

THE ABOLITION CIRCULAR.

The following is the celebrated Circular, which was published some weeks since in the "Louisville Chronicle," and some few other papers in the State. It was written by Tho. H. Shreve, Paul Seymour, J. H. Heywood, Noble Butler, F. Cosby and W. H. G. Butler, all citizens of the city of Louisville, and was addressed to the editor of the "Ripley Bee," a newspaper printed in the State of Ohio.

This letter doubtless, was intended by its authors for the inspection and use of Abolitionists alone; but by the merest casualty, it found its way into a public journal. There is ground for the belief, that a large number of copies of it were prepared in Louisville and sent into Ohio and the other free States.

The interference in the domestic affairs of our State, by the citizens of other States, has heretofore been universally condemned by the people of Kentucky, and it is scarcely to be credited that any portion of our citizens should so far outrage the sentiments of the State, as to invite this interference by the vilest Abolitionists of the North.

The anti-slavery party of Kentucky now profess to be in favor of only the most gradual scheme of Emancipation, yet it will be seen that this *secret* Circular contains the most *ultra* Abolition doctrines.

Is there, then, strong presumptive evidence that there is one common sentiment on the subject of slavery, between the Emancipationists of this State and the morbid Abolitionists of Ohio? And must we not conclude, that if assured of their strength, they would declare for *immediate and unconditional* Abolition in Kentucky?

Is not the fact that Kentuckians are seeking foreign aid to abolish slavery, and by this coalition to invade the domestic peace and the present prosperity of the South, a startling matter? Will not its bare announcement confound the understanding and stagger the belief of the soberest of our people?

Kentuckians! look well to the movements of these schemers for change. Remember that the largest philanthropy has often been used as a mask to rivet the bonds of oppression the tighter. Men who are willing to take by the forms of law your slave to-day, will not stop, if they attain sufficient power, to take your ox, or a tenth of your crop, or a portion of your land to-morrow. Once established the violability of right to *one species of property*, and the right to any other is insecure against power. The power that takes this year, may in the next become weak and suffer in its turn against the strong—and in this way force, and not law or right, predominate. The slave-owner can now emancipate his slaves; but if he chooses not to do so, shall legalized violence set them free?

But here is the Circular:

From the Ripley Bee of March 3

Emancipation in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, January, 1849.

DEAR SIR:—The people of Kentucky are resolved to hold a Convention for the amendment of the Constitution of the State, in August next delegates to this Convention will be elected. The present movement in this State on the subject of slavery, so deeply interesting to all the friends of emancipation, has reference to this constitution. It is confidently believed that if proper exertions are used, the friends of emancipation will succeed in grafting on the new Constitution some provision by which the State will be relieved from the great evil of African slavery. There is a great demand throughout Kentucky for some practical arguments, showing the moral, social, and economical evils of slavery, and we have no doubt that if the friends of emancipation had the means of printing and distributing tracts and newspapers containing such views as are needed, an immense amount of good would be accomplished. So encouraged are we of the advantage that would result from printing and distributing arguments in form adapted to the wants of the people, we do not hesitate to see the present movement upon the adoption of

We have no doubt that the present interest of the present movement in this State was fully appreciated, all the difficulties in the way of raising the requisite funds for the gratuitous distribution of tracts and newspapers would speedily vanish. If Kentucky breaks up her system of bondage, the example will have a powerful influence on the other slaveholding States. Delaware, Maryland and Missouri would soon rid themselves of slavery, and an agitation would arise in Virginia that would shake that ancient Commonwealth to its foundations. Slavery hemmed in by impassable barriers on the South-west, with no new territory on which it could discharge its surplus, and with the prospect of northern slave States arrayed on the side of freedom, would have a limit to its existence as well as to its extension. How long would it be before the people of the States in which the system would then exist, with all its dark and fearful features greatly aggravated, would call on the General Government for relief?

To all who desire the extinction of African slavery, the present movement in Kentucky commends itself with peculiar force. It affords the only practicable means of shortening the duration of the Institution, a national evil. THIS MOVEMENT TRANSFORMS INTO A NATIONAL IMPORTANCE, AND LOSES ITS LOCAL CHARACTER, AS WE REGARD IT AS THE FIRST GREAT STEP TOWARDS THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES. WHO THEN THAT DESIRES TO SEE OUR COUNTRY REDEEMED FROM THE GUILT OF SLAVERY, WILL NOT BE WILLING TO CONTRIBUTE TO A FUND TO BE APPLIED TO THE GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION OF TRACTS AND NEWSPAPERS IN KENTUCKY? These documents will necessarily circulate beyond the borders of this

and will have due influence in other States, as they will emanate from and express views displaying with the subject as it presents to the public mind. The arguments, facts, and similar to those now

WE EARNESTLY INVOKE THE SYMPATHY AND AID OF FRIENDS WITHIN BOTH OUR OWN AND OTHER STATES. WE ASK THEM TO COME FORWARD AND CONTRIBUTE TO A FUND WHICH SHALL BE MOST SACREDLY APPLIED TO PRINTING AND GRATUITOUSLY CIRCULATING TRACTS AND NEWSPAPERS CALCULATED TO STRENGTHEN, DEEPEN, AND WIDEN THE FEELING IN FAVOR OF EMANCIPATION. We are willing to superintend the preparation and distribution of such documents, and hope that enough persons will be found ready to co-operate with us in this great and glorious work of philanthropy, patriotism, and humanity, to place its success beyond peril.

We would especially direct the attention of the friends of emancipation to the Louisville Examiner. This paper, we are satisfied, has been instrumental in doing a great deal of good. If permitted to go out of existence at the end of such profound interest as the present, it would sadden the hearts and the hopes of those who are contending for the removal of slavery from the States; and yet, as the subscription to the paper is unequal to its support, it can be continued only by the assistance of friends. It is of the last importance that "The Examiner" be continued, and that a FUND BE CREATED FOR THE PURPOSE OF PRINTING A LARGE NUMBER OF COPIES FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION IN EVERY PART OF THE STATE. The non-slaveholders comprise a large portion of the voters of Kentucky, and we are deeply solicitous that they shall be reached by the facts and arguments presented by the Examiner. What friend of emancipation can refuse to contribute liberally to a work of such magnitude and interest.

THOM. H. SHREVE,
PAUL SEYMOUR,
F. CROSBY,
JOHN H. HEYWOOD,
NOBLE BUTLER,
W. H. G. BUTLER.

N. B. Contributions forwarded to Rev. J. H. Heywood, (Treasurer of our society) will be reported to the Committee.

Obituary Notice.
THE funeral of Wm. H. G. Butler will take place on Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, from the residence of J. H. Bailey, at Chestnut street, between First and Second.

The late William H. G. Butler.

