

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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## The Man.

Is a man a bit the better  
For his riches, golden gains,  
For his acres and his palaces?  
If his inmost heart is callous,  
Is a man a bit the better?  
And if a man's no bit the better,  
For his coffers and his mines,  
For his purple and fine linen,  
For his vineyard and his vines?  
Why do thousands bow the knee  
And cringe in mean civility,  
If a man's no bit the better?  
Is a man a bit the worse  
For a lowly dress of rags?  
Though he owns no lordly rental,  
If his heart is kind and gentle,  
Is a man a bit the worse?  
And if a man's no bit the worse  
For a poor and lonely stand,  
For an ever empty pocket,  
For a bowing working hand,  
Why do thousands pass him by  
With a cold and scornful eye,  
If a man's no bit the worse?

## The Lord's Prayer.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. It occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the sparkle of his great black eye had been dimmed by that baneful of Quibus, strong drink. Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore of distinguished kindness, urbanity, and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudice. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company re-seated in the drawing room, some one requested Booth as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremulously upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken by an electric stroke, as his rich, toned voice, from white lips syllabled forth, "Our Father who art in Heaven, &c., &c., with a pathos and fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his vast audience, until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (their host) stopped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame and seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I have never heard it before, never." "You are right," replied Booth, "to read that prayer as it should be read, has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how such beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of Divinity."

So great was the effect produced (says our informant, who was present), that the conversation was sustained but a short time longer in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up, and retired to their several homes with sad faces and full hearts.—*Chicago Trib.*

A "STRANGE" PREACHER.—His name was strange. Many will think his name was strange also. He was a zealous preacher and a sweet singer. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to go about the country preaching and singing. A benevolent gentleman, well off in worldly goods, desiring to make him and his family comfortable in their declining years, generously presented him a title-deed for three hundred and twenty acres of land. Strange accepted the donation with thankfulness, and went on his way, preaching and singing as he went. But after a few months he returned, and requested his generous friend to take the title deed. Surprised at the request, the gentleman inquired—  
"Is there any flaw in it?"  
"Not the slightest."  
"Is not the land good?"  
"First rate."  
"Isn't it healthy?"  
"None more so."  
"Why, then, do you wish me to take it back. It will be a comfortable home for you when you grow old, and something for your wife and children, if you should be taken away."  
"Why, I'll tell you. Ever since I've lost my enjoyment in singing, I can't sing my favorite hymn with a good conscience any longer."  
"What is that?"  
"This:  
"No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in the wilderness,  
A poor wayfaring man,  
I dwell while in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Yonder's my home and portion fare,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home!"  
"There," said Strange, "I'd rather sing that hymn than own America. I'll trust the Lord to take care of my wife and children."  
He continued singing and preaching, and preaching and singing; and the Lord did take care of him, and his children after him.

An office holder chap being asked how he contrived to hold his place under successive administrations, replied, "that the indignation must be smart which could change a man's name."

## Our Sermon.

We need not text from Holy Writ.—The fall of a young man, in this city, from a position in which he was respectable, and where he might have been useful to himself and society—his fall to the level of thieves and felons, in a single day—is a circumstance that carries with it a lesson that all young men who depend upon their daily toil for their daily bread, should allow to sink deep in their hearts. It is a sad case—a mournful commentary on the tastes, passions, and temptations of the times—but it is not isolated; it is one of hundreds that are yearly developed, astonishing the employers and weakening confidence in the employed.

Denniston was a fast young man, on a salary of five hundred dollars per annum in one of the most expensive offices in America. He had a love for fast horses, a passion for fast men, and an appetite for fast women. His uneducated sense saw in the allurements of dissipation, the gaudy necessities of dress, and the vain frivillities of fashion, the chief end and aim of life.—To him the glitter of a diamond was more attractive than the steady glow of any manly virtue—the smile of a wanton more officiating than the modest blush of the purest woman. To succeed in "conquests" where success is an every day occurrence, to shine in the gambling room as a cool but desperate player, to be learned in the language of the turf and the slang of bullies, to be distinguished for the style and cost of his garments and for the amount and extravagance of his jewelry, were the objects of his ambition—the bitter apples, fair to the eye but filled with acids within, for which he bartered away his honor, his reputation, his self-respect, forever. For a brand upon his brow that neither time nor tears can wash away.

