# State Sentinel.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 13, 1856.

## THE GENERAL RESULT.
## A GLORIOUS TRIUMPH!

We cannot longer forbear to give a jubilant shout over the decided victory which the national Democracy have achieved in the election of their Presidential candidates. It is a triumph of patriotism which must rejoice the heart of every one who values the future well being and perpetuity of our glorious Union; and no one should restrain that outburst of gratitude and joyfulness which such an event must inspire.

The true men of the country trembled at the danger which a defeat of the Democracy in the recent political contest would have brought upon the nation. If it had not resulted in an immediate disruption of the confederacy, it would have produced an alienation of feeling and a sectional discord which would have eventually terminated in that apprehended evil. But happily these fears have ended and the reign of peace, of harmony and of national prosperity will be again inaugurated with the administration of the Preisdent elect.

After the fourth of March next the entire administration of the General Government will be under the control of the Democracy. There will be no factious opposition to stay any public measure necessary for the good of the country. The interests and rights of the whole nation will have a just and impartial regard, and the bond of Union, which has made us a great, happy and prosperous people, will receive new strength and firmness.

Mr. Buchanan has ably and faithfully filled every position in which he has been placed. His public career has honorably identified him with the history of the nation for over forty years. His spotless integrity of character—his tried patriotism — his able statesmanship, and that honorable ambition which would inspire any man placed in the exalted position he is, to do all in his power to hand down an unsullied fame to posterity, is a full gurantee that his administration will have but one end—the common welfare and glory of the country. He is, also, pledged to a single term—his age forbids him to expect a re-election—and in this we have an additional assurance of a disinterested administration of the government.

The name of John C. Breckinridge, our gallant vice-President elect, is synonymous with all that is manly, noble and chivalrous. He will ably fill the position in which he has been placed, and if the contingency should occur, he will grace the seat which has been filled by the great and good of the land.

The Democracy have gone before the country upon a fair and square issue of their principles and they have triumphed—gloriously triumphed. When fanaticism howled, and threatened to open the floodgates of error, of anarchy, and the demon of disunion stalked through the land, the Democracy jumped into the breach,gallantly met the enemy and conquered. It was a fearful struggle, and it is a glorious victory. And why should we not rejoice—rejoice in a victory unequalled, in all its phases, by any political contest known to our history with all those outbursts of enthusiasm which the occasion suggests.

The issue which has just been decided, awakened a deep interest in every part of the civilized world. It was regarded as decisive of the future prosperity of the nation, by those abroad who understood the questions involved.And the result will be hailed with heartfelt satisfaction by all who value constitutional liberty and who have watched with trembling anxiety the experiment of self-government,the success of which, and the capacity of the people for it, this victory furnishes additional proof. And the success of the Democracy will give a permanency to our government and a higher opinion of our instutions,in the estimate of foreign nations, than any event which has occurred since the formation of the government.

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The returns which we have received from our own State do not change the estimate we have made of 20,000 majroity for Buchanan. In six Congressional districts we shall have about 28,000 majority, giving to the Republicans 8,000 in the other five, which is more than they will probably receive. There can be no question where Indiana stands upon the great issues which have been involved in the recent canvass.

It will be several days before we shall get the official returns of the State, so as to give the exact vote which each of the candidates received. But this much we can say, the vote for Buchanan is very satisfactory.

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☞ Buchanan is elected President of the United States. The whole electoral college casts 296 votes; of course 149 is a majority.

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| The Southern States, without Maryland or Louisiana, give, | 106 |
| Pennsylvania, | 27 |
| Indiana, | 13 |
| New Jersey, | 7 |
| For Buchanan, | 153 |

A private dispatch from Baton Rouge to the Louisville Democrat, of Thursday, says that Louisiana has gone for Buchanan by 2,500 maj. We consider Louisiana as safe.

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☞ The writer in the *Journal*, of yesterday, who perpetrated that sixteen feet "joke" on Gen. Elliott, could not have read the article on the second page of his paper headed "Writing for Newspapers."

He certainly does not come within the category of that select "FEW" who "write well for a newspaper."

The rule that "an article to be printed *should absolutely have something in it*," is most "absolutely" and shamefully violated.

### Vote of New York City and Philadelphia.

The vote of New York and Philadelphia is instructive as showing the tone of feeling which pervades the Commercial classes of the North.

The vote of Philadelphia is as follows:—Buchanan 38,126; Fillmore straight, 12,376; Fusion 10,510. Buchanan's majority in the city is 18,616.

New York city gives Mr. Buchanan 22,852 majority over Fremont, and 20,694 over Fillmore.

[Correspondence of the Sentinel.]

## TOUR IN SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY.

STRASBURG, September 13th, 1856.

MY DEAR N:—Sometimes a bad beginning insures a good ending by making people more careful and attentive to their own business. So I hope it will be with us. We left Geneva, as you know, on the morning of the 10th inst. The weather was fine, the company pleasant and the motion of the steamer delightful. The green hills and white villas on one shore, and the soft mists like satin curtains looped with silver that hung round the other and seemed to shut out a world of wondrous beauty, the summer sky with its cloud-islands above us,and the blue lake with its grave old associations beneath us, are beautiful pictures in my memory forever.