Seldom in our city has so great a degree of excitement been seen as that which has been manifested since the murder of William Butler. The lofty and generous character of the deceased had made him respected and beloved by all who knew him; and throughout the city was heard a universal lamentation for his death under such atrocious circumstances. He was born in Jefferson county, Indiana; and at the time of his death was in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He graduated with honor in Hanover College. His intellect was of a very high order—keen and discriminating. He was unremitting in his application to his studies: never suffering himself to be diverted from any subject which he had determined to master. He penetrated to the heart of a subject with almost unerring certainty—often surprising those who were most familiar with it. His style of writing was remarkably smooth and classical—his great modesty preventing him from often employing it. His acquisitions were extensive, for after graduating he devoted himself to study with renewed energy. Before going to Europe he became quite familiar with the German, Spanish, Italian, and French languages, conversing in the latter language with the ease of a native. During his residence in Europe, he conversed at Rome and Florence in Italian, in French at Paris, and in German at Berlin and Vienna. Wherever he remained for any length of time, he made friends; and after his return to America he received letters from his European friends, manifesting as much affection and confidence as if the writers had known him for life-time.

It was principally his moral character that gave him his high standing in this place, and in every place in which he became known. We knew him intimately for a long time, and we never discovered the first fault in him. We never knew him to do an ungentlemanly action, or to utter an ungentlemanly word. His was the soul of generosity and honor. No littleness of feeling ever found way in his heart. No one who knew him ever disputed his slightest assertion. The idea of falsehood was strange to him. His heart was filled with the warmest affections; and for those whom he loved he would do everything and give everything. He was the idol of his class in college; and never received a reproof from his instructors. With all his gentleness, nothing could deter him from doing what he considered right. One circumstance shows the opinion entertained of his conscientiousness, by those who knew him best. When some friends expressed their regret, on account of the consequences, that he had inflicted the chastisement, which produced the murder, his aged mother said: "It would have made no difference to Will, when he thought he was right; if he had been sure of what was to follow." For him, vice seemed to have no temptation. He walked in the middle of vice without receiving a stain. Of him it might be truly said,—

"His life hath flowed, a sacred stream
In whose calm depths the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, rides in light,
And takes no shadow from them."

Such a character may seem fabulous; but every one who knew William Butler well, say that we have not been guilty of the slightest exaggeration. He died nobly in the discharge of his duty, without wavering or shrinking. He died a death more glorious than that of the hero on the battle field; for he died bravely, without any of the excitement of military display to support him. His relatives deplore his loss; but they are proud to claim relationship with him. And often, hereafter, may the mother say in urging her son to stand to the right, "Do your duty, if you die like William Butler."—a far nobler exhortation than the Boar-

an, "Either this or upon this." The pages of life are all over with him—

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

No, he does not sleep. Goodness, such as his, is immortal. He has gone from the storms and clouds of this life to that other region whence the smile of the Almighty heavens is eternally over the happy plains.

The pen has fallen from the hands of our Senior, unmanned by the distressing tragedy which leaves a widow torn with unutterable anguish, and a sorrowful orphan child within the bosom of his family circle. In thus accounting for the lack of editorial on the second page of this morning's issue, we do not desire to add fuel to the excitement now in the public mind.

Thus far the law has held its course unimpeded, and public justice has marched as it should always, and with an even pace. This case has been treated, as all such tragedies should be, with due deference to the rights of the accused, and also with proper regard to the supremacy of the law and of public justice, under the action of the proper tribunals.

We only desire this course to continue, and that this case with its startling characteristics shall meet with its proper scrutiny and trial, at its proper time and in its proper manner.

We desire to see the accused have all their rights as citizens—all to the farthest limit, but those rights are no more than those of the humblest, poorest and most friendless of the community.

The law is, and should be, the protector of all, and that alone under its proper, regular, systematic, certain and conclusive administration. We desire that the accused should have all the aids that, with its proper advisers and assistants, the law can afford them.

Further than that we deem it our duty as citizens and independent journalists to watch, and watch with a voice to speak and a hand to work. This intimation is not given out as a threat, and far from any purpose to interfere or even to criticize the regular action of the courts. But we intend to speak plainly, that any extraneous and irregular action or influence of wealth or family brought to bear at any time upon a fair and impartial trial of these cases will meet with prompt exposure.

William H. G. Butler.

The diabolical event which resulted in the death of this gentleman, was properly noticed in the Courier yesterday. In this morning's edition, we publish a report of the evidence elicited before the examining court, in regard to the deplorable tragedy.

From the testimony of several witnesses, all pupils in the Louisville High School, of which Mr. Butler was one of the principals, it appears that Matt F. Ward, accompanied by two of his younger brothers, (Robert and William,) entered the school on Wednesday morning, and called for Mr. Butler; that Mr. B. was informed that some one wished to see him, and came out from one of the recitation-rooms, in which he was at the time engaged; that a few words passed between him and M. F. Ward, touching the chastisement administered by Mr. Butler to William Ward, a pupil, the day previous, for a breach of one of the rules of the school; that there was then a hostile demonstration on the part of Mr. Ward, followed by a defensive demonstration on the part of Mr. Butler, when the former drew and fired a pistol, and the latter fell mortally wounded. [See the police report in another column.]

It is an injunction of holy writ, and also a duty which every man owes to society, to be careful how he sits in judgment upon the acts of his fellows. There are some acts, however, so glaring and atrocious, as to sit in judgment upon themselves, and proclaim in the ears and to the hearts of all, their own utter condemnation. And, viewed by the light which was thrown upon it through the testimony given before the examining court, the killing of William Butler by Matt F. Ward, was an act of this character.—Few deeds more at odious are to be found mentioned in the records of modern crime; not one, that had so little to palliate it, has at any time come within our own knowledge. Men have been assassinated for hire, at the instigation of ambitious princes in whose way they stood; others have been murdered for their money, which could be obtained only through their death; and love, jealousy, madness, revenge, have each and all lain at the bottom of crime, and counted their victims by hundreds. Here was a *motive*, in either case, strong and controlling. But when or where, before, was the life thus recklessly and coolly taken, of an honorable, amiable, high-minded man, engaged at the moment in the offices of his useful profession, unarmed, unarmed, unsuspecting? We would not, at any time, lightly utter a single word to wound the feelings of any fellow creature; but when crimes like this occur, it is our duty, it is the duty of every one having control of the columns of a public journal, to speak of them as they deserve. He who fears or fails to do so, is false to his obligations to society, and unfit for the position he holds.