How much of his crime is due to bad training at home, how much to lack of moral culture in later years, how much to sudden temptation exercised upon a weak and yielding purpose, how much to the influence of bad companions whose language and example have debauched his sense of right and wrong, we will not stop to inquire. He is past. Our sermon is to those who are in the path in which he has trod, though they may not yet have arrived at the goal where he has brought up. Young men! fast horses and fast women are not the objects for which good men live. The out of the garment and finely wrought the mental cultivation and the moral advancement that strengthen an honest and pious purpose. The sparkle of a jewel will not blind the eyes to the unrighteousness of a soiled reputation. The praise of bad men, though they may stray in borrowed plumes and swagger in a self-satisfied air, is a poor exchange for the good opinion and confidence of honest citizens. The revel at night, though the song may be loud and the wine of the brightest, is a pitiful compensation for the loss of the serenity of mind and perfect health that temperance gives. The end of a career which vice and appetite have guided, though it may not be a prison, is always mournful to him who pursues it, when he looks back and sees what chances of happiness, wisdom and virtue he has gambled away.

The error is in the false estimate placed upon the objects of life. There is but one happiness—being good yourself; there is but one luxury—doing good unto others! Remember Denniston.—*Chicago Tribune, July 2.*

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—A wonderful discovery is announced as having been made recently by a French chemist, M. DEVILLE. To wit, a new, easy and cheap method of separating aluminum, the metallic base of common clay, from the other constituents. This metal rivals in beauty pure silver and surpasses it in durability. Hitherto it has existed only in small quantities, and has been esteemed rather as a curiosity, the price in France being about equal to that of the rare gold! But by Mr. D.'s improved method it can be now produced in masses sufficient and cheap enough to replace copper, and even iron in many respects, and thus place the "new silver" in such common use as to suit the means of the poorest persons.

RECIPES FOR TOMATO PIES.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in order to remove the skins; then weigh them, and place in a stone jar with the same amount of sugar as tomatoes. Let them stand two days, and then pour off the syrup and boil and skim it until no more rises; pour this syrup over the tomatoes and let them stand two days as before; then boil and skin again; after the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good, if not let them stand in the syrup until drying weather, then place on large earthen dishes or plates, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week; after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between each layer. A few apples cut up and boiled in the remainder of the syrup makes a very nice sauce.

PRESERVING GREEN COLOR IN VEGETABLES WHILE COOKING.—It is recommended to add a small quantity of soda to the water in which the "greens," &c., are being cooked, to preserve their beautiful green color—say an even teaspoonful or less to two quarts of water. It appears reasonable that this result should be produced, since the alkali (soda) will neutralize any vegetable acid present which would redden the green color. As the soda would remain in the liquor, and this is thrown away, no harm can result from its use.—*American Agriculturist.*

There is more true poetry, says a contemporary, in the following stanza, from a little poem published at the time, on the death of Webster, than one often finds in "living rhyme" from more ambitious hands:—  
How well he fell asleep!  
Like some proud river widening towards the sea,  
Calmly and grandly, silently and deep,  
Life joined eternity.

## Truth about Death.

The common mode of discussing this subject, so interesting to every one of us, is so stilted over our heads, that we are glad to hear Common Sense have his say a-bout it. Thus sensibly and wisely writes some able man in the English Review:—"It is a great thing, and a terribly awful and thrilling—when for the first time in our lives Death, the Conqueror, makes himself known to us in all the mystery of his might and inexorable power. Every day the newspaper has its obituary; you are well aware that fifty people die a minute; you have been in the habit of looking up at closed blinds in the street with some sort of awe; and hatchments in the great squares have touched you as might a bronchial ruin; a newly made grave has not been without a voice and a moral; further have intercepted your path in the thorough-fares; people have died next door to you—but even death next door is death afar off—a vague, distant terror, and not a darkly awful presence. Stand, with suspended respiration and fevered temples, stand under the very dropping of his wings, as the inexorable steps to breath the last chill upon the forehead of some beloved one; feel that the solemn shadow in which you stand is deepening and deepening; kneel when the silver cord is snatched, kneel by the pale corpse in the hush of an hour before dawn, when no sounds are to be heard but the sobs of passionate mourning and the ticking of a clock— and say to God the "never more" of a bereaved heart—"Hail, Lord, or I perceive a ray of a soul that has come into the deep waters." So stand, so kneel, so cry, unto the Lord of Life, and you will know what death is, and what celestial hope may rise at last, luminous and large, out of the blackness of horror that word—*dead!*

A simple child, (says Wordsworth,) a simple child  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?  
And it is beautifully said. But I was long, very long, past the age of childhood, before I could bring myself to believe in dying. To this day, I can with difficulty, only, and by a direct mental effort, conceive, even of one dangerously sick, as dying—dead! So completely does actual, present life, even when faint and fluttering, keep its negation out of my sight. That the beautiful flame which lights up the eyes and glows in the touch, should ever go out!