At Morges we took the cars and passed for an hour or so over one of the finest and most elaborately cultivated countries I have ever seen. When we arrived at Yverdon we found that the steamer which was to bear us over the beautiful lake of Neufchatel was not yet in; we asked one of the Railroad officials how long we should have to wait, and his reply was, "At least one hour." Thereupon we looked around to see how we should bestow ourselves for the longer half of sixty minutes, but amusement, for a short time, is not hard to find in a pretty, rural place like Yverdon. We took up our quarters in a grand old grove about twenty yards from the depot, and for want of something else to do fell to discussing the contents of our carpet-bag. The soldiers who had been called out to assist in quelling the rebellion at Neufchatel were performing their evolutions just behind the grove where we sat. Their gay uniforms and bright weapons gleaming and flashing through the green trees, the rattle of their carbines and sound of their brazen music was decidedly warlike. But it did not make us forget that we were waiting for the boat, and in less than half an hour from our arrival we enquired of another official when the boat was expected. "Why," said he, opening his eyes like young moons, "the boat is gone." We snatched our carpet-bag and run; we opened, also, our eyes and looked. There was the canal by which boats enter the lake, there was the lake itself, in the distance, but it looked as guiltless as if it had never borne a recreant steamboat on its gentle bosom. This was a nice state of affairs; what was to be done? We had our tickets in our pockets showing that we had paid our passage from Geneva to Bale. Our baggage had gone on to its destination. What should we do? This was the question we asked several respectable looking gentlemen with yellow bands around their hats, white tassels on their arms and red stripes down their pantaloons, who respectively rolled up their eyes, shrugged their shoulders and replied "*Je ne sais pas.*" Finally, as we could not go to Bale, we went to a hotel, where we told the landlady our mishap and were comforted with the information that it was a thing of very common occurrence, arising from the uncertainty of the steamboat's arrival. This good lady advised us to apply to the *Maitre des Postes*, who is expected, in these small towns, to know everything. This we did, and he, poor man, not having slept any the night before, seemed sadly amazed and bewildered, but after looking up as if to invoke some grand thought, and down as if he sought to solve some profound probablem, he told us that we could go on that night at eleven o'clock by the diligence. So after an excellent dinner and a long promenade on the lake shore, we set out, assured that we should be in Bale during the afternoon of the next day. But alas for human hopes. After four hours and a half of jumbling and jolting the diligence set us down at the station house of the city of Neufchatel, with the comfortable assurance that we should recommence our journey at five o'clock. At first we were a little annoyed, but finally we concluded that an hour and a half is but a matter of moonshine in a life time; so we disposed ourselves as best we could, on the sofas of the station room, and went to sleep. I might have slept an hour, when I was awakened by the voice of the Doctor exclaiming, "Mrs. Bolton! we shall be left again!" And sure enough, there was the diligence with the horses prancing, the driver cracking his whip, the baggage on top, the passengers inside and everything ready for Bale. We jumped in right glad to be off. But O, spirit of patience, we were doomed to another disappointment. While we were congratulating ourselves, the conductor looked at his tablets, then at us, then at his tablets again, and his face said as plain as face could say, "you can't go with me, no how." In vain we showed him our tickets and assured him that they were paid for. In vain we appealto him on the score of our absent baggage. He only shook his head and said that made no difference to him, our names were not on *his* list, and we could not go. Ruefully we descended from our comfortable corner in the coach, and from our glowing hopes of getting to Bale that day. The conductor told us however, to see the director and perhaps he would arrange it for us to go on in the coach which was to start at seven. Accordingly the first thing we did was to find the bureau and enquire for his mightiness the director. He was not up yet, but we were told by a boy with crooked legs and great red eyes, that he would be in in an hour or two. This gave us a good opportunity to see the city, which is very interesting at this time, on account of the uprising of a part of its people in favor of the King of Prussia. It was the early morning and the city slept by the side of its fair lake, like a hushed child on its mother's bosom. Few traces of the recent struggle marred its quiet loveliness. But as we looked at the old Castle on which the banner of the free canton was waving, our hearts were very sad, for we knew that its strongholds and deep dungeons contained men with blighted hopes and broken hearts. Men whose conspiracy against the liberty of their native land had darkened the light of their homes forever. Poor fellows, their lives will probably pay the forfeit of their love of royalty. We were told that a Prussian Count residing at Neufchatel instigated the rebellion. He was immensely rich and had, no doubt, grown tired of the pledeian manners of a Republic. Happy would it be for hundreds if he were the only sufferer. Here and there sentinels were pacing their weary rounds, looking pale and wan in the light of the young morning. At one place we saw the contents of a printing office, which had been entirely destroyed; there were newspapers, letters, books and pamphlets enough, half burnt and trampled in the mud and mire to make a little mountain. At another place were a hundred cannons, mounted, ranged and ready to pour fire and death on traitor and invader. And these were the only apparent traces of the foolish and fruitless outbreak. We took a long walk on the pier, which, strange as it may seem, is one of the finest in the world. Its great strength is required by the turbulency of the lake, which, like many a beautiful woman, has a most ungovernable temper, urging it sometimes beyond all bounds. This I learned form a barometer, which shows that Neufchatel is inundated almost every year, and sometimes to the depth of twenty feet When we were tired of promenading we sat down in an avenue of fine old trees and watched the sun rise over this little island sea. Slowly and majestically he raised his flaming face above the horizon. The white clouds that curtained his portals, drew back at his approach, and the lake blushed crimison at his coming; the white mists curled up over the dark mountains,and the green vallies laughed in the light of the young day. It was a beautiful scene, and we enjoyed it, though we were wayworn and weary. But still the city slept, and the sentinels paced their rounds, and the red flag waved on the old castle, and the pisoners sat alone in their darkness.

