

Weekly Sentinel. THE WEEKLY SENTINEL. A LARGE MAMMOTH SHEET. Is issued every THURSDAY from the office 32 1/2 EAST WASHINGTON STREET. And sent to subscribers, in all parts of the United States, FOR TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Two copies for \$3. Five copies for \$7. Ten copies for \$12. Twenty copies one address, \$20. The Postage on the Weekly Sentinel, and mail for one year, is as follows: Within the County, \$1.00. Within the State, \$1.50. Within the United States, \$2.00. If paid by those already in it. The Postage on the Weekly Sentinel, and mail for one year, is as follows: Within the County, \$1.00. Within the State, \$1.50. Within the United States, \$2.00.

WEEKLY INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.

A National Democratic Newspaper—Devoted to the Union and True Interests of the Country.

LARRABEE, BINGHAM & CO.

[PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.]

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOLUME XVI. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 4, 1856. NUMBER 29.

Official Vote of Indiana.

We publish, to-day, the official vote of this State for President and Vice President. It will be seen that the aggregate vote of two hundred and thirty-four thousand eight hundred and thirty-three. Of this vote Buchanan receives one hundred and eighty thousand six hundred and seventy-two; Fremont, ninety-four thousand three hundred and seventy-seven; and Fillmore, twenty-one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four. Buchanan's majority over Fremont is twenty-four thousand two hundred and ninety-five; over both Fremont and Fillmore, two thousand five hundred and eleven.

By comparison of the vote of November with that of October, for Governor, it will be seen that the former exceeds the latter 4,952, and is 3,892 greater than the vote for Lieut. Governor.

Buchanan's vote is six hundred and eight greater than Governor Willard's, and five less than Lieut. Governor Hammond's.

The Fremont and Fillmore vote combined exceeds Morton's vote 4,375, and is 3,928 greater than the vote of Baker for Lieut. Governor.

A very little study of these figures will enable any one to ascertain very satisfactorily how the Fillmore men voted at the State election. It appears that Willard and Hammond got no more than the legitimate, out-and-out Democratic vote. It appears further, that the excess of the Fremont and Fillmore vote over the vote of Morton, is a little less than the increase of the aggregate vote of November over that of October. Hence, the only logical conclusion is, that about three thousand Fillmore men, who voted for their candidate at the Presidential election, did not vote at all for Governor, and that not one in twenty of the Fillmore men voted for Willard.

Now is the time for those Black Republican papers that have been so liberal of their abuse of the Fillmore men, to commence the work of reparation. But the official table settles another fact. It proves beyond all possible doubt or contingency, that the cry of fraud, so clamorously and fiercely raised against the election of Willard, was just what the Democrats pronounced it to be, a shameful and brazen-faced falsehood.

We shall now see whether those who have, day after day and week after week, labored incessantly to defend and blacken the character of a majority of the citizens of our State, will have the manliness or the honesty to retract their falsehoods. Fortunately for the cause of truth and justice, the facts and figures which we here present, leave them no possible alternative. They can voluntarily make the *amende honorable*, or stand convicted as willful and malignant libelers and slanderers.

MEMENTO MORI.—"All Saints Day," in N. Orleans, seems to have been honored with a more general and marked observance this year than usual. One of the distinguishing customs of the day, especially in Roman Catholic communities, as most of our readers are probably aware, is for the living to visit and strew with flowers, and sometimes to illuminate with the burial places of the deceased; the design of the Church in instituting "All Saints Day" being thus to admonish its children of the shortness of life, and to enforce upon the mind of man that he is "of the earth, earthy." "All Saints Day," however, is not an exclusively Roman festival. It has an honored place in the calendar of the Church of England, and we see by the New Orleans papers, that the custom of decorating the grave with garlands, was on this occasion as much observed by the English Catholics, as by the Roman Catholics. Well, be it Roman or Anglican, or both, it is certainly an observance of a kind well calculated to impress the worshipping with the solemn realities of death and eternity. It revives in the most matter-of-fact mind long forgotten memories of the loved and lost—and hard, indeed, must be the heart that comes away from such scenes sad such surroundings so softer, no better than before.

