Weekly Sentinel.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR CLERK,

WILLIAM STEWART.

FOR AUDITOR,

AUSTIN H. BROWN.

FOR COMMISSIONER,

ABRAM C. LOGAN.

MONDAY MORNING, SEPT. 24, 1855

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 25, 1855.

☞The *Senior* Editor of the *Sentinel*, having been absent for some time from his post of duty, is constrained to apologize to many of his friends throughout the State for the *seeming* neglect which many very flattering invitations to attend and address Democratic meetings have met with at his hands. He would assure his friends that his heart is wrapped up in the struggle which the eternal and true principles of the Democratic Party is now sustaining for a triumphant vindication, and that nothing but unlooked for business, impossible to be delayed, could have prevented him from mingling with the moving masses of the honest Democracy, at the times he has been invited to join with them in their celebrations.

Federalism and Fusion Identical.

Why should not the majority of the nation, in numbers, in wealth, in intelligence, in power, rule it? And why is that majority branded with treason and disunion because it merely, under the Constitution, rises up in its might and says it will no longer be ruled but rule itself? And why should the South object if the enemies of slave extension should govern? We have trusted them during the whole life of the nation, can they not trust us?

These lines we have quoted from an article in the *Journal*, because the idea they express is a delusion of the most dangerous kind to the perpetuity of our Republican institutions, and involves a fundamental error concerning the nature of our government, —an error, the correction of which would put an end to the distressing agitation which has so long prevailed, causing ill-will and the loss of brotherly love among the people, and benefiting none but designing politicians.

There is no such political entity as the American nation, and, of course, it cannot rule. The writer does not use precise language, but he plainly enough indicates his belief in the old Federal heresy of one consolidated political community, known as the United States. This heresy is the more baneful in its effects because the conception of one compact government, having all power in itself, is more readily received by the unreflecting mind than that of a confederacy having a central agency for certain definite purposes.

Thoroughly convince men that the Constitution of the United States (that is, of the States united) is a treaty of a number of sovereign political societies entered into by them for special and accurately described ends *and for nothing else*, and not a solitary voter could be found opposed to the principle of the Nebraska bill. When asked to aid in sending men to Congress in order to restrain the extension of slavery, he would look to the text of the treaty, and on discovering that no such design was in the contemplation of its framers, would refuse to promote the doing of an act which would be null and void when done.

On examining the instrument he would find that it had made provision for the protection of that institution, and had introduced it as an element of representation and taxation, thereby impliedly treating it as something which was to exist as long as the instrument itself; but would discover nothing about its restriction.

Nor would such restriction be any the less a usurpation of power, because it was only sought to apply it to territories. It would be seen at a glance that no specific grant was made for such restriction, and that the general authority "to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territories and *other property*" belonging to the United States, could not by the most latitudinous construction be extended to embrace this subject of slavery, whose restriction could not have entered into the minds of the framers of that clause and was not within the purview of the provision.

Such would, of necessity, be the conclusion of a strict constructionist who regarded the Constitution as a compact between sovereigns and looked to its face for its meaning.

But let the vague notion once prevail that "a majority of the nation" should rule, and there is an end of our confederated system. Centralization and its legitimate child, despotism, would succeed; and the fairest scheme of man's wisdom for solving the perplexing problem of government would degenerate into some common form of tyranny.

Yet this same vague notion of "a majority of the nation" ruling is at the bottom of the opposition, in the masses of the people, to the Nebraska bill. Many of them in the Free States entertain the vain fancy that they are responsible in some way for the institution of slavery, with which, in fact, they have no more concern than with the seraglio of the Sultan; and designing politicians take advantage of their virtuous feelings and natural love of liberty to effect a division of parties and thereby secure power and place to themselves.

It is by going back to the first principles and true theory of our government that we can best expose the masked Federalism of the day.

Democratic Paper in Lafayette.

The Lafayette *American* — heretofore conducted with much ability by Messrs. Howe & Pomeroy, has been sold to H. S. McCollom, Esq., who issued his first evening *daily* on the 20th inst.

The *American* will hereafter be a regular Old Line Democratic newspaper, and as such will have a noble work to perform in the city of Lafayette and the County of Tippecanoe. Having no personal acquaintance with Mr. McC., we can only speak of him from the impression which his first two or three numbers has conveyed to our mind. He is doubtless a scholarly and intelligent gentleman, and in every respect an able and accomplished editor. We welcome him to the editorial corps of Indiana and sincerely wish him the realization of his most sanguine expectations. The following is an extract from his Salutatory address:

We have come to Lafayette and purchased this establishment under the conviction that an Old Line Democratic paper was needed at this place, and that, with the kind co-operation of its friends, such a paper can be sustained.—We shall advocate the time-honored principles of the National Democratic party: first, because *we believe in them*; and, secondly, because we are satisfied that such belief is entirely in accordance with the sentiment of the mass of the inhabitants of Indiana. We shall do all we can to expose and oppose the secret, oath-bound order of Know Nothings, which infests our city and State, and is the soul, and only vital organ of the present opposition to the Democratic party — because we despise their principles, believing them at war with our cherished republican institutions. And, generally, we are opposed to whatever is opposed to the Democratic party and its principles.