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot!  
This sensible, warm motion to become  
A knotted clod!  
And other poets to go on beating and the stars to keep step along the sky; and the south wind to ripple the rivers and stir the leaves of the trees, and the little children to prattle and play and the million-fold hum of life to wake never morning, and the round, impassive heaven to be as blue as ever—O! it is strange, and was once stranger still to me!

## How best to Preserve the Teeth.

It is probable that no department of the healing art is subjected to more frequent abuse than that relating to the treatment of the teeth, and all intelligent persons should know that no practitioner of that specialty can be safely trusted whose character and professional standing are unknown to them. I would call attention to the subject because of having heard of recent abuses practiced in this city. The teeth should never be cleaned by other than mechanical means. Any chemical agent that will act upon and destroy the enamel of the teeth also. Hence, although the teeth may be made to look very white in a minute or two by the use of acid, they soon become darker than ever, to witened no more, and early decay and pain are sure to follow. In cleaning the teeth by mechanical means the only caution to be observed is that they should not be broken nor scratched, and that the tartar should be so perfectly removed that a smooth surface shall be left, as upon a rough surface there is sure to be a fresh accumulation of tartar. To have this done properly it is necessary to obtain the aid of a practised hand, appropriate instruments. To keep the teeth clean, when once made so, a full soft brush should be applied in a rotary manner at least a day, with water very cold. As often as once a week prepared chalk may be used for a dentifrice. When more than this is needed it is best to obtain the assistance of the dentist.—*Chicago, ponce stone, &c., wear away the teeth so severely, and, indestructible as the first-named is, it insinuates itself between the gum and the neck of the tooth, which latter, not being covered over with enamel, soon decays when thus exposed. Filling and filing teeth are operations which no one but an educated dentist should attempt; nor will a prudent person ever have a tooth drawn by any other hand if a dentist is near. If one is not, then let a handy person, having first cut the gum well from the neck, embrace the tooth as near the root as possible with a pair of forceps, and extract the tooth just as he would extract a nail from a piece of furniture he would not like to injure. For such a class of teeth there is a peculiar motion in drawing; but these none but a dentist will be likely to remember. To relieve an aching tooth apply a drop or two of any essential oil or laudanum, if you can get it into the cavity, or a single drop of creosote, not around the tooth, but in the cavity; and having done so close up the cavity, first with a little cotton and then with a little beeswax.*

The repeated application of such a remedy will sometimes destroy the sensation of the tooth, but more powerful agents for this purpose should be applied by the dentist alone. Even these are sometimes injurious to the mouth when carelessly applied. Above all, however, never trust your teeth (injury to which can never be repaired) to any person in whose personal integrity and professional skill you have not entire confidence.

Husk Beds.—A word about beds.—We think husk beds far preferable to straw, or any kind of mattress we have yet tried. I take the husk, inside husks, without slitting them fine, as some do, and they retain their elasticity and durability much longer, are very easily kept level, and are free from any disagreeable odor in the warmest weather; we think them superior to any other.—*Ohio Farmer.*

## THE LOUISVILLE RIOTS.

### The Massacre of the Americans Pre-determined!

[From the Louisville Journal of Aug. 14.]  
THE RIOTS.—CONCLUDING TESTIMONY.—We publish to-day a number of affidavits of respectable citizens in relation to the riots in the First Ward.  
From all the evidence that has been adduced in relation to these riots, evidence not based upon street rumors and irresponsible declarations, but substantiated by the oaths of responsible and reliable men and women, who were eye-witnesses, our readers will be convinced that all the statements which we have hitherto made upon this subject were literally and entirely true. In all our representations of these lamentable tragedies we have endeavored to do equal justice to all concerned. We have carefully excluded from our columns every statement which we were not satisfied could be proved to be true. We have refused to publish any mere rumors of any description, and have required the most complete substantiation for every sentence we have given to the public upon this subject.