The *Vincentine Gazette* is calling up on the people of that city to encourage manufactures. What that paper says in this regard is applicable here, there and everywhere in Indiana. We quote: "Heaven knows we have too many drones. It would be advisable for our citizens mutually to take some steps towards securing an iron foundry. This, with our planing mills, furniture factories, flouring mills, woolen factories, boot and shoe manufactory, and pork and beef slaughtering establishments, would soon make our plains team with a greater life and vigor than ever entered into the dreams of the most sanguine."

Gov. Wright of Indiana.—The election is now over and we cannot be accused of partisanship in publishing the great letter of Gov. Wright of Indiana, which we give to our readers this week. We commend this letter to the careful perusal of all our readers, irrespective of party, for it is, in our opinion, the most able and most sound and statesmanlike views of the question discussed. The opinions of Gov. Wright we most sincerely and heartily endorse, and we hope to see the "other second thought" of the American People, in whom we now, and ever hope to have, the most implicit confidence,—adopt them as the basis on which rests the future welfare and stability of our Confederacy.

Head and ponder well what Gov. Wright has so eloquently said, for he is a rare statesman, and what is far better he is an honest man.—*Nobles, Democrat, Nov. 6.*

On Dr. J. Jonathan J. Barritt, of Chateaufort, Hancock county, is a candidate for Chief Clerk of the next House of Representatives of this State. Dr. Barritt is a high-toned, social, clear-headed, and would no doubt do credit to himself in the capacity sought by him. He is a good Democrat, and a brother of Indiana's most gifted poetess, Mrs. Sarah F. Bolton, now visiting temporarily in Switzerland. The Doctor has our best wishes.—*Indiana Dem.*

The Louisville Courier credits to us an attack on the Christian ministry which appeared in the *Loggier*.— *Tribune.*

If an "attack on the Christian ministry" has appeared in any New Albany paper, it must have been in the *Tribune*. All our attacks have been on the political ministry.—*N. A. Ledger.*

LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY—No. 5.

HEIDELBERG, OCT. 3, '56.

My DEAR N.—We left Baden this morning by the eleven o'clock train, and arrived here before three, having part, on wing of steam, through Rastatt, a little old, decayed town with a great castle, built in 1725, by the Margravine Sibylla, and filled with the trophies of her husband's victories in the Holy Wars. Through Karlsruhe, the Capital and residence of the court of the Grand Duchy of Baden, which is a stupid looking modern town, with but little natural or architectural beauty to recommend it to attention. Through Bruchsal, which seems, with its vast, deserted castle, once the residence of the Prince Archbishop of Speirs, asleep or dead. Through various other small towns and smaller villages, where the poor, hard-working people have but little to live on and expect little to-morrow. By various other great unoccupied and forlorn-looking castles, built by princes, palatines, bishops and marbuzars, or celebrated as having been the residence of some of those illustrious lights of other days. Over battlefields, where warriors won great victories long ago; in Roman towers, which have witnessed the winds and winters of two thousand years; over plains where cities flourished and passed away; by feudal palaces and feudal prisons, now mouldering to decay; by the graves of the past, and the monuments of its greatness like that child of the nineteenth century, the iron-horse, with his fiery eyes, his burning breath and his strong young hooves. He may bring white bread to the poorest homes in Rineiland, and yellow gold to his palaces; but alas, for the Zauberins and White Ladies that haunted its ruins; and alas, for the Undines and Mummelmaids that live in its waters! the voice of its swift giant will frighten them away forever! And, alas, for the dear old legends, written all over its hills and valleys; he will blot them out like dreams from the German heart; he is the spirit of the present age—he gives gold for the poetry of the past.

SATURDAY, October 4th.