William H. G. Butler was a native of Indiana, and was twenty-eight years old at the time of his death. He was educated at Hanover College, where he graduated with distinguished honors. He was one of the best educated men in the Western country, and one of the best and most successful teachers. After graduating he removed to this city, where he was for a period of eighteen months a private tutor in the family of Robert J. Ward, Esq., the father of Matt F. Ward. He subsequently traveled in Europe, and three years ago was a delegate from the American Peace Society to the World's Peace Convention at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. After his return, and since he established the Louisville High School in association with Professor Sturgis, he was again offered the situation of private tutor in Mr. Ward's family, and a liberal salary was proposed as an inducement for him to accept the place. The desire to be more widely useful, however, had caused him to undertake the establishment of a

first-class school here, for boys, and the same desire now induced him to decline the offer made by Mr. Ward in a spirit of generosity and from warm personal regard. Mr. Butler married soon after his return from Europe, and has left a widow with a child some seven months old. He died on Tuesday morning about 1 o'clock.

A true friend, a purer man, a better practical Christian, a more unobtrusive spirit, a more law-abiding citizen, it has not been our lot to know. He was, indeed, the soul of truth, honor, integrity, and real manliness. Profession and practice were one with him. In all good works, that came within the sphere of his usefulness, to resolve and to do were the same.—He combined, in an unusual degree, the simplicity and trustfulness of childhood with the wisdom and caution of mature life. A member of the American Peace Society, he was opposed to war a sincere and earnest Christian, he was void of guile; a lover of the truth in all things, he could make no terms with falsehood in any guise; an amiable, modest, accomplished and useful man, he had no enemies, and troops of friends.

But he has gone from among us, in the prime of life—struck down in a moment, with the bloom of his many virtues mantling upon him—making another victim, in Kentucky, to that spirit reckless of blood—defying man and scorning God—whom the administration of justice here, has rather fostered than checked.

"Weep for the word is spoken;
Mourn, for the deed is done;
The master cord is broken;
The master-hand is cold."

The remains of Mr. Butler will be buried in Cave Hill Cemetery, from the residence of J. H. Harney, Esq., on Chestnut, between First and Second streets, at 10 o'clock this morning.

LOUISVILLE:

MONDAY, JULY 10, 1854

The Ward Trial.—The Course of Defense.

Until we read the Ward trial, we never had any proper conception of the full force of Daniel O'Connell's expressive language upon the subject of criminal trials. "When," said that experienced advocate, "I reflect upon the fallibility of human testimony and the corruption of jurors, I tremble for the cause of justice." No one, as well acquainted as we are with all the parties, can read the Ward trial without feeling astounded at the extraordinary character of the false tissues that were made to veil all the truths of the case. One huge system of falsehood pervades the whole affair. A stranger to all the parties would, in reading the case, be impressed with the idea that Matt F. Ward was a young man of the most exemplary character, that he was remarkable for gentleness and amiability; and that until this murder of Wm. Butler was perpetrated by him, he was the model by which the gentle and amiable virtues in Louisville were guided. Such a reader would, from the same source, draw the conclusion that Butler was perhaps occasionally amiable, but being a man of physical power he was spirited and ready for a brawl. We know of intelligent men who draw this inference from the report of the trial. This grievous injustice is hard to bear with any degree of patience, and we do not feel inclined to give it any further forbearance. What are the real facts?

Prof. Butler was one of the most remarkable men we ever knew; and we were intimate with him many years. He was one of the purest, gentlest, and most lovable men we have ever seen. We never saw any one who pretended they had ever seen a fault in him until he punished "Willie" Ward for a serious offense in school. He was the most thoroughly learned man of his age, probably, in the country. He was but twenty-eight years of age, but he had made himself

an accomplished English scholar, a thorough Latin and Greek linguist, and had mastered the French, Spanish, Italian and German languages. Such was his character as a scholar that the Appletons employed him to make a glossary for their edition of Sallust. How little did those gentlemen think then that in a short time they would be called upon to lend their names to a pamphlet designed to justify the murder of their selected scholar! The accomplished Butler and his "amiable" hunter met most strangely in the types of the Appletons.

In the midst of the rare endowments of Butler, the quiet and gentle graces of humanity beamed forth in all that he did and said, as naturally as they do in the lovely and faultless girl. And this was ever his character from youth up to his murder. No one even heard of his having a difficulty with anybody; and we who knew him intimately could not have conceived it possible that any human being could ever find in him anything out of which a difficulty could be made. We speak from a thorough knowledge of the man; we speak from the uniform testimony of the companions of his youth, and from the entire sentiment of this community. In a full review of his whole life no spot nor wrinkle can be found upon his character.

And what are the facts respecting his murder? Does his youth or manhood stand this scrutiny? We speak now alone of his "amiability," and we ask again, does this community bear such testimony for him as for Wm. Butler? The editor of the New Orleans *Crescent* seems to lament that the French system, "which," he says, "elicits every fact how remote soever bearing on the case," was not in use on Ward's trial. We think that the editor should feel thankful that "the French system" was not used on this occasion. That "system" would have given a history of the criminal's whole life; every fact that could have been gathered would have risen before him in a French criminal tribunal, and it is scarcely a matter of question even whether the Cabinet ministers, the members of Congress, and old citizens could have established excessive amiability in the accused, if the counter torrent had been let loose. But let us not be considered guilty of the injustice of calling in question the veracity of the gentlemen referred to. All that we mean is, that the most of those gentlemen were able to testify of the "amiability" from little or no intercourse with its possessor. And in order to vindicate the truth and tear aside this tissue so cunningly framed by the defense, we, to borrow the language of the New Orleans *Crescent*, proceed to supply "a few details" which would have been arrayed under the "French system."

A few years ago Mr. Richard Spence kept a family grocery store on the corner of Walnut and First streets. His sister's family lived in the dwelling part of the house in order to enjoy his protection. A negro of Mr. Ward's annoyed Mr. Spence, although he was a remarkably quiet, inoffensive man. Mr. Spence required the negro to keep himself away from the place, and was disobeyed a number of times. At length he seized the negro, locked him up, and went down into the city in search of a watchman. During his absence, Matt Ward went to Mr. Spence's with a shot gun, and in a most furious manner threatened to shoot any one who should interfere with him in seizing the negro. His language was most furious, and the whole conduct was anything but "amiable."

Josiah Bliss, whose testimony was not permitted to be given on the Ward trial, makes the following affidavit:

STATEMENT OF PROF. BLISS

NEW ALBANY, May 8, 1854.