Vermont Election.—Two hundred and one towns in Vermont give Royce, Fusionist, for Governor, 23,869; Clark, Democrat, 11,590; scattering, 4,029. Of the Representatives elected, as far as heard from, 40 are Whigs and Free Soilers, 31 Know Nothings, and 28 Democrats.

Toledo.

In selecting a location among our Western cities, with an eye to the prospective growth in wealth and population, the natural resources of the country immediately around-about are less to be considered, perhaps, than the peculiarities of Geographical position.—The great channels, natural and artificial, of the commerce of our country, are made to perform the function of carrying the products of the vast Mississippi Valley in an Easternly direction. It is at the East that our corn and our wheat, our beef and our pork, find a market, and there that we get, in exchange for those staples, our money or our merchandise. Peculiar causes then,—causes differing widely in character from those effecting a similar result in the Atlantic States—are found to operate here in bringing the people together in a municipal community and stimulating the growth of the village or the city. The *place* for a city among our Western States is on the Western side of some of our great Lakes, the Eastern termini of the navigation of our rivers—or, a point where the geographical character of the country is such as to *bring together* any considerable number of those artificial channels of commerce which the developing resources of the country will bring into existence.

Chicago is situated, in respect to one of these qualifications, more advantageously than any of her cotemporaries. At the south-west corner of Lake Michigan, she catches the commerce that is carried to and from the country west of her by Lake, Canal and Railroad.

The Illinois river running from the North East to the South West, indicated Chicago as the point at which a Canal, should connect the head of navigation of the River with the waters of the Lake. The necessities of commerce brought the Canal into existence. The great shipping point at the South-west corner of the Lake, of course, the Railroads constructed at the west of Chicago were made to point that place—for many reasons. If the Lake was to be the outlet or the channel of trade, that would be as good a point of conveyance as any other;—if *other* Railroads were to connect with them, leading to the Atlantic cities, Chicago was the *only* South-western point at which they could meet.—These *natural* causes have already made the growth of the Garden City almost a thing of magic, and is destined to give her a commercial importance and a population unequalled by any of her sisters in the Mississippi Valley.

A great many, however, of the same causes that constitute the wealth and population of Chicago must also give importance to the city of Toledo. *She* has the location on Lake Erie that Chicago has on Lake Michigan.—The Wabash River pointed to Toledo as the point where a Canal should connect the waters of the Ohio with the waters of the Lake. Those products of our Western prairies which do not touch at Chicago are, many of them, by the necessity of the case, brought to Toledo, where they change owners. The Trunk Railroads running either to Chicago, or St. Louis, must meet at this point, and they, fed by their tributaries which span the rich valley of the Mississippi, must contribute to the place we have in view an incalculable amount of wealth. Toledo has now between eighteen and twenty thousand inhabitants. Her improvements are beginning to be of a decidely *city* appearance, and her people to assume more fixed and stable characteristics. She has at last reached an altitude of prosperity from which the respect to which her natural importance entitles her, will be commanded, and, we may hereafter look for an unsurpassed rapidity in her improvements.

The Lake Erie, Wabash and St. Louis Railroad—or what is more commonly known as the Wabash Valley road, is now running its cars from Toledo to Fort Wayne. This Railroad, when completed will be one of the finest and "*best paying*" in the country. In our trip *around* North, not long since, we had the pleasure of riding over a part of this track, and as it is our *duty* to compliment good Railroad management wherever it comes to our observation, we would feel that our obligations to the public had not been discharged if the present opportunity were permitted to pass without attention. The Conductor of the train on which we rode—Mr. George Woodbury—is an efficient and deserving gentlemen. We shall not soon forget the happy moments spent, under his permission, in the baggage car, where the smoking of not less than *twenty* elegantly flavored cigars and the good company around us, inspired our senses with exquisite delight. In this journey, for the first time, we enjoyed the luxury, by the permission of F. E. Burroughs, Esq., the Engineer, of a ride on the Locomotive. We have, in our time, ridden wild and fiery horses—and, in our boyhood, have even luxuriated in a flight by night upon a spirited colt, without saddle or bridle, but must confess that all our earlier sentiments of *romance*, "in such exploits," are "*small*" when contrasted with the grandeur and magnificence of a ride upon an Engine. May "*The Boys*" whose wit and sentiment we so much enjoyed, be forever as happy as they made us on the occasion in question.

William Wallace a Know Nothing!

We are credibly informed that the Abolition candidate for clerk of this county has denied that he is a Know Nothing. He made the denial to a German in this city several weeks ago, and in a public speech at Clermont on Thursday. How he can do this, in the face of the well known fact that he joined them in the spring of 1854, and was placed upon the Abolition ticket by Know Nothing influence, seems strange and unaccountable to us.