We went to-day to the Wolf's Brunn, which is about three miles from here. By the white cottages nestled on the green slopes of the Kaiserstuhl, with the bright Neckar flowing many a hundred feet below us, and the grand mountains lifting up their proud heads far above us, we went to that lonely valley, that tradition has made famous for five hundred years. It sleeps at the foot of the mountains in the deep shadows of its venerable trees, and the voice of its rapid waters is a perpetual hymn, going out to us, to visit the castle; this we did to-day, and to see the head of it all our lives, we were not disappointed. It is one of the few ruins, among the hundreds in Germany, that has a place in the world's thoughts; and well it deserves it. Deserves it for its extent, its strength, its beauty and its associations. It stands just above the town, on the lap of the Kaiserstuhl, a magnificent mountain, which seems to lean his green brow on the blue sky. It is not certain when it was founded, nor by whom; but historians say that Otto, Count Palatine of the house of Wittelsbach, removed his court to it in the year 1253. From which time, for nearly five hundred years, it remained the residence of the court of the Elector Palatine of the Rhine. It has been three times burnt, ten times bombarded and sacked and pillaged by war, and once struck by lightning. Notwithstanding all these disasters, one of its towers and two of its facades are nearly entire, and some parts of it habitable. In one wing there is a picture gallery, which, excepting some good views of Heidelberg and its environs, is a collection of the portraits of the high born men and women who dwell in its lofty halls in the days of its glory, and went down to the dust long centuries ago. The ones that most interested me is the likeness of Elizabeth, wife of the Elector Frederick Fifth, (afterwards King of Bohemia) daughter of James first of England, and grand-daughter of Mary Stuart. I looked at her pale face long, and fancied I saw in her proud, dark eyes, the light of that Imperial spirit which dictated the words: "Let me rather eat dry bread at a King's table, than feast at the board of an elector." When she uttered this notorious sentiment, she knew not what she said; alas! unfortunate lady, who lived to learn the deep, saddest meaning of her words. She lived to wander homeless among strangers; to see the dry bread of charity. In this same range of rooms are the looking glasses that reflected the fair faces and noble forms of the old time, and the chairs on which they sat, and the boards at which they feasted, and the old china which they used. But these are not needed to impress the heart, for the worn garments are fraught with memories, and the old walls have voices, and the soul dreams in the shadow of its broken battlements.

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Mr. West and the Journal.

Letter from Mr. West.

The Journal of yesterday has an article extending its reference to the former business transactions of Mr. West, the late Democratic candidate for Mayor, which we cannot allow to pass unnoticed. Aside from the flimsy excuse which the Journal brings forward for its disparaging criticism upon the character of a man who, as that paper distinctly acknowledges, is "an intelligent, honorable, generous man," there are certain erroneous and ill-tempered remarks in reference to the "conductors" of the Sentinel, which reflect no credit upon their author.

The simple fact that Mr. West is "an intelligent, honorable, generous man," renders his unassailable; and the admission of this fact by the Journal, in the broad and unqualified terms in which it is made, is a confession that its attack was a piece of sheer wantonness, without a single circumstance to palliate it. The attempt of the Journal to justify itself on the ground that the Sentinel "ignominiously and foolishly assailed the Republican candidate," is a pitiful resort, of which an "intelligent, honorable, generous man" would scorn to avail himself. It is the plea of the weak-pouter, who would justify himself for plucking his victim, because some other "member of the profession" had established a precedent. Whether the "ignorance and foolishness" of the Sentinel is a sufficient cover for the acknowledged wickedness of the Journal, is a question, we think, which expert casuists will find no difficulty in settling. The misfortune of the Journal is, that it has turned "State's evidence" against itself.

Whether the articles of the Sentinel, in relation to Mr. Wallace betray the ignorance and folly attributed to them by the Journal, we leave for those to judge who are better acquainted with Mr. Wallace than the writer of this article is. It is true that some of the conductors of the Sentinel are comparative strangers in the city; but no one knows better than the editor of the Journal that the editorial corps of the Sentinel has been headed, throughout the canvass, by a gentleman who is one of the oldest residents of Indianapolis and one of the most experienced politicians in the State. That gentleman has made it his special business to speak through the Sentinel upon such subjects, and in reference to such facts, as were not familiar to those "conductors" of the Sentinel whose misfortune it is to be "utter strangers in our city." Those "strangers" have had the tact and the discretion, as little disposed as the Journal seems to be, to give them credit for it, to abstain from making an exhibition of their "ignorance and folly" by diving, at random, into matters which they did not fully understand. Hence when the Journal accuses them of "ignorance and foolishly assailing" the Republican candidate for Mayor, it goes off in the wrong sense altogether. Like Bech-sler's dog "Noble," it is "barking at an empty hole."