In preparing the affidavits to show how these riots originated and who were their authors, we have not had an opportunity to seek out witnesses by whom doubtless many facts could be proved of even greater importance and significance than any we have published; we have taken facts only as they were voluntarily furnished us by others. We have been informed by reliable gentlemen, and, if necessary, affidavits to the fact can be produced, that, on the Sunday evening previous to the election, an Irish servant girl in the neighborhood of Dr. Randall, begged the Doctor not to go down town on the day of the election, telling him that there would be danger, that she knew more than she did, and that she knew more than she dared to tell; and that an Irish girl in the employ of Mr. Simall, on the Sunday afternoon previous to the election, earnestly entreated Mr. Simall and his son not to go into the city on the day of the election, for the Irish were armed and intended to fire from their windows and kill the Americans.

We have also been informed, that on the day of the election, about noon, an American on horseback, a particular description of whose person has been given, rode rapidly from house to house in the neighborhood where the riot in the First Ward was commenced and urged the Germans that the time had come to arm themselves and begin the attack upon the Americans. We have no doubt, that, when the riot broke out, the Irish were recovered from their drowsy and listless condition, and that the revelations will be made by them as to the origin and previous planning of these riots, both in the First and Eighth Wards.

It will be observed that in both the riots in the First and Eighth Wards the attack was made by the foreigners upon American citizens at a time when there was no sign of any disturbance whatever in the neighborhood where the riots began—that the streets were as quiet as upon any ordinary occasion—that there were no crowds of persons present—that but few Americans were in the vicinity, and that the attacks were made by Germans, armed with guns and pistols and rifles, and every description of weapons, upon unarmed Americans, who were quietly passing upon the streets, giving no provocation and expecting no attack.

In the First ward the riots were begun between two and three o'clock, and had been entirely suppressed and order and quiet had been restored, when the Irish in the Eighth commenced firing upon the Americans. There was no connection between the two riots; they were entirely distinct and separate, occurring one and a half miles apart, at different times, and altogether unconnected with and independent of any occurrences at the respective voting-places in those wards. The only coincidence about them was in the fact that they were begun by the use of firearms on the part of foreigners against unarmed native-born citizens. Every circumstance that has been made known with regard to the commencement of these riots tends to prove conclusively that the foreigners in both the First and Eighth wards were in a state of preparation for these attacks, which must have occupied weeks to effect, while the Americans were totally unprepared for and unsuspecting of any such contingencies.

In the First ward riots, there are some remarkable features deserving particular notice. There were some twenty or twenty-five Americans shot and wounded by German and Irish before any violence was offered to the foreigners. The German and Irish were all armed and they commenced the attack upon the Americans almost simultaneously at the Brewery upon Green street, and upon Campbell, Clay, Shelby, Hancock, Green, Marshall, and Madison streets. The Germans were found congregated in a large body at the intersection of Campbell and Green streets, armed to the teeth, before there was the slightest indication of a difficulty in that portion of the city. When the Germans were urged by the police officers to go quietly home and put away their guns, their only answer was a volley of bullets, and, even when the Americans had passed the houses of Germans without attempting to offer any violence whatever, the latter fired their guns at the Americans, wounding children who were following the crowd. The Americans were shot down, and crippled and maimed by bullets and buck-shot fired from guns in the hands of Germans and Irishmen, while the foreigners, who were in turn attacked by the Americans, were (with very few exceptions) beaten with sticks and stones.

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guns, pistols, knives, &c., had been going on for some time—and that during the entire day of election, peaceable American citizens in all parts of the city, in quietly passing along the streets, were insulted, abused, and attacked, with an evident intention to provoke a riot.—We regret that we have not room for all these affidavits, which conclusively determine the origin of the difficulties and give the lie to the misrepresentations and slanders of the anti-American press. We select a few of the affidavits, bearing more immediately upon the commencement of the difficulties in the First and Eighth Wards, which led to the subsequent riots.]

George W. Burge, being sworn, says that on Monday, August 6, 1856, about 9 o'clock, A. M., I was quietly walking up Main street, when at the corner of Hancock, by myself, an Irishman threw a brick at me and then ran out Hancock street towards Market and I followed him; he kept a long distance ahead of me; when between Jefferson and Green streets three Irishmen came out of a house and one of them said, "there goes a watchman after one of our countrymen," and another spoke and said, "let's kill him," and the three came up to me. I being totally unarmed knocked the three down with my fist, then almost immediately threw my arms came up and struck me with a brick; they then caught me, one cut me on the head with a knife. I also heard one of them say, "murder him, he's a watchman." They overpowered me, cut my hand and kicking me on the neck after I was down. I was senseless for three hours and was doubtless left on the ground for dead. I was perfectly sober all the morning.