The *Republican*, a few days since, in an article commenting upon Mr. Stewart's letter to Mr. Wallace, did not dare deny the fact, because the editor knew better, having been the Secretary of the Grand Council, but retorted by charging the Democrtic candidate with being a Sag Nicht. The editor knew that there did not exist in the State a secret political society, similar to what is called the Sag Nichts, or of any other—hence the charge against Mr. Stewart, bears upon its face, the mark of falsehood.

It is an easy thing to make a charge, or to deny that which facts will prove to be false, but it is quite another thing to substantiate either by evidence.

Now, we are authorized by Mr. Stewart to say, that he stands ready to go before a magistrate and make affidavit that he *does not now, nor never did belong to any secret political society, whatever*, and that he dares Mr. Wallace to make a similar affidavit. This is a fair proposition, and should be met in the same spirit in which it is dictated.

A Shrewd Trick.—The Know Nothing City Council have, in a measure, suspended the works upon the streets, in the hope that many laboring men may be induced to leave the city before the election. They fear the votes of the working men, believing most of them to be of the democratic stamp.

Another trick of the Know Nothings is to employ runners to engage *democratic* laboring men to leave the city to work upon distant Railroads, giving them no guaranty of permanent employment. After the election their services will not be needed, and these hired runners will not be seen upon our streets.

Such tricks prove that they have but little hope of carrying the election. Desperation often prompts men to commit any amount of recklessness.

False Charges.

The *Journal* of Saturday has as usual about a column (two articles) charging the Northern Democracy with a desire to extend the institution of slavery and harping on the difficulties in Kansas, for which, most unjustly and unreasonably, it attempts to hold them responsible.

This course of misrepresentation is working beautifully in our favor. The people see through the transparent fraud and understand the motives of those who concoct it.—If this Fusion party, this mixed mass of madness and mendacity, would only charge us with a desire to ravive the slave-trade,—and surely, after all the unfounded accusations made by its advocates, this would be but a small stretch of conscience—we should feel perfectly safe. This would fill up the measure of their iniquity, would be the overflowing drop in the brimming cup of their abominations.

Lawless violence on the frontier is a matter of great horror to these pious pretenders; but when the Legislature of Massachusetts nullifies the plainest provision of the constitution, when combinations of armed men resist the execution of the supreme law of the land, they vociferously applaud or are silently acquiescent.

Fortunately these Kansas troubles will settle themselves. *What one Legislature can do another Legislature can undo* and the voice of the people, uttered without fear, favor or affection, will ultimately be heard and obeyed. No Missouri mobs will ever make a second attempt to control the freedom of the ballot box. Much of the present embarrassment is owing to a want of firmness on the part of Governor Reeder, who delayed the organization of the territory, postponed the time of election, and granted certificates to men who were not *legally* the choice of the people.

We believe and wish that Kansas may come in as a free state through her own voluntary choice; but the maintenance of popular sovereignty is a matter of primary importance; the question of slavery sinks into insignificance beside it.

Maccauly said, speaking of the reform-bill, that *through* Parliament or *over* Parliament it must pass.

So *in* the Union or *out of* the Union Kansas will be a State, and with such institutions as her own people may choose.

Mr. Stewart's Card.

The *Journal* of yesterday contained a card from William Wallace, the Abolition candidate for Clerk, charging Mr. Stewart with being a Sag Nicht. The charge is made without any foundation whatever, and is made out of whole cloth. These Know Nothings presume that the Old Liners are equally as corrupt as they are, and imagine that our party, like theirs, can only be kept together by means of secret political oath-bound societies. This false presumption originates from that spirit of bigotry and predjudice which is the corner-stone of Know Nothingism.—The National men now opposed to the Know Nothing Abolition faction in this County, are independent voters, and, as such, are not controled by the midnight dictation of any secret society. The contrary is true of a large number composing the opposition.

It will be seen that Mr. Stewart meets the malicious charge with an affidavit that "he is not now, and that he never was, a member of the Sag Nichts, or any other secret political association or order; and that he does not know of the existence of any secret political association among the political party of which he is a member, in the County of Marion."

He calls on his opponent, Mr. Wallace, to make a similar affidavit. If he is an honorable man, he will do so, if he is not a Know Nothing. But, being a Know Nothing, he dare not do it. He cannot face the music.

While on this subject, it is due to justice and truth, to say that Messrs. John Taffe and Asa B. Strong, are equally as vulnerable upon this point as is Mr. Wallace. They are all Know Nothings.

☞These single speech orators are not without their prototypes in history. The Pharisees pedled their venom, and spread the plague of their iniquity from city to city, finding favor everywhere. From North to South the rigmarole of detraction was acceptable. But it fared otherwise with the teachers of Truth. Some were stoned, some burned, some crucified. In this place they would be hailed as deliverers and as gods; in that, as fiends let loose. In one place the multitude followed them gladly; in another, stripes and imprisonment awaited them.—The hypocrite, the time-server, the slave of party, can be all things to all men; but the teacher of Truth will find that even its purity is unpalatable to some, that nothing is more welcome.—*Journal.*

That is to say, the Democrats are like the Pharisees and the Fusionists like Christ and his apostles. Teachers of Truth! Joseph Hiss and William Poole were eminent members of this religious party; Wilson, Chase and Giddings affiliate with them; Fred Douglas is a nominee for office by them, and they think he would make an excellent Congressman.

