Stephens, Matthew Stephens, Ishak Kirk, G. A. Smith, L. Cooper, John Cooper, J. E. Cooper, J. P. Edelman, Addison Miller, G. B. Burr, J. S. Duncan, Thomas J. Gill, P. L. Gill, John Gill, A. S. Williams, D. W. Krutman, Robt. W. Martin, T. L. Thompson, Mark McAlpin.

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## The Election in New Orleans.

There is reason to apprehend fearful disturbances at the polls in New Orleans on Monday next as well as before and after the election. From the tone of the city press, from the records of numerous assassinations, from the numbers of notorious reprobates who are seen about the streets or in the procession of the clubs of the Know Nothing party, it is evident that no ordinary animosity prevails there. Every mail brings us accounts of a new series of assaults and killings and new proofs of the want on the part of the police, of both the will and the power to protect the victims or to bring their assailants to justice. It is even alleged by conservative and respectable journals that some of the worst of the thugs are on the Mayor's secret police or special body-guard and the fact that, in a recent procession of the Know Nothings, a band of men clothed in Indian costume calling themselves the Winnebago Club were headed by Mayor Stith who knew some of them to be guilty of crimes deserving the gallows, appears to corroborate the allegation.

The leaders of the regular city wigwags constitute a league of office-seekers and office holders. The annual expenditures of the city amount to nearly two and a half millions of dollars of which immense sum it is probable that more than half goes as profits into the pockets of office-holders and the various agents, attorneys, contractors and employees who all belong to the same faction. This magnificent fund is at once the strongest motive for retaining the control of the city, and the source of ample pecuniary means for electioneering purposes. It enables the ruling faction to avail themselves of every purchasable assistance including that of black-legs and bullies. For such an election as that which is to take place on Monday, involving offices whose annual salaries and perquisites in the aggregate amount to nearly a million of dollars, it would be easy for the candidates and their friends to raise a purse of one hundred thousand dollars and this they have surely done if they consider their opponents sufficiently numerous and determined to cause them to fear the defeat of the K. N. ticket. The breaking up of ballot-boxes, the parades of armed and disguised bravos on the morning of election-day, the destruction of Democratic ticket-tables, the brass-knocking of voters, the expulsion of Democratic challengers, the bloody issue where resistance has been offered, the countless assassinations which have occurred, and all the features of the reign of terror which has marked the elections of New Orleans for years past, all indicate but too plainly the base uses to which such a fund will be put.

Opposed to the spoils-hunters is the Reform Party which is composed chiefly of those who have heretofore acted with the Americans and who still assume the name of the Independent American party. This party will have the support of all who favor the restoration of honesty and purity in the government of the city and parish, including, no doubt, many Democrats. They have able candidates and are ably sustained by their speakers and the conservative papers. Many of them have endured slights and injuries at the hands of the regular wigwagites which they are now more than willing to re-quit. They number in their ranks many high-spirited young men with whose rights the regular K. N.'s cannot safely trifle. There are others among them who would soon to turn upon their heels to save their lives and who would die with their ballots in their hands rather than be driven from the polls. We are inclined to think they will be organized for mutual protection and for the maintenance of their rights. Perhaps they may be armed as well as organized on the day of the election and we believe it very probable that they will be ready to deal with assassins in a summary manner. The usual preliminary Know Nothing outrages may deter so many from attempting to vote as to leave the K. N.'s no occasion to let their bullies loose upon voters at all precincts; but if there is any chance of a large reform vote there will be riot and bloodshed such as the city has never seen.

Disparagingly.—The Kentucky Statesman corrects the report that Vice President Breckinridge wrote the article on Territorial Sovereignty in review of the Harper's Magazine article written by Judge Douglas. "Mr. Breckinridge," says the Statesman, has made no communication whatever to this paper, and never saw the article in question until it appeared in these columns. The communication was highly creditable to the writer, and upon the score of ability, may well have been ascribed to one older in years and of maturer intellect."

One More Victim.—A house and sign painter named Clark, who was quietly going home on Thursday night, met on Giroude street a party of four or five men. Not liking their looks he started to run and was shot down. The policeman who subsequently found him, had him taken to the hospital. We learn that the unfortunate man died of his wound last evening. As in all other cases we have had to report of late, the midnight assassins are not known, and pursue quietly their career of crime.

[N. O. Courier, Oct. 29.]