

AMERICAN.
BROOKVILLE, IND.
FRIDAY, OCT. 8, 1852.

Personal.

During the canvass our time has been so constantly employed, day and night, that we have not been able to reply to various letters we have received—some political, others unconnected with the canvass. We have performed all we could. If this is not sufficient apology, let them inform us.

The Choice.

Who will you John H. Farquhar or James H. Lane? Remember, you are choosing a representative, one who is to represent you; one who is to reflect your opinions, and be, as nearly as possible, the embodiment of your moral and political convictions. Now who comes nearest the standard you have in your minds?

We say Farquhar does, undoubtedly. He is a man of character—of good sense—of spotless integrity—of excellent business habits and capacity—of real substantial moral worth. Such are you, fellow-citizens; and so, if you would be truly represented, you must select a man whose character resembles your own.

Now man can call John H. Farquhar a duelist. He never sent a challenge. He never was indicted for sending a challenge. He never pled guilty to sending a challenge; nor did he ever pay a fine and undergo imprisonment in a county jail for such a horrid crime against God and man. He never took his pistol and went forth in cold blood to take a deliberate shot at the heart of his victim. He never contemplated committing murder. In these particulars he resembles you. You, like him, abhor dueling. Does he not in this represent your convictions?

In advocating the principles of human liberty, in conformity with our constitution; in maintaining the duty of the government to aid commerce by opening our western waters to universal trade; and especially in freeing the Ohio from the burdensome tax its navigation pays to Louisville; in urging the grant of public lands to actual settlers; and in making war upon what Benton calls the "absurd vagary of universal ad valorem"; we are equally sure Farquhar utters not only his own, but your sentiments; and is therefore your true representative.

We urge you therefore to let no dirty, itinerant pedlar of electioneering lies drive you from his support. His success we have the fullest confidence in; but every effort will be made to lead you to distrust it. Lying, bragging, and offering to bet, are the tools of Farquhar's enemies. We warn you against betting.—It is the argument of the bulky and black-leg, and not of an intelligent citizen.—It proves nothing but the depravity of him who offers it. Generally, such scoundrels, if they are trapped into a bet will make the stake-holders give up the money, when they find they are losers. But never mind the offers to bet. Keep steady at work. See your friends. Show them how villainously Farquhar is hunted down. Remember his manly, gallant and indefatigable efforts, and he at the polls. Be there early. Notice the absences—have them sent for; provide conveyances for the sick and aged.—Don't stop to argue, or bluster, or quarrel; leave that to the noodies who are not honest. He wants your votes and your influence; give him those, and his election is a sure thing.

We call upon our naturalized voters to remember Farquhar. The democratic leaders are your pretended friends.—They whine around you; flatter you; misrepresent us as your enemies; and fawn on you, for what? For your votes. For nothing else. What office have they ever given to a foreigner! The office of Coroner; one not worth a red cent, is the result of the love for Germans during the last twelve years. They have lived only by German votes.—Without you they would have had to go to work. With your votes they have had all the offices of the county for twelve years. They have grown rich from them—and yet one paltry office, absolutely worth nothing, is all they have allowed you to hold.

So much they love you—and you know it, and feel it, and are determined to vot for Farquhar. Stick to him.—He has always been your warm, true friend, and has done more for the German population in this District, than any other man in it.

And the Irishmen, too. Oh! how these county officers howl over the Irish vote. How they rejoice as the Sons of the Emerald Isle come in to declare their intentions of citizenship. As if the Irish were really about to verify the predictions of "The London Times" and pursue in this country the same policy that has enabled England to ruin and depopulate the finest island that God ever smelt on. As if they would lend themselves to the men who are proclaimed by England as the most valuable practical allies of the commercial policy of that country. As if they could sustain the men who refused to send a ship load of provisions to starving and dying millions of the Irish. As if, above all, they could be rallied to the support of a man who went all over Dearborn County stamping and electioneering against Mr. O'Brien, an Irish gentleman, and a Catholic, on the ground that he was a damned foreigner. Never. An Irishman never loses his self-respect. His honest pride never stoops so low as this.

In short, we tell you, we mean to deserve our victory by manfully winning it, and we ask all our friends to be faithful at their posts.

The Blood Hounds.

The same unprincipled and unmitigated warfare upon John H. Farquhar, that we exposed in a former number, is still maintained. Lane has all his forces in the field, "horse foot and dragoons;" himself the generalissimo, and with such an auxiliary force of remorseless guerrillas, as never before assembled under any leader. Let us look at them for a moment; not for the sake of appealing to the public sympathy; but first to show the desperation and want of confidence that Lane exhibits. Now we do not number those who are candidates for office; but merely the volunteer forces,—both those of the District, and those Lane has imported.