As it was about time for the uprising of the director we went back to the bureau to see what arrangements we could make about getting to Bale. To make a long story short we found ourselves obliged to pay our passage from Neufchatel to Bale again. So at seven o'clock we set out once more and in fifteen hours arrived in the city of Bale. It was a harder and longer journey than we should have had by thesteamboat,but we were more than recompensed by the magnificence of the scenery. It is called the most beautiful route in Switzerland, but I am sure it is the most beautiful in the world. Lakes and mountains, blue rivers and dancing waterfalls, luxuriant vallies and green hills in endless combinations of wondrous loveliness, make up the splendid panorama. We arrived at Bale at nine o'clock, got an excellent supper, a good night's sleep and were out next morning early to see the wonders of the city. Our first visit was to the Cathedral. This suprerb pile, built on a high point of the left bank of the Rhine, is Gothic; gray with the frosts of nearly a thousand years. Its facade is ornamented with curious groups in bas relief, among which I noticed St. George killing the dragon. He is clad in mail and mounted on an animal which looks more like a donkey than a war horse. This old minster contains the tombs of some of the reformers, the monument of Anne, mother of the present line of Austrian princes; and the tomb of Erasmus, the great scholar and dear friends of Sir Thomas Moore. We were also shown a part of the "Dance of Death," which the world has given Holbein the credit of originating but which, the guide told us existed, on the church of the Dominicans, many years before Holbien was born. These fragments, in fresco, carefully separated from the wall, are framed and hung in the Hall where the great Ecclesiastical Council was held more than 400 years ago. Four gothic windows of this hall have, alone, remained unchanged. I looked around and tried to imagine the appearance of that sage and venerable body that took the responsibility of deposing one Pope and electing another. But it was imposible to associate that which existed in the fifteenth century with the new plaster and glaring whitewash which covers the old walls. Why will not the young Present let the old Past alone? Why will the foolish world pull out its gray hairs and disfigure its wrinkled face with whitewash and paint? When will people cease to destroy that which is beautiful and holy, by association, because it has been touched by the finger of Time?

From the terrace between the Cathedral and the river, which is called *Die Pfatz*, there is one the loveliest views in the world. The broad blue Rhine stretching away into the dim distance like a summer sea; the fine old city clustered round both its shores; the gray Jura on one side, the Black Forest on the other, and all covered, or rather crowned with a soft veil of blue haze, make a lovelier picture than painter ever portrayed. We could have staid there forever; but we had arranged to start for Strasburg at eleven and our moments were precious. I wish now that we had remained another day to see the Museum and the Library. The former contains a collection of Holbein's paintings, and the latter many interesting manuscripts and autographs, among which are those of Luther Erasmus, and Melancthon. We took the cars at eleven and arrived at Strasburg at five: stopped at the "Hotel de la Vignette," dined *a la fourchette*, and hurried out to see the Cathedral a description of which, with its wonderful clock, I will give you in my next.

Yours.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

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## LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY—NO. 2.

STRASBURG, September 13th, 1856.

MY DEAR N:—We left Bale this morning at eleven o'clock and arrived here at four, dined and hurried out to see the Cathedral. I had heard of this Cathedral from my childhood, and of course had painted its picture in my imagination, but the reality far surpasses the ideal. Nothing but the Church of Notre Dame, at Rouen, can give you any idea of the elaborate workmanship of its immense tower and principal facades. There are groups of prophets, martyrs, saints and angels, popes, prelates and apostles, holy families, holy fathers, monks, nuns, bishops and cardinals in every possible place and position. O, what story-tellers of the past are these grand old Minsters with their Gothic arches, stained windows and dim religious light. What volumes are written on the old, gray stones that the busy present has no time to read.

It was a good time to ascend the tower, so we bargained with a guide to take us up as high as sensible people ever go. When we had climbed up, up, up till we began to fear that like the man with the cork leg we should be obliged to go on forever, we came to a broad terrace ornamented with flowers and surrounded by galleries and balconies. On one side of this little garden there is a room where we found a good fire, chairs, tables sofas and all the appointments of comfort. Here policemen are stationed night and day to give the alarm when fire breaks out in the city—an idea which might be useful to the city fathers in our own land. From this high perch we saw the sun set, and a lovelier sight I never beheld. Below us the giant old town, with its high pointed roofs, its gray towers and flower-wreathed balconies; its fountains, statues and terrace-gardens. On one side the broad Rhine brightening and sparkling in the distance like a band of burnished silver. Farther away fair Baden-Baden sleeping in the great arms of the Black Forest. On the other side green slopes and fertile vallies, dotted with human homes, stretchihg away to the foot of the Vosges mountains whose brows were bound with the crimson glory of the dying day. After writing our names in a book which is kept here for this purpose; going higher, higher up to see the bell which is enormous; looking at the machinery of the great clock which has wheels as large as those of a wagon; promenading every gallery, looking over every balcony; reading the name of Goethe carved by his own hand, in the old, gray stones; putting our noses, like Dicken's Mr. Davis, into every hole and corner, we were reminded by the starks going to their homes among the tall chimneys and gray roofs, that it was time to descend. The guide showed us a balcony more than two hundred feet high from which a gentleman threw himself some two years ago. I stood on it and looked down—it is a dizzy height. No doubt the poor man was dead before he reached the pavement.

SEPTEMBER 14th.

This morning we visited the Protestant church of St. Thomas to see the monument of Marshal Saxe. It is one of the most beautiful allegories in marbles I ever saw. The Marshal, surrounded by the emblems and trophies of a hundred victories, is seen descending into the tomb, which is opened by Death wrapped in a winding-sheet. Only part of the fleshless face and one skeleton foot are uncovered, but the position and action of the terrible figure are so truthful that you are almost cheated into the belief that the fearful scene is passing before you. A beautiful female figure tries to detain the Marshal with one hand and to stay the fell destroyer with the other, while Hercules, standing at the foot of the tomb, weeps that so much strength and bravery should go down to the sleep of death. Every figure is intensely life-like, and altogether it is a most startling and wonderful group.