GEORGE W. BURGE.  
Subscribed and sworn before me, August 9, 1856.  
O. H. STRATTON, N. P.

Alexander C. Cross states that on Monday, the 6th inst., the day of election in Louisville, he was at the Second ward polls, when a boy, say 12 or 14 years old, at about two o'clock, P. M., came to him and complained that he had been badly treated by a large number of foreigners on Green street, above Shelby. He said that he had started to water his horse, but had been driven off by them. Mr. Edward Williams was present at the time they came to him, and they concluded to see Mr. Salvage, who was acting as sheriff at the Second ward polls, and get the benefit of his advice before they took any step. They saw Mr. Salvage and it was agreed upon that he should go along.—We went to the place, pointed out to us by the boy. When we got to a point at Green street where it is intersected by Campbell street, four or five squares from the place of voting, we discovered a large number of foreigners, some with muskets, some with pistols, some with bow-knives, some with rakes, and others with axes, which they flourished over their heads.

When we got within from 50 to 100 feet from the front of the crowd, Mr. Salvage raised his hands in a supplicating position, and begged the crowd to desist from any hostile action. While Salvage was thus engaged, a man on the North-west corner corner of Green and Campbell pointing a gun toward Salvage. Affiant spoke loudly to Salvage, telling him to "look out." He supposed Salvage had not seen his danger. About the moment he spoke to him the man shot, the first gun he heard of being shot on that day.—Salvage was shot in the face, on the breast, and as he staggered, he turned his back on the crowd and was shot in the back, the shot taking effect almost at once. He bled profusely. He states that the time Salvage was shot Edward Williams was standing within two or three feet of him. Williams turned rapidly around with the intent, as witness supposed, to catch Salvage as he fell. This action turned Williams around from the crowd, and as he turned another gun was shot and Williams drew his pistol, and they all (Salvage without arms) started towards them. They started off in a hurry—some up Green and some along Campbell. They (the foreigners) would stop and then fire. Salvage's son coming about the time when Salvage was shot, was also wounded by several shots. Further, he says that when approaching the crowd of Dutch and Irish, they saw one horse waded with two or three men in it quickly passing down Green street, when on getting near by in the midst of the crowd, they were stoned and beaten by nearly all of the Dutch crowd.

After the facts above stated had transpired, a party of Americans, hearing and seeing the firing, came running up in pursuit, and the firing and fighting became general in the neighborhood. Many shots being fired from the doors and windows along the streets of this neighborhood at the Americans as they ran through the streets in different parties of foreigners.

ALEXANDER C. CROSS.  
The foregoing statement having been written in our presence, has also been carefully read to us, and we concur in the statement of facts, having been eye-witnesses of them.

EDW. WILLIAMS,  
AARON RAY,  
J. D. SALVAGE.

Wm. E. Jones states, that on Monday evening last, he and another man were coming down Green street in a peaceable and quiet way, not even talking loudly at all, when, just as he got opposite Wm. Gray's house, on Green street, near the brewery, he (affiant) was shot at out of the immediate neighborhood. He knows that he was in great danger, for, though the bullet or shot missed him, he distinctly heard the same whistle close to his head. This was five or six squares from where any voting was had. Wm. E. Jones.

STATE OF KENTUCKY, Jefferson Co., Sec. I certify that on this day the foregoing statement of Alexander Cross was subscribed by him in my presence after having been correctly read to him, and that he being by me sworn, declared upon oath that the same is true. I do further certify that the statement signed by Edward Williams, Aaron Ray, and J. D. Salvage and that signed by Wm. E. Jones were all signed

and my presence and sworn to respectively a being true before me. Given under my hand Aug. 8th, 1856. J. T. DOZIER, Examfuer.