Franklin County seems to be the battle ground. As Farquhar is so well known here, and so universally respected and beloved, a mortal fight is the result, from the desire to make the many Democrats who are for Farquhar come into the support of Lane. We have here John M. Johnston, Daniel D. Jones, Dr. George Berry, Dr. Henry Berry, Dr. Conier, Alfred Ward, and Cyrus Kilgore, neither of whom is a candidate for any office, constantly at work, and making frequent speeches.

In Rush County, Hon. John L. Robinson, famous for the attachment he has exhibited to pocket knives and extra mileage; this man is particularly severe upon Farquhar, but he contrives to enliven his hockeystyle old speech, by exhibiting a caricature of General Scott. He is under a large salary, for his valuable services as a public officer, and removes the painful dignity of his position by making a show of himself. We really thought that such an extra compound of aristocracy, patent leather, starch, straps and shirt collar, could not have condescended to the business of a showman. But these are desperate days. As John is rather a slow buffoon, we advise him to consult Barnum—A monkey or two, with the help of puffing, might bring him into respectable eminence.—The other working men of Rush County are Duffindaffer and Bigger. They are small fry; but still they keep yelping.

Decatur County affords two. Bemusdaffer and the Rifle Mullen. The latter is titerian, and noisy, but like most of that class commands respect, and consequently produces no great havoc.

Ripley County is cultivated by Isaiah W. Robinson, Dr. A. Mullin, Squire Ball, a Doctor at Pennsylvaniaburg, known as "Soap Factory" and Dr. Fisk.

And last is Dearborn. We have heard of no one making speeches in Lane's own country, but his brother George. Beside these Lane has had John Pettit, Geo. E. Pugh, Charles Remelin, Dr. Gall, Bob Sprout, A. P. Willard, and Attorney General McCormick, imported here to make speeches for him; while Col. Dumont, the Democratic Elector, who did work before Lane was nominated, and who might be expected to work, is as silent as the grave.

Such, fellow citizens, is the unshamed and relentless combination that seeks the destruction of Farquhar. Robinson by a kind of political last will and testament, and he is resolved that his son in the bonds of political treachery shall enjoy the succession. The people are not to be consulted; but Mullen, Hargitt and Sprout, the political pimps of John L. Robinson, are to transfer their allegiance to the heir, and by their aid in the editorial line, and the various stamp efforts of the others, the midnight bargain and sale is to be consummated, and Lane to go to Washington. The next step will be that Lord John will have the same machinery at work to make his Governor; when the Lanes, Robisonians, Hargitts, Mullens and Sprouts, are all to be well provided for, and relieved from the sharp necessity that now pinches some of them.

Democratic Ball.

We have in this country a new chapter in politics, and one not very disagreeable, for it is one in which the ladies can participate.—We love to have the ladies with us in all our enterprises, but we must confess our democratic friends have the honor of getting up in our community the first political Ball. The following ticket was issued to the right "kith and kin," about ten days before the day on which the Ball came off, and it is said our old friend Michael Schrank, proved that he could get up fine supplies as well as furnish our market with fine beef. It will be seen that it was a fashionable ball, as the managers are composed of some of our leading citizens. The ticket reads as follows, to wit:

The pleasure of your company is respectfully requested to attend a "Democratic Ball," to be given at the residence of Mr. Michael Schrank, on the evening of Thursday, September 20, 1852.

MANAGERS:

GEORGE PIERCE, ALEX. FISKE, J. C. MCCLERY, NATHAN DAVIS, J. C. BURTON, JAMES HATHORN, N. C. BROWN, A. R. MCCLERY, FRANCIS HORN, B. R. BOSTON, Committee in Charge—D. D. JONES, A. R. MCCLERY.

It is said to have been a ball equal to the expectations of its most malignant friends.

Where is Lane?

Our advice from other portions of the District, are often most chartering, and fully demonstrating that the General is up and doing.

Col. Lane is up at Mr. Foy's in Lawrenceburg, in Decatur County, rather uncommunicative, and caught out little fellow—citizen with his numerous "Giant Third" gets after him. You may rest assured they won't part any more, as it is the intention of Col. Lane to sleep with him from now to eternity—*Postscript*—October 1.

But the people have a word to say. They cannot be sold like sheep in the shambles, or dumb cattle in the market. The price may be paid, or promised; the bargain may be fairly written out, subscribed and witnessed; the last will of Lord John may be never so technically drawn; it won't do, gentleman; you must stand back—for the people are fit for nothing else. But work and watch. See that tickets are distributed of the right sort; that no bullying is tolerated; and permit no illegal voting on either side. These are the honest means to carry your ends; Farquhar, being an honest man, can only represent truly those who are honest. He wants your votes and your influence; give him those, and his election is a sure thing.