We also visited the monument of Guttenberg, the inventor of Printing. It is in a grand square, called the *Place de Guttenberg*. He stands holding in his hand a scroll on which is written in gold, "*Et la lumiere fut.*" And there was light! The pedestal is covered with bas reliefs, setting forth some of the great events brought about by the "art preservative of all arts;" among them is a group, of which we were not a little proud. It represents Franklin standing by his printing press, surrounded by the signers of the Declaration of Independence, with Washington and La Fayette and others of our revolutionary fathers. It is a pleasant thing to see those familiar faces and dear home names engraven on the marble of an old monarchy. I wonder that Louis Napoleon allows this silent preacher of Republicanism to exist in his dominions.

At half past eleven we went to the Cathedral to see the performance of the celebrated clock. There were but few persons in the church when we entered, but from that time till five minutes before twelve, two or three hundred gathered round the clock. This wonderful pieces of mechanism is about thirty-five feet high, and divided into sections each with an appropriate device and particular work to do. On each side of the main face sits a little angel. One holds a mallet in his right hand and a golden bell in his left; the other holds an hourglass. Precisely at twelve the angel on the right raises his mallet and strikes the golden bell. Immediately a pretty child advances in a section above and strikes with a toy on a bell held by Time in the figure of a skeleton. Then the angel strikes again and is answered by the child, who glides away to make room for a youth who answers the three blows of the beautiful angel by three more on the bell of Time. At this moment a splendid chanticleer flaps his dark green wings, stretches out his gold and crimson neck, opens his beak and startles every one by a crow that would do credit to the most princely Shanghai.—Then the bright, little angel taps his bell again, and is answered by a warrior who marches out above and strikes the bell of Time with his drawn sword. Again the crower flaps his wings, stretches out his neck, opens his beak and fills the church with a most splendid coo-coo-coo-coo-coo-ah. This time the blows of the angel are answered by an old man, who comes out slowly, strikes the bell of the great destroyer with his crutch, and passes away. Again the chanticleer claps his wings and surpasses himself with a splendid crow. All this time the apostles have been walking round the figure of the Savior in a section above, each making his salutation, and passing on to give room to the next. There is another section showing the days of the week under the figures of gods and goddesses, who advance in their turns from a niche, seated in appropriate and beautiful little chariots.

After all we have heard about the age of this clock, I find that it is almost entirely new. It was begun in 1838 and finished in 1842. It is said that M. Schwilgue, the maker, was able to use but a small part of the old clock, but it doubtless served him for a model.

SEPT. 15th, BADEN-BADEN.

Yesterday afternoon we rode out in an omnibus to the village of Kehl,from which we took the cars to this place. This railroad cost less labor than any other that I have seen in Europe. It runs nearly its whole length through level plains that Nature seems to have made with especial reference as to the accommodation of the iron horse. In some places not a hill, house nor tree, obstructed the view for miles together, but every foot was carefully and well cultivated. It was the hay-making season, and hundreds of women and children, in their picturesque red dresses, blue jackets and white sleeves were mowing, raking or hauling home the product of their fields. Whether the men were at home cooking the dinner and minding the babies,or amusing themselves socially drinking and smoking, is a question that I cannot determine. Certain I am, however, that they were not at work in the fields.

We arrived here at four o'clock and established at the Hotel de la France in time for table d'hote. After which we went out and followed the crowd. It led us to what is called the Promenade. This is a place something like the Champs Elysees at Paris, not so large, nor so expensively decorated, but far more beautiful. On one side of it are the Trinkhaus or Drinkhall and Conversation House; on the other, the little river Cos. There are fine groves and long avenues, and whole acres of grass plats, bordered with flowers, and interspersed with beautiful walks. In the midst there is a little temple where a band, stationed in the afternoons and evenings, make such delicious music as one hears but once in a lifetime. There are long rows of shops, or rather booths, under the trees, where all the richest and rarest merchandise in the world dazzle the eyes and tempt the pockets of the stranger. Hundreds of beautiful women and distinguished men from all lands were promenading these lovely walks or sitting in little groups here and there sipping coffee or discussing ices. Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses, Lords and Ladies, all busy in the pursuit of pleasure—all seeking but what few find.

We mingled with the crowd, at one moment listening to the thrilling music, at another dazzled by some regal costume, and the next carried away by a beautiful face. As the sun went down and the shadows grew darker under the old trees, the crowd increased to thousands. Darker and darker grew the shadows, dimmer and dimmer the outlines of the mountains. Yet the swee music sounded on and the splendid concourse floated by till the fair forms and radiant faces were veiled by the gray gloom of twilight. Then, as by enchantment, a thous and lamps flashed up around us—gleaming among the green leaves, clustering around the fair flowers, flaming along the avenues, or namenting the houses, till the whole place looked like a gorgeous vision.

Fair Baden-Baden! what art thou, with thy wondrous beauty, thy overflowing life, and thy surpassing gaiety? Art thou an oasis in the great world where the children of men forget their sorrows, and the flowers of hope bloom forever? Ah, no; many a sad heart mingles with thy laughing revelers, and bitter tears fall in thy fair places, and old memories of the loved and the lost haunt thy lighted palaces,—for the soul's garments are of its own weaving, and pleasure is not always born of beauty.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

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### More Comfort.

The Madison *Courier* chimes in with the general cry against Defrees, Ellis and Co., for the bungling manner with which they conducted the Republican campaign in this State. We give below a few choice extracts from that paper, for the especial benefit of those gentlemen. After reading them, we fancy that we can see the poor devils who are receiving these unmerciful kicks, with uplifted hands, agonizingly exclaim, "save us from our friends!"