Christ went up on a mountain to teach where all could hear; these men who profess to be his imitators retire in darkness to a paper mill. Christ and his apostles taught peace and good will; these men organize associations whose exclusive and intolerant spirit necessarily leads to riot and bloodshed; Christ and his apostles sought to benefit others by self-sacrifice; these men to promote their own interest by power and place. Benevolence and selfishness are not more different than the principles of Chistianity and Fusion.

But the above extract is in accordance with the arrogant blasphemy of the party, and our only design in quoting it is to let it speak for itself.

State Fair.

"All the world and the rest of mankind" will, of course, remember that the Indiana State Fair will be held at Indianapolis during the third week of October next—and they will govern themselves accordingly. But they may not bear it in mind that the days of entries are Monday and Tuesday, 15th and 16th of the month. This is a very important fact and should be made known to all, and impressed on their memories.

Every exhibitor should have his articles on the grounds by Tuesday the 16th, and if delayed beyond five o'clock of that day they cannot come in competition for premiums.

If this arrangement is not observed there will be no use in bringing stock or other articles to the Fair; the owners will get no advantage from it in the way of premiums.

The exhibition will take place on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; and is expected to be the most complete and extensive ever seen in the State.

The arrangements for the accommodation of visitors will be ample and satisfactory, and it is hoped that none will be frightened away for fear of not having where to lay their heads. If the weather is propitious there will be no inconvenience whatever.

Premiums to the amount of five thousand dollars will be awarded to the successful competitors in the various departments; and in addition a special State premium amounting in value to one thousand dollars, will be paid by direction of the officers of State, in connection with the State Board of Agriculture. These stimulants to enterprize, though not large in themselves, are like the crowns awarded to victors in olden times, emulously sought for as the rewards of merit.

It should be remembered that ample forage for stock will be provided by the State Board free of expense, and that the various railroads will carry visitors to the Fair during the week of the exhibition at half-price, and animals and other articles intended for exhibition at half the usual rates, if they do not change owners; and on the Lafayette Road no discrimination is made.

The Address will be delivered on Thursday by Professor Mapes; and the well-known reputation of that gentleman as an agricultural chemist, is a sufficient guarantee of a rich treat.

Indianapolis, Sept. 24, 1855.

Wm. Wallace, Esq.—Dear Sir: In your Card published in the *Journal* of this date, among other things, you make the charge that I am a member of what you are pleased to term the Sag Nichts order. Since you have thus publicly become responsible for a charge which has been floating about in Know Nothing circles, for some days past, it is proper that I should meet it through a medium as public as that through which it is made.

Annexed is my affidavit that I never attached myself to any secret political society whatever, and I hereby repeat what I have frequently said to others, that any assertion going to show the reverse, is false in every particular.

If my information be correct, and it comes from such sources that I cannot doubt it, *you have been, and are now a member of a secret political society, commonly known as the Know Nothings.* If I am in error, I presume that you are willing to disprove it by making a similar affidavit to the one I have made, which I now challenge you to do. In case of a refusal on your part, the public must take it for granted that you are and have been a member of such a secret political organization.

You say that "unless you have been telling falsehoods by the thousand you (I) are well acquainted with" the Know Nothings. I deny that I have ever made any false statements against your favorite order. I might retort with more justice, by saying that "unless you have been telling falsehoods by the thousand you are acquainted with" the imaginary Sag Nichts, for your charges that such a society exists, and that I am a member of it, are both unmitigated falsehoods. That Know Nothing Councils exist is an acknowledged fact, whilst the reverse is true of the fictitious Sag Nichts. The charge of falsehood then must rest where it belongs, of which the public can judge.

Your allusion to *arms* does not come with a good grace from the candidate of a party which is now attempting to apologize for the greatest outrage of the age, which recently took place at Louisville, where innocent men, women, and children, were murdered and burned alive by *arms* and torches in the hands of your brother Know Nothings.

I know of no men in my party who are now armed, or who intend arming themselves for the approaching election. If there are men in this community who are arming themselves for such purpose, they are men belonging to your party—such men as destroyed the ballot-box at Cincinnati, and such men as participated in the destruction of the lives and property of innocent men, women, and children at Louisville. It is difficult for me to believe, however, that there are men of either party in this community who are willing, coolly and deliberately to prepare for a repetition of those outrages which have disgraced our sister cities.