Joe. D. Salvage being sworn states: I was appointed by the Mayor a policeman for the Second ward polls. I was shot off at the polls. While at the Second ward polls about 2 o'clock, news was brought that the foreigners up town were in arms. Ed. Williams and Alex. Cross, night-watchmen in the Second ward, urged me to go with them to stop them. I have been all season working on public contracts on street, some 60 or 70 foreign laborers, mostly Irish. Williams and Cross asked me to go with them, because they believed I would have considerable influence with the foreigners. I went with Cross and Williams; when we reached the corner of Shelby and Green streets, we discovered a body of Germans, about 75, armed with guns congregated at the corner of Campbell and Green. I made the crowd that accompanied us to remain behind, and I would go to the Germans and talk to them. The Americans remained at the corner of Shelby street except Williams and Cross and myself. We went toward Campbell street. Williams and myself were about ten feet in advance of Cross. When we came within some 70 feet of the Germans, I raised my hands and begged them "for God's sake to go home and put away their guns." I said this several times; while my hands were raised and I was exhorting them to go home some one in the crowd of Germans cried out to allow a sign was raised and I received the contents in my face, neck, and breast. I reeled against a fence and was shot in the back and legs. Some 12 or 13 guns were fired at that time. Williams was wounded in the head and legs during this firing. The Americans then rushed up Green street and the general melee commenced. I was altogether unarmed, and I did not see any firearms among the Americans at that time. This was the beginning of difficulties at that point.—The Germans were scattered and pursued in every direction; what happened afterwards I am unable to state.

J. D. SALVAGE.  
Sworn and subscribed to before me, a notary public, this 8th day of Aug. 1856.  
L. A. WATKINS,  
Notary Public.

Wm. H. Richardson states on oath: That on Monday, Aug. 6th, (election day) about 2 1/2 o'clock, P. M. I was quietly walking out Shelby street, just south of Madison, when a man (not an American), from the second lot east of Shelby street, discharged a double barreled shot gun, taking effect in my leg and breaking the leg of Mr. Latta who was with me. There was at the time no disturbance on the street. We then got into a hack and started down Madison street with some other persons who I did not know; we discovered a large crowd of Germans and Irish, armed with double barreled guns and revolvers, at the corner of Clay and Madison streets, and they commenced firing on the hack. Mr. Latta and the gentleman with us laid down in the bottom of the hack; I being too tall to shield myself in that way got out and ran with the hack between me and the mob, and was shot in the leg, the shot passing under the horses and back, when we got opposite the crowd we had to pass between them and a cart on the opposite side of the street; an Irishman from behind the cart, shot me, the ball passing through the calf of my right leg. I then found I was losing strength and opened the hack door and threw myself in the hack whilst the horses were running, my legs hung out, and in that condition I was shot in the legs under the hack.

I have in both legs 1 1/2 shot and one bullet wound, and one shot in my right hand.

W. H. RICHARDSON.  
Subscribed and sworn to, August 8, 1856.  
O. H. STRATTON, N. P.

William Adkins states: That on the day of the election, about 3 o'clock, P. M. he heard a firing from the direction of the upper part of Madison street, near Wenzel. Affiant was at his residence on the corner of Madison and Jackson streets, and having heard the firing he drove his hack toward the place where it occurred, to see what was going on, and not apprehending any danger to himself, he took on the seat of his hack with him his little boy, about five years old; and when affiant reached the place, he found that an American had been shot in the leg so as to break it, and he called to affiant to take him into the hack, which he did. At the same time Mr. Richardson, said to be a scout teacher, and another got into the hack on Madison street back down Madison to convey the wounded man to Dr. Pyle's office for medical treatment; and he had not returned further than Shelby street, being about a square from his way back when from the upper corner of Shelby and Madison streets two shots were discharged by Dutchmen at the men in the hack, and a shot or two were directed between Shelby and Clay streets as the hack was driven on down, and on Clay streets several shots more were discharged, and clubs and stones thrown at the hack. The men inside the hack were all shot, including the aforesaid horse-legged man; and on the corner of Hancock several guns more were discharged and the same took effect on affiant, and also on his little boy by his side. Affiant and his little boy are now lying in bed sick, and the little boy is dangerously ill from those shots. Thirteen shots are in the person of affiant, and ten in the person of his little boy. Sixty-seven shot are in the hack, and one hundred shot have been counted in the leg of Richardson. The Dutch, aided by their women, were preparing their arms as affiant drove his horses up street, but he did not suppose that they intended on his return to fire on him and his hack; also he would not have taken his little boy with him on the outer east of the hack. These foreigners lined Madison street all the way down from Wenzel to Hancock street and were especially congregated on the corner of Shelby, Clay, and Hancock; and they fired on the hack in such a way that it was impossible to escape being