"In contests waged with the sterner weapons, in which life and limbs, blood and treasure are expended—when blows are freely given and received, when men meet men at the point of the bayonet and at the cannon's mouth—after a defeat the *cause* of the defeat is carefully looked for. If the generals who commanded the beaten army have been unskillful, if they prove to be imbeciles, wanting in any of the great requisites of good leaders, they are simply unfortunate; they must retire. This is a rule without an exception, and is inexorably applied to every unsuccessful general—why shouldn't it be applied to the leaders of political parties? The gentlemen who engineered the Republican party in Indiana are clever, estimable men, every one of them; but as political leaders they are imbeciles. With superior numbers, the best cause, and the major part of the enthusiasm throughout the canvass, their party is beaten. They have been out-generaled in every particular. They reversed the principles of having the heaviest battalions concentrated at the point of attack. The enemy amused them while they undermined their entrenchments. The whole canvass was a mass of blunders and egregious mistakes from first to last."

This is rather severe. "Clever estimable men," says the Courier, "but as political leaders they are imbecile." This is all the thanks that Defrees, Ellis & Co. get for the wear and tear of conscience they have suffered during the campaign. To be thus kicked and cuffed for the free use of all the ability with which they have been blessed, is rather too bad, in fact it is quite insufferable. And to be unceremoniously drummed out of camp, as the Courier advises should be done, is rather adding insult to injury, or injury to insult, we do not know exactly which. But such is the fortune of war or want of brains (the latter the Courier says is the difficulty) and in either case it must be sub mitted to. In this sweeping denunciation of the Republican leaders we hope no allusion is intended by the Courier to our neighbor of the Journal. We believe that print has been somewhat unscrupulous, has never failed to lie when necessary, and sometimes when there was scarcely a justification for it, and gave up its columns to the free use of Defrees, Ellis & Co., not forgetting Coburn, Gordon and others of the lesser Republican lights, for the wholesale abuse and slander of Democratic men and principles, and if that is not the way to conduct a Republican campaign, the leaders here do not know how to do it. In these particulars the Journal has done its whole duty. And now after the Journal, Defrees, Ellis & Co. have done all this dirty work with a hearty good will, read the advise of the Courier for their disposal.

In conclusion we present our sympathies to the "Republican leaders" and hope they will have "better luck next time," at all events not fall into the hands of friends like the Madison *Courier*.

"But what are we to do—what can be done without leaders? In answer to that question we have only to say: You see what has been done with the present leaders; it could not have been worse done without leaders. If more fortunate men cannot be found in the Republican ranks, better to be without leaders, or hire some from the Republicans of some of the other States.

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### State Convention in Kansas.

The "Free State men" of Kansas, or more literally speaking, the agitators and fanatics, held a Convention at Big Spings, on the 28th inst., and nominated A. H. Reeder, as delegate to Congress. They will again go through the farce of holding an election, in which Reeder will receive the unanimous vote. Upon the strength of his election, without form or warrant of law, he will proceed to Washington at the meeting of Congress, and again contest the seat of Whitfield, who was returned at the regular election in October. We may, therefore, expect another re-hash of the "Kansas Budget" from the first invasion of the "Missouri Ruffians" down to the last official act of Gov. Geary in maintaining law and order in the Territory. The Black Republicans may not be able to get up another Investigating Committee, as we are not aware that any pretense of fraud is set up in the election of Whitfield. But the appearance of Reeder in the House with his election papers, will afford them sufficient excuse to stave off the practical and legitimate business of Congress, and consume the session in wrangling about slavery and its twin sister in evil "Squatter Sovereignty."

With the assurance that the fourth of March next will dawn upon the downfall of Black Republicanism in the House of Representatives, the country will be prepared to bear with comparative patience its ignominious reign for a few brief months.

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### An Admirable Hoax.

The letter purporting to have been addressed by Secretary Marcy, to Gov. Grimes, of Iowa, and so extensively circulated by the press within the last two weeks, turns out to be a hoax. As such, it is one of the best of the kind that has been perpetrated for years. It formed the text for lengthy and labored editorials in the New York *Tribune*, the *Herald*, and other eastern papers. The Washington *Union*, speaking of the letter, says it was not prepared by Secrectary Marcy, or by any person connected with the State Department. While the characteristically clear and caustic style of the distinguished Secretary is very closely imitated, the principles laid down are such as will meet the cordial approval of an overwhelming majority of the American people.

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☞ It is estimated that the loss of property on Lake Ontario by the recent gale will probably reach $150,000. Twenty or thirty vessels were more or less damaged.

### Illegal Voting in Hendricks County.

A party of young men met in Danville, on the evening previous to the election and agreed to vote as many times as they could upon the 4th inst., for the Fremont electoral ticket. One of them has been tracked through the country and diligent efforts are being made to ascertain the movements of the others. Edward C. Shannon voted in Marion township by his own name, in Springtown by the name of E. C. Hamrick, in Bellville by another name, and in Stylesville by the name of E. C. Combs, taking the oath required by the statute, swearing that he lived in that township with one Madison Hadley. Here an affidavit was filed against him for illegal voting, learning which he suddenly left for parts unknown and has not since been heard of.

Washington township gave 47 and Guildford 72 more votes than residents in these townships. The fraudulent voting in these townships was open, and hardly an attempt was made at concealment. Movers upon the road were permitted to vote the Fremont ticket. This illegal voting was done, we understand, to secure bets which had been made upon that county.

We state these facts as a link in the long chain of evidence showing the rascality of the Black Republican leaders in the elections which have passed. The frauds and corruptions of the managers of that party are unparalleled in political history, and every effort should be made to expose them fully. We are promised a statement of the illegal votes in Hendricks, as far as they can be ascertained, with the names of the parties engaged in voting fraudulently and those who aided in procuring such votes.