You ask me whether I will abide by the decision of the people of Marion County at the polls this fall. I answer that I will, as I always have done. The reason for the statement in the certificate attached to the election notice, that my term had not yet expired by some eighteen months is this: That the law requires the Clerk to give notice to the Sheriff that at the approaching election certain vacancies are to be filled; that the statement alluded to was made in the discharge of my official duties, my object being to place the facts of the case before the public, knowing as I did that other Clerks in the State intended testing the legality of the Constitutional provision which shortens the term of office. The decision of the Supreme Court may possibly annul the approaching election for Clerk. In such case, if you should possibly be elected, could you not sue me upon my official bond for issuing a notice that a vacancy was to be filled when such was not the fact? To meet such a contingency, the statement was inserted in the election notice. I wished to provide against all possibilities—even your election—which is generally supposed to be not even probable nor possible.

This controversy through the papers is one of your own seeking, not mine. I have in this canvass, so far, and shall so continue till its close, treated you more as a friend than as an opponent, and now, I desire, in conclusion, that you will answer the following questions:

1st. Are you not cognizant of the fact that there are in existence in Marion county several Councils or organizations of a secret political order, commonly known as Know Nothings?

2nd. Are you not bound by the oaths of this order to vote only for Native-born Protestant Americans to the exclusion of all others?

Hoping, William, that you will find it convenient to answer this card, as promptly as I have yours, I remain your Friend,

WM. STEWART.

State of Indiana, Marion County, S. S:—Personally appeared before the undersigned, a Notary Public, in and for said county and State aforesaid, William Stewart, who being by me duly sworn upon his oath says: That he is not now, and that he never was, a member of the Sag Nichts, or any other secret political association or order; and that he does not know of the existence of any secret political association amongst the political party of which he is a member, in the county of Marion or State of Indiana.

WM. STEWART.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 24th day of September, 1855, witness my hand and Notarial Seal. (SEAL)

JOHN C. NEW,
Notary Public.

☞William H. Mitchell, brother of John Mitchell the exile, has invented a machine for type-setting, of remarkable simplicity and efficiency. Five of the machines have been for several months in successful operation at Trow's extensive establishment in Ann street. All the work of the published portion of Irving's life of Washington, Bancroft's Miscellanies, and a number of other books have been done upon them.

John has given up newspapers and taken a farm. He hopes, after his term of naturalization shall have expired, and he become a legal citizen, to express his sentiments freely, without bringing upon himself so much abuse as heretofore.

Citizen or not, however, he will find that there is no escape from the free expression of other men's sentiments, whether abusive or friendly, except by continuing in obscurity. Though in a slave State, he holds no slaves, and the valley in which he is located, among the Eastern mountains of Tennessee, does not even contain *a single negro.*

"Don't Crowd the Mourners."—The Portland (Me.) *Argus* relates the following good one: "A gentleman not long ago, while passing through a town in this State, saw a small gathering of people in a meeting house and inquired of a store-keeper near by who was dead? remarking at the same time that he guessed it was a poor person, as there appeared to be but a few mourners. The store keeper replied, "You were never more mistaken in your life. In this town the poor man has as many mourners as the rich. The gathering you see is no funeral, but a *Fusion Mass Meeting.*"

A Beautiful Sight.—Those forty Silver Goblets to be awarded as premiums at the State Fair, now may be seen in W. H. Talbott & Co.'s magnificent show window.—They are beautiful, chaste, and of a style we have never seen equalled. Their value is $30 each.

☞"It is a good thing to laugh at any rate," says Dryden; if straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness."

From the Louisville Democrat.

True History of the Outrages at the Elections, on the 6th of August, at the 6th Ward Polls.

Statement of James Speed, Esq.

On the morning of the 6th of August, I went to the court-house to vote. It was between 6 and 7 o'clock when I got there. The polls were opened in the Circuit Court room in the court-house. The voters were let in at one door and out at the other. There was a great crowd at the door of admission when I got there. After voting, I went to my breakfast and returned to the court-house at about eight o'clock. Before breakfast the crowd seemed orderly; there was very little hallooing and noise. When I returned after breakfast, it had increased in size and become very noisy. Soon after returning I went into the court-room where the votes were being taken, and remained there till near ten o'clock.

While in the court-room I heard a great deal of noise in the passage, and evidently the noise of fights.

From the window in the court-room I saw the crowd, a number of boys and men, chasing a man whom I took to be an Irishman. The man was bleeding from his head. The pursuers were throwing stones and brickbats at him. This man ran from the east end of the court-house toward Sixth street.

About ten o'clock I left the court-room and came into the passage. There was no one in the passage. The man at the entrance door was crying, "More American voters!" I passed to the eastern entrance of the court-house, and saw the crowd pursuing some one down Fifth street. I stood in the door some minutes and looked at the crowd. It was composed of boys and men wearing yellow tickets in their hats or pinned on their breasts, and having short, heavy clubs in their hands. From that door I passed back through the passage of the court-house and out of the front door to my office, which is on Centre street, and nearly in front of the court-house.