Some years since, when I was conducting the Louisville Collegiate Institute, I had occasion to punish William Ward, who was then one of my pupils, for telling a lie. On the following morning, while I was engaged with my first class of boys, a young man in company apparently with Robert, William, and Victor Ward, entered the school room, and approaching within speaking distance, asked if this was Mr. Bliss. I replied in the affirmative. He said, "Then I would like to speak with you at the door." I immediately

left my class and started with him to the door. the keen anxiety depicted in the countenances of the younger lads, who were in company when he entered, aroused my suspicions that the young man was an older brother, and I accordingly halted at the threshold of the door, and inquired what was wanting, when he replied, "If you will come out here, sir, I will show you." I asked if his name was Ward. He replied that it was, and wanted to know why I had whipped his brother William the day before. I told him if he would come in I would settle the matter with him. He cursed me, calling me a "d--d rascal and coward" for not coming out. Believing he was armed, I attempted to shut the door, which was somewhat hindered by a thrust of his foot against it. After I had succeeded in closing it, I heard two or three kicks against it, when a volley of imprecations and oaths followed, and Ward left my house, accompanied by a young man who had been waiting at the gate during this interview.

JOSIAH BLISS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 8th day of May, 1854.
J. C. JOCELYN, J. P.

A short time before the Ward boys were entered in the school of Butler and Sturgus, President Guentz sent them home from Shelbyville College. For this Matt Ward addressed Professor Guentz a most violent letter, which no one on earth would have taken to be an "amiable" document. It was of such an outrageous character that some of the friends of the writer urged him not to send it.

The public mind of this whole country is quite familiar with the features of "amability" displayed in his visit to Professor Butler's school room. It was in keeping with the previous specimens which we have given; and the reader can now understand what would have become of the "amability" testimony if all the facts could have been elicited at the trial. But instead of this, the hero of numerous brawls was made almost an "angel of light," while by obscure, intangible implication, his victim was made out almost anything else than what he really was. And public sentiment is insulted in being told that this is justice; and he, for whose benefit this web of falsehood was woven, has the cool assurance to ask the editorial fraternity to suspend their judgment until his edition of such a trial as this could be published!

Again: a tissue of falsehood was thrown around the noble and high-spirited boys who witnessed the murder of their teacher. Without the least evidence in the world before it for such an idea, the court permitted a veil of falsehood to be manufactured for the use of the jury, by professional writers of this kind of tissue, one of whom says he has nothing to regret for the use he made of his loom. There was no testimony to show that the boys related anything but what they saw and heard, and the court permitted the outrageous falsehood to be urged upon the jury, that Sturgus had killed these boys. That was the burden of the eloquence of the "great and good" John J. Crittenden. Now, we affirm that these boys were men whose character for integrity, intelligence and truthfulness is not surpassed even by Mr. Crittenden's. There was not one of those boys who was not as worthy to stand in the witness box, and as worthy to be fully believed as any one of the Ward counsel. Such a set of witnesses has rarely been before a court of justice.

Another vile falsehood played off upon the jury was the reference to the awful whipping which "Willie" received. There was no evidence before the court that the whipping was severe, and the proof that several other boys were whipped for part of the same offense for which "Willie" was punished was not before the court. In the absence of this fact, the idea prevails that "Willie" alone was whipped, and the New Orleans *Crescent*, being guided by the edition of the trial reported by an employee of Mr. Ward, announces the whipping as a challenge to Matt Ward, a defiance, or a throwing of the glove as a guage for battle. Young Fisher, one of the boys punished on the occasion, in answer to the question, "Was the whipping severe," answered, on oath, "Just such a one as I got, which I did not consider severe."

John B. Goddard swears that "Willie" received not more than six blows; and that he heard some of them strike "Willie's" boots. And such was the uniform testimony of the boys who saw the punishment. Professor Silliman was present on the occasion, and he declared to us several times that the punishment was about as trifling a thing of the kind as he ever saw.

But it was well known to the court that in the interview which led to the murder of Butler, Matt Ward did not mention the whipping. That was no part of his complaint, yet the defense were permitted to make an awful thing of it. Mr. Wolfe was terrifically sublime on the whipping, and was no doubt in a frame of mind just then to think that Wm. Butler was but little, if any, inferior to King Herod. But when we come to review Mr. Crittenden's extraordinary speech, we shall have something more to say on this subject. It is enough that we show that Matt Ward did not refer to the whipping of Wm. Ward in his demands upon Prof. Butler, and the court committed a great wrong in permitting the defense to introduce one word on the subject. That which Matt Ward did not refer to as the reason of his call upon Prof. Butler, was magnified by those gentlemen who were hired to bully justice out of her rights into an intensely horrid affair, and the court not only made no attempt to elicit the truth, but permitted the hired gentlemen to earn their money in their own way, regardless of right, of justice, and of truth. But Matt Ward's real complaint became so small an affair in the hands of the defending lawyers, that they scarcely noticed it. And this is justice as administered by her sworn guardians! This is the kind of protection which the Hardin court gives to the quiet, law-abiding citizen against the violence of the desperado. In the very presence of the court, Judge Kincheloe permitted truth and justice to be trampled under foot by his non-interference, and rather cheered legal subtlety and impudence in their march of triumph.

When we come to apply the laws which rule wherever juries exist, these things will have their full force, and we shall find a world of matter in this trial at which the public may well be astounded.

The Louisville Murder.

The late Louisville tragedy is exciting considerable animadversion from the press. It is almost universally asserted to be one of the most damnable outrages, one of the most atrocious deeds that ever stained the criminal records of "the dark and bloody ground." The murderer and the murdered were men of some reputation, but one was that which wealth family influence and bragadocia, connected with some intellect can bring; the other the reputation of the moral highminded, intellectual, pious and devoted christian. From the preliminary examination as reported in the Louisville papers we look in vain for a mitigating circumstance. It was a cool deliberate calculating act, and can be called by no other name than *damned assassination*.

The following preamble and resolution

adapted

[For the Louisville Courier.]

Masses. Editors.—In the name of liberty and her chartered rights, in the name of an indignant community, I congratulate you as being at the head of an independent organ, whose mission it is, not to "darken counsel with words," but to "expose wickedness in high places." I have been led to make these remarks, on seeing the late atrocious outrage committed in our midst, heralded forth to the world in one of our public journals by the tender epithets of a "melancholy affair," while the account which follows, is in good keeping with its caption. Thus the unprovoked, unparalleled assault on the person of one of Louisville's most virtuous, most learned, most gifted and unoffending citizens, is so scrupulously worded, that a stranger would be at a loss—judging from its comments alone—which one of the parties concerned, was the most criminal actor, in that bloody, fatal drama. And has it come to this? Has our noble Saxon tongue lost its vigor, or rather have her degenerate sons ceased to appreciate the blessings of a free press, which it is her high behest to promulgate, and theirs to cherish? We grieve if this be the case; for if we wish to imbue our sons with correct principles, and guard the spotless purity of our daughters, we should require of the public press—that potent engine for good or evil—that it should make a marked distinction between good and evil, virtue and vice, the murderer and his victim.

A MOTHER.

November 34, 1853.

Lines on the Death of W. H. G. Butler.

What piercing shrieks are those which rend the air?
From whence those wailing sounds which thrill my heart?