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### Congressmen Elected in New York.

The returns from New York, so far as received, indicate the election of Congressmen as follows:

New York Congressmen probably elected: In 1st District, Lloyd, Democrat; 2d, Taylor, Democrat; 3d, Sickles, Democrat; 4th, Kelley, Democrat; 5th, Maclay, Democrat; 6th, Cochran, Democrat; 7th, Ward, Democrat; 8th, Clark, Democrat; 9th, doubtful; 10th, doubtful; 11th, Russell, Dem.; 12th, Thompson, Republican; 13th, doubtful; 14th, Corning, Democrat; 15th, Dodd, Republican; 16th, Palmer, Republican; 18th, Cochran, Republican; 19th, doubtful; 20th, Matteson, Republican; 21st, Bennett, Republican; 22d, Goodwin, Republican; 23d, Howard, Republican; 24th, Granger, Republican; 25th, Morgan, Republican; 26th, Potter, Republican; 27th, Parker, Republican; 28th, Kelsey, Republican; 28th, Andrews, Republican; 30th, Sherman, Republican; 31st, Burroughs, Republican; 33d, Fenton, Republican.

In those districts put down as doubtful, the chances are in favor of the Democrats. Of these, it will be seen, there are four. The other twenty-nine districts will be represented by eleven Democrats and eighteen Republicans.

P. S. Since writing the above, our telegraphic news confirms the election of sixteen Democratic Congressmen to seventeen Republicans—being a gain of ten.

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☞ A private letter from N. Bolton, Esq., dated, Geneva, October 14th, states that himself and family are in good health. He says that a great many Americans have visited Switzerland this summer, and mentions among the number Bayard Taylor and a son of Allen Hamilton, Esq., of Fort Wayne, who, when there, was in good health.

We commence, to-day, a series of very interesting letters from Mrs. Bolton, which will be read with great pleasure by all, and especially by our German friends, who will be gratified to read what she says of 'fader-land.' Mrs. Bolton has succeeded in throwing a new interest around the places which she has visited which no other writer has attained.

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ACCIDENT ON THE INDIANAPOLIS AND CINCINNTI RAILROAD.—The morning Express from Cincinnati, yesterday, in the vicinity of Shelbyville, ran over five cows and two hogs, throwing the locomotive over the embankment on one side of the track and the tender on the other, severely injuring the engineer. No other damage done. We are happy to learn that the engineer will probably recover

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THREE MEN KILLED.—The 9.15 P. M. Express train on the Lafayette Railroad, night before last, in the vicinity of Zionsville, ran over a hand car on which were four Irishmen, employed on the road, killing two of them almost instantly, and severely injuring the others—one of them perhaps mortally.

☞ Erastus Corning, one of the most prominent and influential Democrats in the State of New York, is elected to Congress in the Albany District, by a majority of over 3,000. This is a Democratic gain.

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GOVERNOR WRIGHT, OF INDIANA.—Gov. Wright, of Indiana, has done noble fighting in this contest, and deserves much at the hands of the Democracy. Indiana would do honor to herself and the nation by electing him one of her United States Senators. He is one of the most popular Democrats in the country. He has a national reputation. *Burlingtrn (Ill.) Flag.*

From what we hear of Indiana public sentiment, there is not much doubt that the desire of the Flag will be gratified.—*Cincinnati Enq.*

It is so up here. Gov. Wright is the man for Senator, at least he should be one of 'em. —*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

A State that is both "Wright" and "Bright" is always hard to beat, and can't stay beaten. —*Ohio Statesman.*

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BALTIMORE, Nov. 6.—We learn that a violent tornado passed over Norfolk and Portsmouth on Tuesday last, doing considerable damage. Several houses were unroofed, the new car-house of the Seaboard and Roanoke railroad was reduced to ruins. Eight or ten persons are known to be seriously injured, and it is feared that others are under the ruins.

New Orleans papers of Friday last were received to-day, bringing dates from Ruatan to the 18th of October. They state that the recent treaty between England and Honduras had excited great commotion there. The people are opposed to the recognition of the Sovereignty of Honduras.

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PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 6.

Philip S. Clauges died this afternoon from pistol shot wounds received last evening at the hands of Isacc C. Sherlock, a clerk in the employ of his firm. The act was committed in revenge for the seduction of his wife. Clauges made a visit to the house of Sherlock and administered a drugged wine, enabling him to effect his purpose. Sherlock gave himself up, acknowledged the act and was committed to prison. Much sympathy is expressed for him. The deceased was 48 years of age and leaves a wife and four children.

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WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.

Arrangements are already in progress for a change of the editorial force of the Union newspaper. It is in contemplation to have one editor from the North, and another from the South, in view of Buchanan's administration. Nicholson will retire on the 4th of March.

The Commissioners of the California war debt report $840,000 liquidated, nearly the entire sum appropriated by Congress for that purpose.

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☞ The snow on Friday of last week was so heavy on the Western New York Railroads as to bring snow plows into use. Some of the trains were delayed in time.

### "False to Freedom and Sold to Slavery."

Such is the charge now made against the people of Indiana and every other free State that has given its electoral vote to James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge. The charge is in perfect keeping with the false issue raised upon the slavery question, before the election, and is a most gross and palpable misrepresentation of the true position of not only the Northern Democracy, but of the Democracy of the entire nation. The idea that the direct question to be settled by the election, was freedom or slavery in Kansas and the whole territory west of it to the Pacific Ocean, was persistently kept up till the last moment before the decision at the ballot-box was pronounced. The N. Y. *Tribune* closes its argument to the people by a statement of this character, as will be seen by the following paragraph in that paper of Monday last:

That question is: Shall Kansas and the territory west of it to the Pacific be blessed with freedom or cursed by slavery? Shall this thousand millions of acres—this area vast enough to subsist all the inhabitants now on the face of the earth—be opened to the free labor of the North or the slave labor only of the South?