I had a full view of the crowd from the street in front of my office. By half past 10 or 11 o'clock, the crowd had become an uncontrollable mob. I saw it chase and beat many foreigners who went into the yard. The mob moved about the yard yelling, "Hurrah for Marshall!" "Hurrah for Sam!" Some time before I went to dinner, which was at one o'clock, I saw a man whom I took to be a foreigner, knocked from the top of the court house steps. The steps are ten or fifteen feet high. When he fell, he got on his knees and raised his hands as if imploring for mercy. He was pursued down the steps, and a man commenced beating him with a club. The man ran towards Sixth street, the crowd pursuing with the cry of "Move him!" "Kill him!" and throwing brickbats at him. He was caught by the mob near the corner of Sixth street and Court Place, and many persons were beating him, when Capt. Rousseau interfered and got the man off. I ran over to see the man who had beaten the pursued man when on his knees; I did not know him. The mob returned to the front and east of the court-house, yelling "Hurrah for Marshall!" "Hurrah for Sam!"

Soon after dinner, at 2½ or 3 o'clock, a mob of boys and men came out of the court-house armed with muskets and clubs, and moved up Jefferson street; I inquired of a gentleman who came up what it meant. He said that the Germans of the First Ward, to the number of 200, armed with double-barrel shot guns, had taken the First Ward polls, and those persons were going to re-take them. I said with emphasis that it could not be so—that it was a false report. He replied that he was assured of its truth, and he evidently believed it to be so.

From that time till near six o'clock crowds of boys and men were passing up and down Jefferson street with badges and clubs, yelling "Hurrah for Sam!"

About five o'clock a crowd came down Jefferson street, having an Irishman in custody who was covered with blood. Just behind the two men who held the bleeding Irishman, a man walked with an iron pitchfork on his shoulder. When near Sixth street, the cry of "Move him! kill him!" was raised, and instantly the mob took after a small well dressed man, who ran up Jefferson street and into the court-house yard. He was overtaken near the gate to the yard, and beaten with clubs. I saw one man striking at him with what I took to be an axe helve. He was knocked down and crawled under the Know Nothing speaking stand that is in the yard. The man with the iron pitchfork was amongst the persons, and I thought he used it. After the man had been beaten till he could not stand, two of the mob took him upon their shoulders and carried him to jail. The mob followed, shouting "Make the damned scoundred walk." Dr. D. W. Yandell, who saw the man just before or at the time they were shouldering him, said to me that he was dying, or would die.

Just after sun down I saw two men bringing an Irishman to jail in a buggy. I thought the man dead, and so did Dr. Knight who was with me. Soon after, a company or mob with muskets passed down Jefferson street, having a banner flying to this effect: "Americans must and shall rule America."

Tuesday morning the crowd again gathered about the court-house yard and was a mob. I saw several bloody men carried to jail on that morning.

The foreigners did not come to the court-house in squads, but singly. I did not see them with sticks and clubs, or any other arms. So far as I saw, they were orderly and well behaved.

After I came out of the court room and saw how the foreigners were beaten, I advised all that spoke to me—some two or three—not to make any effort to vote.

I did not see a foreigner when attacked do anything other than make an effort to escape. Indeed, the attacking mob was so overwhelming that the foreigner had no chance.

JAMES SPEED.

Statement of George A. Caldwell.

On the morning of the last August election I went, shortly after six o'clock, to the court-house (the Sixth Ward polls,) in Louisville, and after a little delay got in, and voted, and remained there awhile, and then went to breakfast. Before I left the court-house, which was about eight o'clock, a considerable crowd had collected in the hall or passage from which the door opened into the room where the votes were taken. After breakfast I returned to my office, where I remained till a little after nine o'clock. I then walked out into the street, and in front of the court-house. The streets and court house yard presented a scene of considerable bustle and excitement, and among the first things that attracted my attention was an Irishman fleeing bare-headed from the east end of the court-house in the direction of Fifth and Jefferson streets, pursued by men shouting furiously, and hurling stones and brickbats at him. I then learned that an Irishman named Tansey, and perhaps others with him, had been previously assaulted, when trying to get into vote, and had only made their escape from their pursuers by leaping from a door or window in the west end of the building, some ten or twelve feet high. I did not see this.

I had not been on the street long till I saw other foreigners fleeing from the court-house, pursued by crowds armed with clubs and stones. Some of them were cruelly beaten by numbers of men with heavy clubs. In one of these affairs Colonel Thomasson was struck a severe blow, while trying to rescue one of the victims. I was near his office when he returned to it, and witnessed the crowd that followed him to his door. By this time the court-house yard and the adjacent streets presented the spectacle of a furious mob.