The dying groan, the look of deep despair,
Which cause the tear in manhood's eye to start
Oh staunch that wound! let not the crimson tide
Of life flow on, from out that manly breast,
Ah! not the healing art, nor friends beside,
Can bring relief, or comfort the distress.

Oh what a world of woes these scenes bespeak—
A mother bent beneath the weight of years,
Unutterable woe has blanched her cheek,
And formed the channel to a flood of tears
And where is she, the fond and faithful wife,
Who first was wont to greet him to his home,
Nor ever dreamed the idol of her life,

Angels could have, 'neath Heaven's high dome,
Prostrate she falls, she could not bear the sight
Calm, and unconscious, as in death she lies,
Heaven in its mercy grants her a respite
While in her dreams she views him in the skies,
The tender babe, fond pledge of happier days
Unheeded lies, unconscious of its doom;
Around its beauteous mouth a smile now plays,
A dove of peace, amid the ark of gloom.

Ah! who would probe the depth of those fond ties,
Which linked these brothers twain, as two to one,
Sundered awhile by death; in yonder skies
They'll meet again, their heavenly course to run,
There in that peaceful clime, the God of Love
Will place his children at his own right hand,
Though dire convulsions should the earth rent o'er,
His word shall be fulfilled, his judgments stand.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1854.

THE TRIBUNAL OF PUBLIC OPINION.

It not unfrequently happens in this world that the very violence done to truth and right, results in their most complete and effectual triumph. The ends of justice, for example, have been more certainly secured by the acquittal of Matt F. Ward, than they could have been by his conviction. The general outburst of public indignation, in and out of Kentucky, which the infamous verdict in his case provoked, will, unquestionably, exert a powerful influence in confirming that moral authority of law which there was at one time reason to fear would be fatally impaired by the issue of the trial. The whole country has been taught, and taught with an impressiveness which will make the lesson enduring, that there is a higher tribunal than the Courts before which the proceedings of the latter, when corrupt and unjust, will be reviewed with terrible severity, and that though guilt may manage through base means to escape legal responsibility, there is a censure which both the criminal and the prostituted ministers of justice cannot evade or fly from. Popular judgment, every where, has concurred with singular unanimity in regarding the killing of Professor Butler as a most heinous and unmitigated crime. The jury empaneled to try the defendant, declared him innocent, and, as far as their adjudication of the case could go, undertook to put an interpretation upon the law of homicide in Kentucky, which, had it been silently acquiesced in by the community, would have destroyed the civil security for life in that State, so far as to have made it necessary for every citizen to go armed against his neighbor. But, fortunately, the province of juries is merely to determine facts. They do not make the law. And notwithstanding they may, in any particular instance, bring in a verdict contrary to the clearest and most conclusive testimony, their finding under such circumstances, is deprived of all power to affect the established principles of justice, though it may, in a trial for a capital offence, cheat the gallows of its victim. So far from giving enlarged immunity to murder, the decision of the twelve perjured men who gave back to the assassin the life and liberty he had forfeited, will tend rather to deter all persons from similar acts of sanguinary violence. In view of the earnest and emphatic expression of social reprobation that outrage on judicial propriety invoked, no jury will hereafter dare to perpetrate so gross an abuse of their trust, nor will eminent counsel, in all probability, be found again volunteering to exert their talents and to lead their weight of personal character for the purpose of promoting a manifest and execrable malfeasance, against the just penalty of his crime. It may, therefore, be concluded, that in the immediate consequences of the acquittal of Ward, as displayed in the demonstrations of a highly incensed public feeling, the law against manslaughter has received infinitely more effectual vindication than it could have acquired if the murderer had expiated his offence upon the scaffold.

There is another fact connected with this extraordinary trial which is destined to exercise throughout the country a most salutary influence. It is obvious that a false verdict has no exculpatory virtue. Matt F. Ward is, in the estimation of society, as entirely guilty of the assassination of which he was accused, as if he had been condemned, sentenced and hung. His character has undergone no purgation from the infamy which attached to it in all honest men's minds from the moment he committed a cold-blooded and cowardly homicide. Since the hour his prison doors were opened to him, he has been a wanderer, fleeing like Cain from place to place, yet finding no refuge from the scorn and odium which pursue him with relentless pertinacity. The judgment of a righteous public sentiment confronts him at every new point to which he turns with the vain longing for sanctuary, and he is still driven off, a hopeless fugitive, ignorant on what spot in all the length and breadth of his native land he may find rest for his feet and shelter from ignominy.

But this is only part of the terrible punishment to which he is doomed. It is possible that he may finally obtain some obscure and solitary corner of the earth in which to hide and house his guilty head. It is probable, even, that time will banish him from the recollection of men. But whither can he escape from the execrating and fearful retribution of his own accusing conscience? That he must bear about with him wherever he goes,

In all his weary and melancholy vagrancy, remorse, the sleepless, pitiless, unappeasable Nemesis of the murderer's thought, will keep him company, and force him "on the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy." No scene can exorcise the agonizing sense of guilt that must prey unceasingly on his heart, and no lapse of years can extinguish or assuage it. The reproachful eye of his unhappy victim will glare on him night and day, waking or sleeping. The tears of that desolate wife and orphan child, whose mutual happiness his hand blasted at "one fell swoop," will haunt him perpetually, and whether in crowds or in solitude, in light or in darkness, the ghost of his cruel and awful sin will stalk before him with frightful and hideous distinctness.

Truly may it be said of Ward, that "the way of the transgressor is hard." The verdict that saved him from the gallows is scarcely to be considered merciful. It but reserved him for a protracted anguish to which death would have been preferable, and for which the grave alone can furnish relief. In recalling the particulars of this tragic case there is one circumstance connected with it which deserves remark for the sake of the impressive and important truth it conveys. When the verdict of the jury was announced, it excited a universal indignation in every section of the Union. The press teemed with denunciations of the gross perversion of justice which had been enacted, and the evident arts and corruption which had been employed to effect it. The people of Louisville, especially, gave utterance to the shame and the chagrin they felt at the outrageous wrong which had been committed by a jury of Kentuckians. Citizens of all classes and conditions joined in this censure, and though, perhaps, the measures they adopted for exhibiting their feelings on the occasion, may not be entirely approved or justified, the motives which actuated them were eminently right and conservative. It was not the ebullition of a disappointed thirst for the life of a criminal. The acquittal or conviction of Ward, abstractly considered, was a matter of indifference. But his discharge, under the circumstances, involved an unpardonable and flagitious invasion of the security of the whole community, by an act which, if unrebuked by popular opinion, would have broken down the monuments which the criminal code of the State had thrown around the personal safety of its citizens. The result of the trial, therefore, was a public grievance, and as such it was necessary that the people should repudiate and denounce it. The fact that they did disavow and condemn it in so marked a manner, is chiefly valuable as an indication of the wholesome and sound state of social morals in this country, and the recent manifestation of it will, it is reasonable to believe, have a potential effect in intimidating those who may hope to set the laws at defiance, as well as in promoting a more faithful and vigorous administration of them by courts and juries.