No one knew better than the editor of the *Tribune*, that such was not the question at issue. No one knows better than those do who now charge that the people of Indiana are false to freedom and sold to slavery, that the charge is a bold and reckless assumption without a single fact or argument to support it. All that the people of Indiana or any other State have done is to decide whether the people of Kansas and the territory west of it to the Pacific should enjoy the right to decide whether slavery should be tolerated or excluded. To say that they have sold themselves to slavery, is to say that the people of those territories will decide in favor of slavery and not against it. This is a begging of the whole question. It is assuming a fact to exist that does not exist. The Democracy have simply said that they will clothe the people of Kansas and other Territories with the same power exercised by the people of Indiana themselves on this subject. They have simply decided that a citizen in Kansas is equal in rights to a citizen in Massachusetts Ohio or Virginia, and that the question of freedom or slavery may as safely be left to him in Kanses as it has been left to him in any or all of the States above named. The question at issue was Popular Sovereignty or Congressional Vassalage. The people of Indiana have decided in favor of popular sovereignty. The question of freedom or slavery was not in the issue. That was handed over to the people of the Territories, to be decided by themselves. To them the question belongs, because they, and they alone are to be affected by it.

Every man who voted for Buchanan, voted for him on this issue, which is a *true* issue; whilst every man who voted for Fremont voted for him on the issue raised by the *Tribune* and other "Kansas shriekers," which is a false issue, based upon misrepresentation and falsehood.

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From the Detroit Free Press.

### A Fugitive Slave Case—Riot Stimulated by Black Republicans—Laughable Finale.

JACKSON, MICH., Oct. 27, 1856.

Our town has been the scene of considerable excitement for the last two or three days. It appears that a negro was sent to prison for stealing a horse. After he was arrested and before trial, in Livingston county, the negro caused his master to be written to in Missouri, requesting him to come and take him back to Missouri. His master came, but not until the negro had been imprisoned. The negro requested, and made his master promise, to come after him when his time should be out. In pursuance of that understanding, his master came here, and sought an interview with the negro. The officers of the prison at first refused to let him in to see him. After much effort and perseverance, the officers let him see the negro. The master asked him if he wished to go back. The negro said, "No, he did not want to go back." After some other conversation about other matters, the negro was taken back to his work. The master then publicly stated that he should not disturb him anywhere, and should not take him back; and that he should not have come after him had he not promised to do so. The master then left for home.

The Republicans then called a meeting, and agreed on a plan of action; and that was to get up an excitement on the matter if possible. In pursuance of the arrangement, they telegraphed in every direction they could for the negroes to come to Jackson, and in each place make all the noise possible. Saturday our village was filled with "colored gemmen"—perambulating our streets with all kinds of "arms," and in close confab with the Republican leaders. Night came, and darkness was made still more dismal by these black republican "knights." Prominent Republicans constantly excited the negroes—told them to be sure to have their "powder dry." Clubs, guns, pistols, bowie-knives, bludgeons, in all the pomp of war, surrounded the prison on Saturday night. One of these leaders stationed the negroes—told them to stand for their rights—strike for their brother and liberty; and that the Republican party would back them. The clock finally struck twelve. All waited in breathless suspense. Each darkey and Republican cocked his piece—their knees began to shake Belshazzar-like. Some were suddenly affected in the bowels, and had to leave; others took a "dram" to keep up their courage and nerves. A noise was made towards Main street by some mischievous boys. Cuffy and white man became alarmed, and about half ran, to fight another day. Capts. Foote, Wilcox, Beebe and Treadwell cried for shame. They tried to rally, but it was no go. The editor of the Citizen said he would go home and get some "horse liniment," which was so potent on another occasion, and see if that would not stop such shaking and knocking of knees. He left, and has not been heard of since. After much effort, about 300 were rallied. Soon the prison doors were opened—the darky made his appearance. Hammond, a reverend gentleman, negroes and white men, surrounded him and marched to the railroad depot. Each man had his gun cocked, his sword drawn, and a bowie-knife flourishing. By this time, no foe being in sight, they became brave, valiant. Many had become intoxicated, and found a resting place on the ground. Finally, the cars came in, and poor darkey was sent to Canada. The next day drunken darkies were plenty. The more sensible became ashamed of the farce, and disappeared as soon as possible. We have some negroes here now begging money to get home.

Thus has ended the disgraceful farce, got up by prominent Republicans to aid their sinking fortunes. Their party in Congress voted to extend this fugitive law over Kansas and Nebraska. They must love the law. To-day the Republicans are mad because the Missourians did not try to get the slave. They have been heard to say that, if a row could have been got up on this case, it would have elected Mr. Bingham Governor. Mr. Bingham could have pardoned this darkey, as he has done others, before his time was out, and he could have been sent away. But no! He wanted the excitement for his election. But it was a ridiculous farce.

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☞ Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General; They won't be contented without it." The man of the iron will instantly thought of the few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up exclaiming: "*E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo.*" The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

From the Journal of Commerce.