In view of the extraordinary state of things, I advised such foreigners as spoke to me on the subject, to go home and not attempt to vote; nor do I think that many did attempt it after ten o'clock. Sometime in the forenoon, I was with several gentlemen on Centre street, just in front of the Court-house, when hearing a noise, I turned and saw a man falling from the top of the Court-house steps, head foremost; he lit about half-way down the steps on his head or shoulders, and turning a somerset, tumbled to the ground. The steps are some ten or twelve feet high; and when the man attempted to rise he reeled about like one badly stunned and bewildered, and assisted himself up by a tree or post. In the meantime, a man from the top of the steps was pursuing him, shouting, "Move him!" and renewed his beating as soon as he reached him. The beaten man, who was a German, then fled from his assailant, in the direction of Sixth and Market, pursued by his assailant and a number of others, who flocked in from all directions, shouting "Move him!" and hurling stones at him. A short distance before he reached the gate, flying in great trepidation, already badly beaten and hotly pursued, he was met by a man who knocked him down, and the whole crowd rushed on him with their clubs. My view of him was then obstructed by the mob, and I saw no more of him, but learn that he was badly beaten. This man was a harmless, inoffensive German, who has been for many years a retail merchant in Louisville. When this occurred, I think Judge Pirtle, Judge Nicholas, Judge Bullock, Mr. James Speed, and a number of others, were standing on Centre street and saw it.

From that time forward there was a complete reign of terror; large numbers of men, armed with bludgeons of various kinds, generally, short heavy clubs, and decorated with the yellow tickets of the Know Nothings, were parading the streets, shouting for "Sam," for "Marshall," &c. I saw from my office door, which is in full view of the entrance to the jail, many mangled and bloody foreigners, dragged and borne to prison. In the afternoon they began to circulate false reports, such as that the Germans had, with an armed force, taken the First Ward polls, and crowds were seen rushing to the Court-house to procure arms, which, it was supposed, the military companies had deposited there. I have understood that muskets and a cannon were taken to the First Ward, but of that I know nothing personally. Sometime in the afternoon I was sitting on the porch in front of my office, when I saw two men that I supposed to be policemen, coming down the street on the opposite side from where I sat, leading to jail a man all covered with blood, and apparently very badly beaten; a number of the mob accompanied them, some behind and some before them. Just as they got in front of my office, one of the crowd knocked or pushed a German, whom they chanced to meet, off the sidewalk, and struck at him as he fell off with a hatchet, and then threw it at him; and springing after him, shouted, "Move him!" The German ran for his life up street, pursued fiercely by his assailant, and many others, with clubs and stones, yelling as they ran. The German ran through the south gate of the Court-house yard, and up towards Fifth street, his pursuers increasing in numbers at every step, and many rushing in from both sides and striking at him as he passed, till he reached the corner of the stand, where a man seized him by the hair and arrested his flight. Here he was knocked and beaten and cuffed about by the mob, with heavy clubs, till the crowd closed in on him and prevented my further interview. In a few minutes I saw his murderers return along the route they had chased him, bearing his mangled, bloody, and apparently lifeless body, with shouts and exultations and flourishing of weapons, to the jail.

I do not know what became of this man, but I heard that he died. I understand that Dr. Yandell, who saw him, said that nothing could be done for him; that he would be dead in five minutes. He had the appearance of one already dead when he passed my office. This is the man that was said to have been struck with a pitchfork; but I did not see that. This man gave no provocation for the assault, and from his dress and appearance seemed to be a genteel, well-behaved man. I did not, during the day, see any foreigner give offense to any one, or even to attempt to defend himself when assailed; they uniformly fled for safety in great alarm in every instance that came under my observation. In fact, no defence was possible; for they were but scattering individuals in the midst of a raging mob, armed and acting in concert. During the entire day I did not see a police officer, or peace officer, or one of the municipal authorities, attempt to save the life of a human being, or to arrest a single offender, or quell the riots. Late in the afternoon, when Quinn's houses were in flames, and the mob were at work in the Eight Ward, I saw Mayor Barbee walk from the direction of the jail or the Police Court, where a large crowd was assembled, and approach Capt. D. Stone, who sat on the fence in front of my office, and quite an animated conversation ensued between them.—A large part of the crowd gathered about them, and I did not hear what passed; but learned afterward that the Mayor was ordering the Captain to proceed with the cannon to the scene of conflagration, and that the Captain was asserting that if he took out the cannon again he would shoot. Mr. John Rell and others told me this. At all events, soon afterwards, I saw passing my door, going in the direction of the burning at Quinn's houses, the cannon and a squad of men under command of Capt. Stone, and about a dozen men with muskets, the whole under command of Col. Monserrat, and immediately preceded by a large banner inscribed, "Americans shall rule America," borne by three men. This was the banner borne in the Know-Nothing procession on the preceding Saturday night, and its motto was one of the rallying cries of the mob on Monday.

I was in no ward during the day but the Sixth, that I now remember.

GEO. A. CALDWELL.

Statement of W. P. Thomasson.

W. P. Thomasson, states he lives in the Fifth Ward. On going to the place of voting, his attention was arrested by Richard W. Ronald charging the keeper of the side door with partiality in letting political friends go in at the door and refusing to let others; the reply of the doorkeeper was not heard, but a person who stood on the sidewalk in an audible voice spoke out in substance, if not the exact words, "Do as you please, Sheriff, and you shall be protected." This person I since learn is a member of the City Council.