Had not the citizens of Kentucky acted in this affair as they have done, the honor of their State would have been deeply disgraced. As it is, their virtuous course has proved that crime, even when surrounded with the imposing advantages of wealth and rank, cannot claim impunity from the righteous vengeance of justice; and that where it manages to elude, by unworthy means, the vindictive sentence of the law, it must encounter the, perhaps, severer chastisement of a fearless, honest, and enlightened popular judgment.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.—Our readers will find in this paper a capital letter from Europe, written by a young gentleman of this city now traveling in Europe. We have more of his delightful letters on hand, which we shall publish. Our readers will agree with us that our correspondent is one of the best of letter writers.

To the Editors of the *Philadelphia Journal*.

ON BOARD STEAMER FROM VENICE TO
PIESTE, Jan. 23, 1851.

GENTLEMEN: A trip from Rome to Venice across the Apennines may have charms for those who never tried it, but I imagine the actual experiment would dissipate them, particularly if it were made in a diligence. A diligence is at best an instrument of torture, and, when it has to be tugged along by oxen, as is the case over a considerable portion of this route, of the slowest kind of torture. It might be dragged through the Elysian fields couped up in such a vehicle without being aware of their delightfulness. But, besides the inconvenience and suffering inseparable from the mode of locomotion, we were in constant danger of attack from the banditti, who are contesting the empire of that part of the country with the Pope, if indeed they may not already be considered its actual masters. Between Rome and Ancona, the mails and diligences have been repeatedly robbed within the last month, and yet the lifeless government takes no measures to protect them. In fact, it is hardly proper to call the rickety, loose-banded machine in operation at Rome a government, for, so far as all true purposes of government are concerned, it is worth next thing to nothing. It is content to secure the obedience and the money of the people, leaving them entire liberty to protect themselves in any manner they can. As we drew further northward, however, and passed the outposts of Austrian power, the effects of a more vigorous administration of affairs soon became apparent. Every few miles we met with bands of soldiers patrolling the road, and, for some of the more dangerous localities, we were furnished with a military escort. There is something respectable even in a despotism when it allows its subjects to suffer from no oppression or rapacity but its own.

I was a little disappointed in the character of the Apennine scenery. It is in general too rough to be beautiful, and not sufficiently so to be grand. I say in general, for sometimes views burst upon the eye of the traveler as he winds his way along, that rival the Alps in sublimity, while they surpass them in gentler charms. The Alps are always wild, rugged, and terrible, but among the Apennines you now and then see a wall of craggy, frowning peaks enclosing a smooth vale, which, when carpeted in the velvet verdure of spring, affords mightiest delight to hold their revels in; in their present withered state, they reminded me of what some one has said of beauty reposing in the lap of terror.

But what struck me most on this journey was the profound stillness that reigned over the whole country—the absence of almost every indication of life and activity. Nowhere was to be seen the smoking chimney sending up its wreathy column in the air, or heard the sharp ringing sound of the axe preparing fuel for the cheerful fire, and the lowing herds calling for their daily meals, or the squeaking porklings complaining of the cold weather—nowhere were the eyes or ears greeted with those peculiar sights and sounds that give an agreeable kind of animation to a winter day in our own country, but the repose of nature, after the labors of the year were ended, was perfect and undisturbed, or disturbed at most by but one discordant noise, the groaning of the conductor in another compartment of the diligence. Whether this groaning was in consequence of the wounds he had received on his previous trip, or in dread of those he was anticipating, was at first uncertain; but afterwards I had reason to believe that coming events, or events that he feared were coming, were casting their hideous shadows across his dreamy visions; for I observed that when we were accompanied by soldiers the dolorous sounds he had been emitting were, much to the comfort of my nerves, changed into a deep and healthful snore. I interrupted him once to ask him what had become of the inhabitants of the country that none of them were anywhere visible. He replied rather crabbedly that he supposed they were in their houses.

A gentleman, who afterwards rode a few hours with me, explained the matter more satisfactorily and politely. He said that as the peasantry had no further employment out of doors till the spring commenced, they shut themselves up in their houses, in order that they might keep them-

fires comfortably warm with their little jars of charcoal, but few of them being in circumstances to afford a more expensive fire. These substitutes for stoves are in common use throughout Italy. Even the ladies of the higher classes carry them about with them, or rather cause them to be carried by their *cavalieri*, a delicate party whose knightly duties it is to remove them occasionally from under the dresses of their *innamorata*, stir up the coals with a little shovel they carry for the purpose, and then return them to their places again.

There is another custom prevalent here which, though a very cordial one, I think in bad taste—that of the men kissing each other at meeting and parting—a custom which has almost supplanted the time-hallowed usage of shaking hands. The other morning a gentleman in whose company I had been traveling for some days, and to whom I felt much indebted for his assiduous kindness, came to my bedside to take leave of me, but when he presented his shaggy cheek to be kissed, I thought if almost any other mark of my gratitude could have been equally acceptable to him I should have preferred it. I don't think I should have any unconquerable repugnance to kissing a lady, particularly if she were handsome and amiable, but circumstances alter cases. There is all the difference in the world between burying the lips in the soft and downy rose and having them jagged and torn by the thorn.

I will not tire you with an enumeration of the various places of interest I passed on this journey; some attracting the attention by the part they have played in history, others by the importance that still belongs to them, here the birthplace of an emperor or a distinguished writer of antiquity, there the scene of a battle or a siege, or some brilliant exploit that is always to have a page in the annals of the human race. Many of these I had an opportunity of examining but very imperfectly myself. I was so near the Falls of Terni, which Lord Byron says are worth all the cascades of Switzerland put together, that I imagined I could hear their roar, but could not get time to visit them. At Loreto I stole a few moments while the horses were changing to make my pilgrimage to the celebrated shrine existing there. It being night, however, the church was closed and I did not see the *Santa Casa*, but to make up as far as possible for the disappointment I brought away a medal bearing a relief of it, which I was assured by the honor of the venter had received the regular blessing of the bishop.