### Protection of Property on the American Isthmus.

There is an article in the London Times of Oct. 7, more remarkable than the articles generally published in that paper, although they are often such as to excite surprise. If we consider the studious efforts of Great Britain to give the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty a different construction from the one understood by its negotiators, we need not feel any surprise that the enterprise of our capitalists as exemplified in works of permanent art, or the firm determination of our government to abide by treaty, and to shelter its citizens from ruthless massacre, should excite a morbid sensitiveness or a bullying spirit among our transatlantic neighbors. The article we refer to comments on the report of Mr. Amos B. Corwine, the Commissioner sent to Panama, which was published in the Daily Times of this city; and our little cotemporary here was not more earnest at that time in imputing false motives and false instructions to our government, than its namesake now on the other side of the water. There is a striking similarity in the avowed objects of both papers—the promotion of the election of Mr. Fremont to the Presidency. We pass by this, but have a word or two to say in reply to the London Times.

The facts of the case were these—a quarrel took place between a native of Panama and a passenger. The testimony recited by Mr. Corwine proves that the former was the aggressor, and that this led to a general rising of the natives and a general riot, arms being first used by the natives. We need not dwell on the sequel; men, women and children were murdered in cold blood; some of their bodies, stripped of everything valuable, were concealed. But the number of bodies found and recognized, was fearful. Property was seized and appropriated, whenever it could be found, and the design was evidently to destroy all which could not thus be appropriated. Balls took effect on the horse on which the U. S. Consul rode; his clothes were perforated by them. The Police force of Panama, bound by every dictate of justice and treaty stipulation to stay the hand of slaughter, openly aided the murderers, under the order of their Chief. The property of the Railroad and Steamship Companies, which accumulates wealth and importance for the Isthmus, was the especial object of attack. These outrages the London Times is pleased to term "certain disturbances at Panama attended with loss of life to some American citizens." The history of Great Britain discloses many a bloody page for trifles as compared with this "disturbance."

What did our government do? They did not take vengence in their own strong hand; they did not trust to excited newspaper comments; they did not take for granted that their citizens must be right and the natives of Panama wrong. But they appointed Mr. Amos B. Corwine, a man widely known and as widely esteemed on the Isthmus, formerly U. S. Consul to Panama, as Commissioner to take testimony, on which a judgment could be formed. He went to the scene of outrage invoked statements from all quarters, and he communicated them to our government, agreeing in all essential particulars. As his own opinion, he stated the inevitable conclusion from these facts, that the only security for our government was to extend on the Isthmus its sheltering arm to the lives and property of Americans. He recommended this course as the only, and certainly the mildest plan of obtaining indemnity for the past and security for the future.

How the Editor of the Times in this city procured a copy of this report, we are ignorant. We are equally ignorant as to the designs of our government; but we cannot imagine that their course will be opposed to treaty engagements, or that it will be checked or stayed by vulgar animadversion or attemps at sarcasm, even by the London Times.

It is avowed that such a proceeding as Mr. Corwine recommended, "could not possibly be allowed by the British government." This is bold language, but powerless; for it is the language of empty menace, and the pretension set up gathers no strength from the pains taken to announce the relinquishment to Honduras by Great Britain of Rustan. Indeed, this mouthing of honor and courtesy is in strong contrast with the statement that the ink is hardly dry in closing an agreement which good faith would have closed five years ago, when the much talked of treaty was signed.

We need scarcely remind readers of the prior treaty in existence between the United States and New Granada, by which the latter promised and assured exemption from all tolls and charges, and perfect security in crossing the Isthmus, and the former as a consideration guaranteed its neutrality, perpetually. The United States have faithfully observed this treaty, and will continue to do so; and we are glad to see that they are also by men-of-war enforcing what New Granada promised, and has never fulfilled.

The Times alludes to the open occupation of the most important part of the "Central American Isthmus," in referring to Mr. C.'s recommendation. We will only say that the Southern State of Central America, in its political or geographical meaning, is Costa Rica. New Granada is in South America, with the exception of a small tongue of land forming the Isthmus. What the exact object of this language is, we will not inquire; but the wish is probably father to the the thought, in extending the limits of Central America more than they have ever extended before.

We suggest to the Times, that such statements as that of Oct. 8, and angry comments on assumed facts, are not calculated either to conciliate the good feeling of our citizens or to promote the international courtesy of which it harps to suit its purpose. Its language answers to make out a case; but such bravdo will not intimidate our government in the pursuit of just and lawful measures of punishment or protection. Instead of condemning in angry language an allegal fillibustering policy by others, we would recommend to the Times a more prudent husbandry of facts, and a more truthful selection of language.

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PRESERVE IT.—Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor or research is often saved by such a table as the following—the work of one in his grave. If "History is Poetry," then here is "Poetry personified:"

1607—Virginia settled by the English.
1614—New York settled by the Dutch.
1620—Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
1624—New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
1627—Delaware settled by the Swedes and Fins.
1635—Maryland settled by Irish Catholics.
1636—Connecticut settled by the Puritans.
1636—Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
1650—North Carolina settled by the English.
1670—South Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
1682—Pennsylvania settled by William Penn.
1780—Georgia settled by General Oglethorpe.
1791—Vermont admitted into the Union.
1792—Kentucky admitted into the Union.
1796—Tennessee admitted into the Union.
1802—Ohio admitted into the Union.
1811—Louisiana admitted into the Union.
1816—Indiana admitted into the Union.
1817—Mississippi admitted into the Union.
1818—Illinois admitted into the Union.
1819—Alabama admitted into the Union.
1820—Maine admitted into the Union.
1821—Missouri admitted into the Union.
1836—Michigan admitted into the Union.
1836—Arkansas admitted into the Union.
1845—Florida admitted into the Union.
1846—Texas admitted into the Union.
1846—Iowa admitted into the Union.
1848—Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
1850—California admitted into the Union.

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☞ The first instalment of the capital stock of the new Bank to be established in Cincinnati, amounting in the aggregate to $160,000, has been paid up. The officers will be elected in a few days, and as soon as practicable thereafter the Bank will go into operation.