The articles in reference to Mayor Wallace, were from the pen of the gentleman to whom we have referred, and whose thorough acquaintance with the subject of his comment we think the Journal will not undertake to question. Taking all the circumstances together, our amiable cotemporary has not added many inches to his stature, either by his inexcusable attack upon Mr. West, or by his illiberal flings at those "conductors of the Sentinel" who are "utter strangers in our city."

The editor of the New Orleans Crescent, who made some awful mistakes in his political calculations, "acknowledges the corn," in the following good natured style. What a pity that deceived and defeated editors generally cannot exercise the philosophy of him of the Crescent: "We have a dim, indistinct, wandering sort of an impression, that we said something during the past canvass, to the effect that New York was sure for Fillmore. If we did, we are willing to accept any general apology that may be tendered. If we allowed anybody into our own way of thinking, we are ready to accept their apology. And if anybody asked questions of us on New York, we don't want to hear any apologies or anything else on the subject for it is a confoundingly sore on our eye, and let 'expressive silence' rule the hour."

PENNSYLVANIA.—The official returns of the vote of Pennsylvania, as carefully revised and corrected, show a majority for Mr. Buchanan over all others of 1,105, instead of 705, as stated in our paper a few days since. The opposition journals have asserted repeatedly that Mr. Buchanan is in a minority in every free State in the Union. The figures show that he has a clear majority both in his own State and in Indiana.

INDIAN CORN.—The value of this cereal to the country has never been appreciated. Recent investigations and comparison show conclusively that it is of more value than any other agricultural production, not excepting cotton even, about which so much has been said. The culture of corn has wonderfully increased the last few years; its ratio of increase being far greater than any other product. From 1839 to 1849, as per census report, the increase was fifty-eight per cent. Wool is the next highest, its increase being fifty per cent; cotton, twenty-four; oats, twenty; and wheat, sixteen. This is a remarkable result. The cotton crop has not increased half so rapidly as the corn crop, and the claim of the title of "king," is only in its influence upon the commercial interests of the country. The cotton crop of 1851 was 927,000,000 pounds, valued at \$112,000,000, while the corn crop of 1850 was 592,000,000 of bushels, which at the lowest possible price at which it can be estimated, is of far greater value than the cotton crop.

HOGS.—Up to the present time there has been an average at this point of 10,000 hogs, at prices ranging from \$4.50 to \$5.00. This latter figure is not generally offered, except for the earliest delivery. About thirty-six hundred hogs have been slaughtered. The hog market cannot be said to be brisk. General intelligence of the hog market is not such as to induce an advance in rates.—*Quincy Whig.*