Yes, and right glad was Col. Farquhar to meet Col. Lane at Clarkburgh. The balance of the story of the Democrat is mere fiction. Col. Lane attended a few of Farquhar's appointments, but the fire was not hot for him. Lane continued with F. until Friday evening when he left, the sickest dog ever seen in those parts. He gave Farquhar no notice of his intention to skulk again. But on Saturday he found no Lane at his appointments.—A friend, however, said Lane had a sick baby at home. But these happened to be a person at hand (a lady) who had been at Lane's home in Lawrenceburg the day before, and said the babies were all well. But Lane was the SICKET BABY in the district, and it was feared he would have fits. But he made a lie, as a species of excuse to his friends for dodging the fire of Farquhar. And what is worse, he thereby makes the Democrat lie in the above article, which is so wounding to the editor's feelings, and forgive to him.

False Reports.

It is not true that Jas. H. LANE will not get a single vote in Lawrenceburg.

There is one man there to whom LANE has promised the post office, in case that he and PIERCE are elected, who will vote for him. BALDRIDGE, his father-in-law, will also vote for him, if he is not too lame to get to the polls, from wounds received in MEXICO.

It is not probably true that DANL. D. JONES is laboring so fiercely for a pair of LANE's pantaloons, as reported, for DANL. is rich, but it is to pay up for the reports that LANE circulated on him last year. FOLBERE of Aurora can recollect.

Ashamed of the Company.

Two weeks since we alluded to the pack of hounds and blackguards that were pursuing, slandering and bullying FARQUHAR, and as Wm. J. Brown of the State Sentinel was posted for a speech in Dearborn Co., we associated him with PIERCE, ROBINSON, REMELIN, MULLEN, & CO. But Brown faces on his company, and requests us, when we allude to such a pack of blackguards, to omit his name in future. This is indeed getting to a low ebb, when Brown is ashamed of the above named men. But fearing we might be charged with misrepresenting BROWN, we quote from his paper as follows:

"Now we will pay a handsome reward to any one who will show that we ever uttered one disgraceful word of Col. Farquhar. We have known him for years, and always esteemed him as a highly respectable gentleman in our district. We should certainly regard him as a friend. We are opposed to his election, but that opposition is not political, but merely a personal aversion to the pack of blackguards." It will omit our name. Its use has been gratuitous and uncalled for.

Young Men!

We again remind the young men of Franklin County that John H. Farquhar is a candidate for Congress, and he expects you to vote for him, and you feel it to be your pleasure to do so. But be not content with your usual activity and energy. He has an opponent who is active, unscrupulous, and unworthy. Lane is determined to carry things by storm. Do you not see the extra exertions of Lane's friends? Does it not almost like desperation? Who pays for all these parades, balls, polo raisings, bands of music? It is not because they love Lane. It is because his money moves the elements. It is scattered freely. We are informed that \$100 was furnished for Blooming Grove township, to corrupt voters, and we have no doubt like sums are furnished to all the other townships, to his voters to move into the district as hired hands, and to hire active agents.

But are the young men of Franklin county

of horror over the discovery that there is a hand-bill out against Jas. H. Lane.

We do not believe a word of it. If there is such a hand-bill out, it has been gotten out by Lane's friends in order to create a panic in his favor. No friend of Farquhar has done it. Nor do we believe such a thing is in existence. We warn the people against being gulled by any such plans to raise sympathy. We have no doubt Lane will get out handbills against himself, and have pretended to do so. But are they not sufficient to check the current? His case is desperate, and nothing however rash, or desperate, can make it worse, and may possibly strike a favorable breeze in some

way. If the people all really knew how desperate, how wicked, and how depraved the man was, they could be better prepared for all his schemes. But close your eyes to all his stories. Nor must you look for them in a direct way—real, plain, downright lying will not carry the day now. Did the devil always approach us with hoofs and horns plainly visible, the weakest Christian could withstand him. But such is not his plan of warfare. He comes with a smiling face, and comely demeanor—in the shape of gay amusements, and doubtful but agreeable pleasures—in balls, disidence to parental commands, &c., &c. In this way does he lead his enemies astray. Some times the old fellow preaches righteousness himself, apparently against the interests of his kingdom, that he may the more easily lead his captive astray.

In political matters, too, it is not uncommon to "steal the livery of heaven," to deceive the people, and elevate an unworthy man. Then, fellow citizens, it will do to run at every cry of wolf—for if you do your house will be robbed while you are running after wolves.