But Venice, whose long line of lights, when I commenced writing this, had just faded from my sight—what shall I say of Venice? I shall certainly not undertake to describe it. Those who could have a description of this famous city can find it in the pages of Byron or Rogers, in that glowing poetic language which alone is suited to the subject. When I first saw it in the distance, shining in a bright morning's sun, with its silver prairie of water around it, I thought it among the most beautiful objects I ever beheld. I could see no reason why the Adriatic might not yet be proud of his charming bride. Having once entered it, I need not tell you that I found it different from all other cities. It is not only without a parallel but there is nothing else that resembles it; it is, as the inhabitants will tell you, *unica al mondo*. Its silence, compared with other cities, is, I imagine, what at first most impresses the visitor. There is here none of the heavy tramp of the horse's hoof, no rattling of the carriage wheel, or any of the harsh sounds common to other populous streets, but instead of these you hear only the soft dip of the dripping oar. I don't know whether this circumstance of its silence first suggested the hearse-like decorations of the gondolas, but it certainly renders them very appropriate. Venice seems to be a city in mourning and would seem so though the gondolas were dressed out in the gaudiest colors. There is something solemn and funereal about its noiseless waters slowly ebbing and flowing in the deep shade of massive, overhanging edifices. And it has reason to mourn in truth, for internally it is but a shadow of what it once was—its glory is departed. It produced a feeling of sadness in my mind to wander through its desolate palaces and look upon the vestiges of its faded splendor. I have not space left me if it were necessary to give any details with regard to the numerous objects that still rivet the attention of the stranger here, all of which have been described a hundred times, such, for instance, as the *Doge's palace*, the *Bridge of Sighs*, the *Rialto*, *Titian's pictures*, &c., not omitting of course that brilliant center of Venetian life, the *Piazza of St. Mark*. When I had finished my examination of these, and had taken my seat at the table to give you what doubtless would have been a very interesting account of the whole matter, a *valet de place* entered my room with a scrap of paper in his hand on which I recognized a familiar name, and, without waiting to ask any questions, I followed him through a number of the little streets

of Venice and into a large dining-room, in the opposite end of which I beheld sure enough, shining through a field of hair, like the full moon across a wintry forest, the beaming countenance of my old friend and quondam fellow-traveler, Jovy, whom I had last seen among the mountains of Switzerland some four months before. Though we had been carrying on our operations in the city at the same time, we had never met with each other, and it was only when he was on the point of starting away that he thought of coming to the police where he found my address. This circumstance would seem suspicious in our country, but I beg you to remember that in this part of the world all strangers have more dealings with the police than they desire. At midnight, after spending the intervening time in recounting old adventures and seeking new ones, we were compelled to part again; so, going on board the steamer, I soon took my last, lingering look at Venice and at Italy. The remainder of the night, for through the window I now see the dawn rising like a purple curtain behind the city of Frieste, I have spent in scribbling this letter. You will probably think that I have been giving too much for so little, but I have the same excuse the Italians often give for doing an absurd thing—*va via, stasera, a vovv*.

W. H. G. B.

Kentucky All Over by Edwin Finch



ON NOVEMBER 2, 1953, A SAD TRAGEDY OCCURRED WHICH GREATLY AFFECTED THE FAMILY OF SALLY WARD, LOUISVILLE'S FAMOUS BEAUTY.

HER BROTHER, MATTHEW F. WARD, KILLED PROFESSOR WILLIAM H. G. BUTLER, PRINCIPAL OF A SCHOOL ON CHESTNUT STREET. PROFESSOR BUTLER HAD DISCIPLINED A YOUNGER BROTHER OF MATTHEW. THE TWO BROTHERS WENT TO THE SCHOOL THE NEXT DAY AND IN AN ALTERCATION MATTHEW SHOT THE SCHOOLMASTER WHILE THE YOUNGER BROTHER HELD THE OTHER PUPILS BACK WITH A LARGE KNIFE. WITNESSES DECLARED THAT THE PROFESSOR MERELY LAID HIS HAND ON MATTHEW'S SHOULDER TO SHOW HOW HE HAD DISCIPLINED THE YOUNGER BROTHER BUT MATTHEW DECLARED THAT HE STRUCK HIM.

FEELING RAN SO HIGH THAT A CHANGE OF VENUE WAS OBTAINED TO ELIZABETH-TOWN FOR THE TRIAL, WHICH STARTED ON APRIL 18, 1954. AFTER EIGHT DAYS THE JURY RETURNED A VERDICT OF NOT GUILTY.

AN INDIGNATION MEETING WAS HELD IN LOUISVILLE BY SOME 8,000 PEOPLE WHO HEARD A RESOLUTION READ BY BLAND BALLARD DENOUNCING THE VERDICT. OTHER RESOLUTIONS DEMANDED THAT MATTHEW WARD AND HIS BROTHER LEAVE THE CITY AND TWO OF HIS COUNSEL, NAT. WOLFE, ESQ., KENTUCKY STATE SENATOR, AND JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, U.S. SENATOR FROM KENTUCKY, RESIGN THEIR SEATS.

MOBS BURNED EFFIGIES OF WOLFE AND CRITTENDEN AND SURGED TO THE HOME OF ROBERT J. WARD, FATHER OF THE BOYS, AT SECOND AND WALNUT, WHERE THEY STONED AND SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE, DEMOLISHED A CONSERVATORY CONTAINING MANY RARE FLOWERS AND PLANTS AND HUNG IN EFFIGY THE TWO BOYS.

NOBLE BUTLER, BROTHER OF THE VICTIM ISSUED AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE TO STOP THE VIOLENCE.

ON JULY 11, 1954, THE GRAND JURY AT ELIZABETHTOWN INDICTED FOR PERJURY FOUR OF THE JURYMEN IN THE WARD TRIAL, BUT THEY WERE NEVER CONVICTED. THE WARD BROTHERS WENT TO NEW ORLEANS FOR A TEMPORARY REFUGE BUT THE POPULARITY OF THEIR BEAUTIFUL SISTER NEVER WANED.

"Kentucky All Over" will pay \$2 and up for personal experiences it can use or for true stories and oddities, with references. Address Edwin Finch, SEPTEMBER 8, 1946, LOUISVILLE, KY.