On returning to my office, a young man, thought to be an Irishman, was seen running from the court-house, the place of voting in the Sixth Ward, pursued by some half dozen men and boys. By running across the street I got between the parties and stopped the pursuit, the man running into Jabine's drug store. In a few minutes the cry of "Move him! knock him down! kill him!" was heard at the court-house; looking in that direction, there was quite a commotion in the crowd; numbers were running after German, who seemed to have been roughly used. A stone was thrown at him with much violence, passing within a few inches of a child who happened to be on the sidewalk. The pursuer, I supposed, escaped; but in a few moments the cry was heard, "Here he is; move him! kill him!" I went to his rescue; he had, however, in the meantime, been badly beaten by several. A young gentleman an Irishman, standing by, happened to remark, "It was a pity to beat a human being that way." Instantly he was set upon by several and overpowered. When in that condition a large young man, said to be an Assistant City Engineer, came rushing through the crowd and struck the young man (whose back was towards him) several severe blows. In trying to prevent his being further hurt, some one from behind struck me on the right cheek, which felled me to the ground. On gaining my feet, offering a reward of five hundred dollars to have the man pointed out who struck me, the rioters gave a screeching howl, accompanied with upraised hands, and left. This all occurred by ten o'clock A. M.

Statement of F. S. J. Ronald.

On the morning of the late August election I was at the Sixth Ward polls before 6 o'clock, A. M. The polls were opened about 6 o'clock; there was a considerable crowd there at that time, probably 80 or 100 persons; I entered the Circuit Court room, where polls were held, with the officers of the election. Mr. Cocke, the clerk, recorded the votes with great rapidity; and when the voting had been going on about an hour, it was announced that 130 votes had been taken, which clearly demonstrated that all the votes in the ward could be taken without any difficulty; I went home to breakfast, and immediately after eating returned to the court-house; found everything quiet and orderly, except the usual crowding to get in to vote. The persons present were mostly Know Nothings.

About this time I observed a good many persons going to the polls at the door appointed for persons to come out at. I went to the door and offered to go in, but admittance was denied me by the doorkeeper, whom I learned was West; he informed me that was the door to come out at. I told him so I supposed, but I had seen him admitting persons in there, and supposed I had as good a right to go in as others; he then angrily inquired if I wished to raise a fuss with him. I told him I did not; but I told him as an officer he should act impartially. I saw the doorkeeper repeatedly during the day admit Know Nothings through the door, and refuse to admit Democrats.

Shortly after this time, probably about half-past 8 o'clock, several Irishmen came up to the polls, and among them was Tansey. They did not seem to come together; I think there was one person who came in with Tansey; he asked me if I had any tickets; I handed him a Democratic ticket; he asked for another; and in a few minutes returned to me and said he wanted two more tickets; I handed him some four or five.

The crowd of Know Nothings had nearly all voted, and these persons endeavoring to get in to the polls were principally Democrats, as could be plainly seen by their tickets, as the Know Nothings had yellow tickets and the Democrats white. So far as I saw them, Tansay did not seem to be in a hurry to vote, and I requested him several times to go in; he said he would wait until the crowd was out of the way. At length he went up near the door, evidently with the intention of going in to vote. About this time there was not more than 15 or 20 persons standing close up to the entrance door to the polls, a large majority of whom were Democrats. There was a large crowd in the passage hallooing for Sam, Marshall, and Morehead. Just then I saw the doorkeeper at the other door—the one for coming out—admit several persons, and walked that way to remonstrate with him on his conduct, when I heard some one exclaim, "We will take these polls," or "We'll clear these polls."

Immediately there was a rush of people past me—Tansey and some other Irishman running, and a crowd pursuing with sticks, short and heavy, and some of them having metal on the end of them. They were not ordinary walking sticks, but were much too short to be used for walking, and must have been made for the purpose of fighting. The crowd rushed on after Tansey and others to the end of the court-house next to Sixth street, shouting, "Move him!" "Kill them!" and such like hurrahs, but returned in a moment and said they had jumped off the passage on to the pavement.

The crowd ran down the steps leading to Jefferson street, but returned again to the passage of the court-house, hallooing, "Hurrah for Sam!" Shortly after this I saw some of the same crowd knock down and beat four or five foreigners without provocation whatever seen by me, and two of them not offering to go in to the polls, but were standing quietly in the passage near Fifth street.

It was with great difficulty any person could get in to the polls unless they exhibited a Know Nothing ticket; and I know of several persons (Democrats) who took that ticket in order to gain admittance, and saw one man knocked down as he came out, and was cursed and abused for having accepted a Know Nothing ticket, and then voting for the Democrats. I saw about this time a man whom I did not know, but was told his name was Wisly or Wesley, go up near the door and knock down a small man whom I took to be a foreigner; he fell and several in the crowd exclaimed, "He is an American, and has a yellow ticket;" and some one said these mistakes would happen, as they could not always tell. I saw one or two of the police rush up to protect this man, which was the only time I saw them interfere during the day to protect any one.

I was now satisfied that no naturalized citizen would be allowed to vote the Democ