Lane and his friends would do almost any thing to get his enemies to persecute him. If they would only issue a lying handbill, or have his horse tail shaved, he will not have to do it himself!

Col. Jas. H. Lane's true Character Exposed.

The Rushville Jacksonian says that the Whigs are circulating a handbill "exposing Lane's true character." This of all things they most dread. The very idea that his true character is to be exposed is horrible to them. They think if his true character is known in the northern part of the district, he will stand as poor a chance with the democracy as he does in Dearborn where his true character is known. Above all things, then, they hate the idea contained in this ghost of a handbill, for it is a lie.

But now we understand that Lane is a man of fifty years, has scarcely ever walked, rose, slept, or eaten, or taken even a cup of water, in the field, the town, or the camp, but that his thoughts were of his country—her virtues, her renown—her honor, to be assured. It is monstrous—it is intolerable! Gentlemen, with uprightness in your heart, I determine to sustain him. I did hang for treason! I did hang for rapes! I did hang for treason! And I hanged thieves and pickpockets! For gentlemen, let me say, I not only carried with me, but I resolved, with every resource I could command, to sustain, fearlessly and effectually, in its virtue and its choicest blessings, not only to my own command, but to "defeasance and peaceable Mexicans, that civilization yes to it. It is false—it is a lie.

As to the hogs, we would say that they were most excellent specimens;

of which, from their reported age, and their size, gave unmistakable evidence that his hogship had not been neglected; but that an abundance of that kind of food necessary to develop his true character had been given him—that all the different points which go to make up the perfect hog, combined as in high degree in the lot exhibited on the occasion, as could well be found in the same number of the country.

4th. Agricultural Implements. Of these were a large amount; consisting of almost every kind necessary for the farmer to carry out his occupation; many of which, for workmanship, and materials, could hardly be excelled. Of the plows especially, your Committee think they cannot speak in terms of praise, too high; and your own Committee can but express a most ardent wish that our own Fair may be honored with an exhibition of the different agricultural implements; the products of the mechanics of our own County; equal to what was exhibited upon that occasion.

5th. Of edge tools, and cutlery, they were of the very best quality.

As to drawing-knives, and other kind of edge tools, they were of the very best of workmanship; and at the cutlery, we think for variety and quality, it could not well be excelled, even by the celebrated establishments of Sheffield—indeed files and many other articles, which it has been thought could not be manufactured in this country.

6th. Of needle work and floral articles, such as quilts, counterpanes, and a large number of other articles of the same and similar kind; your Committee are of the opinion, that in point of interest and workmanship, it exceeded any other part of the exhibition.

7th. Your Committee, would not close their report without calling the attention of this Society, and of the public, to an invention designed for the killing of that most annoying and destructive animal vermin called rats. Without attempting to describe this simple article your Committee are of the opinion that it is the safest and most effective manner of destroying this most intolerable pest of any they have ever seen.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

A. B. LINE, J. M. BARBOUR, Com. J. P. BRADY.

On motion of A. B. Line, Resolved, That this Society admit the Delegates from any of the surrounding Agricultural Societies to the privileges of our Fair, without the fees of admission, not to exceed seven in number; who shall present their credentials of appointment as said delegates. Adopted.

On motion of Wm. M. Baird, Resolved to meet at Brookville as the first Saturday of November next, at 9 o'clock A. M.

J. R. GOODWIN, Prest. Pro. tem. JOHN P. BRADY Secy.

Special Election to Fill a Vacancy.

Not long since, Isaiah W. Robinson, Esq., published, or some one did for him, a long list of appointments extending through Decatur, Rush and Franklin counties. Isaiah attended a few of these meetings and spoke, but long before he had got half through the list, returned home declaring that he had not made the appointment nor authorized them to be made, and that those who had used his name without consulting him could do the work, or it might go undone. For a time there was something of a mystery about the matter, which has at length been solved. The revelation accredits Robinson of a want of fidelity to the Democratic cause, and relieved him of the censure of his party friends, (the explanation be correct) and places him in the high position he occupied before.

It seems that Col. Lane desired to en-

list, with the aid of some one did for him,

and he was up to the mark.

Let the following affidavit speak for itself.

Resolved, That a copy of the address just delivered by friend Baird, be requested for publication in the Brookville papers.

The questions for discussion at this meeting being called up; when on motion, "First claimed the attention of the Society, Jno. M. Barbour, Wm. M. Baird, Wm. Webb, and Jno. R. Goodwin, and the following statement was made:

"I am not a member of the Democratic party, but I am a member of the Whig party.

Resolved, That the following statement be signed by all the members of the Whig party.

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