Mr. West and the Journal. The Journal of yesterday has an article extending its reference to the former business transactions of Mr. West, the late Democratic candidate for Mayor, which we cannot allow to pass unnoticed. Aside from the flimsy excuse which the Journal brings forward for its disparaging criticism upon the character of a man who, as that paper distinctly acknowledges, is "an intelligent, honorable, generous man," there are certain erroneous and ill-tempered remarks in reference to the "conductors" of the Sentinel, which reflect no credit upon their author. The simple fact that Mr. West is "an intelligent, honorable, generous man," renders his unassailable; and the admission of this fact by the Journal, in the broad and unqualified terms in which it is made, is a confession that its attack was a piece of sheer wantonness, without a single circumstance to palliate it. The attempt of the Journal to justify itself on the ground that the Sentinel "ignominiously and foolishly assailed the Republican candidate," is a pitiful resort, of which an "intelligent, honorable, generous man" would scorn to avail himself. It is the plea of the weak-pouter, who would justify himself for plucking his victim, because some other "member of the profession" had established a precedent. Whether the "ignorance and foolishness" of the Sentinel is a sufficient cover for the acknowledged wickedness of the Journal, is a question, we think, which expert casuists will find no difficulty in settling. The misfortune of the Journal is, that it has turned "State's evidence" against itself. Whether the articles of the Sentinel, in relation to Mr. Wallace betray the ignorance and folly attributed to them by the Journal, we leave for those to judge who are better acquainted with Mr. Wallace than the writer of this article is. It is true that some of the conductors of the Sentinel are comparative strangers in the city; but no one knows better than the editor of the Journal that the editorial corps of the Sentinel has been headed, throughout the canvass, by a gentleman who is one of the oldest residents of Indianapolis and one of the most experienced politicians in the State. That gentleman has made it his special business to speak through the Sentinel upon such subjects, and in reference to such facts, as were not familiar to those "conductors" of the Sentinel whose misfortune it is to be "utter strangers in our city." Those "strangers" have had the tact and the discretion, as little disposed as the Journal seems to be, to give them credit for it, to abstain from making an exhibition of their "ignorance and folly" by diving, at random, into matters which they did not fully understand. Hence when the Journal accuses them of "ignorance and foolishly assailing" the Republican candidate for Mayor, it goes off in the wrong sense altogether. Like Bech-sler's dog "Noble," it is "barking at an empty hole." The articles in reference to Mayor Wallace, were from the pen of the gentleman to whom we have referred, and whose thorough acquaintance with the subject of his comment we think the Journal will not undertake to question. Taking all the circumstances together, our amiable cotemporary has not added many inches to his stature, either by his inexcusable attack upon Mr. West, or by his illiberal flings at those "conductors of the Sentinel" who are "utter strangers in our city." The editor of the New Orleans Crescent, who made some awful mistakes in his political calculations, "acknowledges the corn," in the following good natured style. What a pity that deceived and defeated editors generally cannot exercise the philosophy of him of the Crescent: "We have a dim, indistinct, wandering sort of an impression, that we said something during the past canvass, to the effect that New York was sure for Fillmore. If we did, we are willing to accept any general apology that may be tendered. If we allowed anybody into our own way of thinking, we are ready to accept their apology. And if anybody asked questions of us on New York, we don't want to hear any apologies or anything else on the subject for it is a confoundingly sore on our eye, and let 'expressive silence' rule the hour."

THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE of yesterday says: "The market for hogs was again a shade today, prices ranging from \$5.50 to \$5.70—the inside figure for light. Prices have no upward tendency, nor can it be said they are tending downwards. Packers operate with a fair degree of activity, and the latter are packing to a greater extent than usual. Owing to the dull market for Provisions, packers find it difficult to sell products to any extent, and being, therefore, unable to shift responsibilities with others, they operate with more than the usual caution. A rise in the river would doubtless produce a change in the general feeling; but at present the market is dull, and packers are waiting. There is a good demand for Lard at 10c, and barrel Wood sold to a moderate extent at \$14.75."

MADISON ITEMS.—We clip the following from the *Madison Courier*: "The Costigan House was sold on Tuesday for \$1,600 to Capt. J. G. Wright. Property rules very low in Madison. As desirable a dwelling as the Costigan House would have brought a larger sum under the hammer in Dayton or Vernon. Think of it—a city well paved, watered and lighted, a large dwelling house on one of the best streets purchased for \$1,600."

RATHEY PARTY.—A celebrated comedian arranged with his green grocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the grocer never sent in his account long before his quarter was due. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the grocer, and laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said: "I say, here's a pretty good Berry; you have sent your bill, Berry, before I die Berry. Your father, the older, Berry, he used not look so black, Berry, for I don't care a rap for you, Berry, and I shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

Martin P. Tupper, of England, has given a gold medal for the encouragement of literary literature, to be awarded to the author of the best essay on "The Future of Africa." All competitors must be Librarian citizens. The holder is to possess the medal for one year, when it will again be offered for competition, and so on annually as a reward for literary effort.

The old firm of Kirk & Greenham, pork packers of New Albany, has been succeeded by that of R. Simpson & Co., Messrs. Simpson and Irwin having associated themselves with the old firm, thus adding largely to their capital and facilities for doing business. Du-rick's past season Simpson & Co. have built a new, large, and commodious establishment on the river bank, in the upper part of the city, and have made every preparation for doing all the business that may offer during the season.—*Ind. Times.*

Colonel Benton has copyrighted his lecture on the State of the Union. He delivers it first in Boston to-morrow.