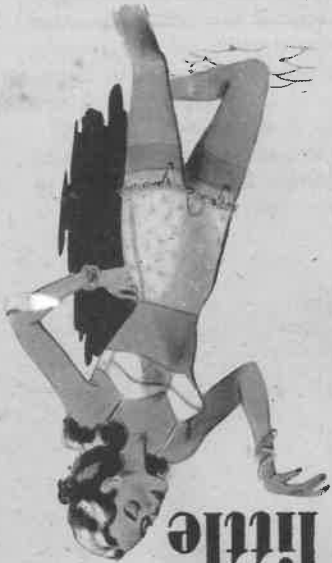
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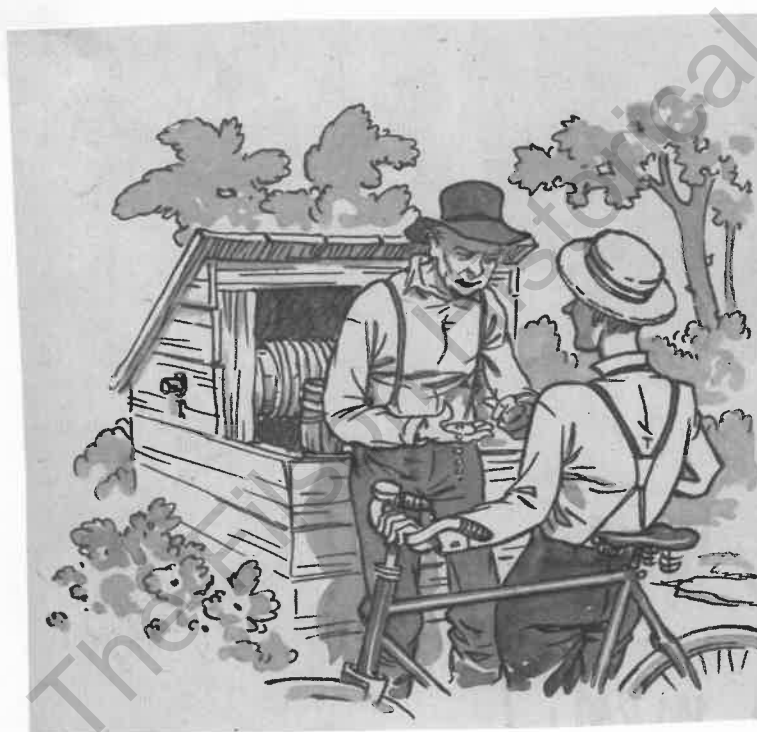
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On a hot summer day in 1894 William Butler Longest rode his bicycle out the River Road into unfamiliar territory. He saw an old man sitting on his front porch and asked him where he was. "This is Prospect," the old man replied. "Come in and have a drink of water and cool off." After drinking from a gourd dipper, William looked at his watch. "That's an old timepiece you have there," said the old man. "Yes," William replied. "it belonged to my grandfather." The old man looked at him strangely and asked if he might see it. After examining it carefully, the old man handed the watch back to William and said, "I knew your grandpa." "I doubt it," said William. "He's been dead over forty years." "That's about right," the old man said. "He was Professor Billy Butler, and you are the spit an' image of him. I was the janitor of his school and have seen that watch many times. I took it from his pocket when he was shot by Matt Ward."

The old man's name was Barnhart; he is said to have lived to be over 100.

W. B. LONGEST, LOUISVILLE.

Filson Club Hears Story Of Famous Butler Slaying

More than 100 persons overflowed the Filson Club last night to hear an account of a celebrated 1854 murder trial.

Attorney William Marshall Bullitt told how young, socially prominent Matt F. Ward was acquitted of slaying Prof. William H. G. Butler in a case that focused nation-wide attention on Kentucky. Ward

shot Butler in November, 1853, in front of Butler's private school on Chestnut between Second and Third.

Feeling ran so high here that the trial was moved to Elizabethtown. Thirteen eyewitnesses testified Ward cursed and finally shot Butler without provocation because the professor had spanked his 17-year-old brother, Willie Ward, for a classroom prank.

Dying Statement Reported.

One witness, a passer-by whose testimony was contradicted, said Butler had admitted in a dying statement that he struck Matt Ward first.

Eighteen defense lawyers, some of them famous Kentuckians, defended Ward had fired in self-defense. Among the defense attorneys were U. S. Senator John J. Crittenden; John L. Helm, twice Governor of Kentucky; and Thomas F. Marshall and George Alfred Caldwell, both former U. S. congressmen. The U. S. Secretary of the Treasury at the time also testified for Ward as a character witness.

Ward's acquittal touched off a series of indignation meetings which "bribery" charges were hurled. Matt Ward was ordered to leave town and a few years later was murdered mysteriously in Arkansas. Within eight years Matt's father and three brothers were also dead.

Butler and the Wards are buried in Cave Hill Cemetery where a white stone shaft was erected over Butler's grave with funds raised by public subscription. Several of Butler's descendants were in the Filson Club audience last night.

Tells of murder trial.

WILLIAM MARSHALL BULLITT

Courier-Journal Photo.



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THE LOUISVILLE TIMES

(ESTABLISHED MAY 1, 1884.)
EVERY WEEK DAY EVENING.

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Poll South Again

South Carolina's Democratic Executive Committee rejects TRUMAN. When Dr. GALLUP, recently, declared a poll showed TRUMAN's popularity high in the South THE TIMES suggested that the explanation might be that the world loves a fighter, as it loves a lover; that the President's throwing the red rag in the face of the bull of Deep South anti-Negro leadership had increased his popularity in the South.

One of two things is true. Those in the South whom Dr. GALLUP polled are as much at outs with many of the South's authorized leaders as those leaders are with HARRY S. TRUMAN or Dr. GALLUP's poll is as much at fault as was *The Literary Digest's* national poll which sounded for that distinguished publication the drums of doom.

Dr. GALLUP should poll again. Some observers believe the typical Southerner is not as deeply concerned about maintenance of polltax, and States rights with regard to lynching—possibly not as emotional about racial segregation—as a cross-section of leaders-opinion would indicate. A conclusive answer to that question would be interesting.



Nevada's Department of Education denies that vocational training there includes dealing blackjack, but probably experts make more in private employment than they could teaching.

Economy-Minded Man

To save Whitley County the price of a road grader, County Attorney CHARLES B. UPTON requests Governor CLEMENTS not to call a special election in the Ninth District for a successor to the late Representative JOHN ROBSON.

The new Representative would serve only until January 1, nominations for the full term will be made at the intervening primary, and, Mr. UPTON says, the election would cost each of the seventeen counties \$1,500 to \$1,800.

Until the housing shortage is over, however the specter of possible eviction and inability to find new shelter at a reasonable price will make almost any wage seem inadequate.



You've heard of the life of the party, and in HENRY WALLACE you witness a man who hopes to be the death of the party.

It Might Be Fun

For the fun of it, anyone familiar with legislative procedure might be reconciled to the enactment of Representative JENNINGS' bill limiting the introduction of bills to the first ten days of future biennial sixty-day sessions.

The laugh would be on lobbyists who spent more time preparing a program of amendments than a Legislature has to consider them. Their bills would go to committees, often to emerge in the form of committee substitutes. Everybody who contemplated legislation on any subject would have a bill drawn up in valid form, if not substance to his taste, expecting to revise it in committee or by amendment on the floor. Hundreds of bills would be introduced before the sponsors were sure they desired such legislation.

The law would increase legislators' work and confusion. Then, in all probability, it would be repealed in mid-session with an emergency clause making it immediately operative.

The task would have been even harder in 1937 had it been necessary to evacuate as many Louisvillians as have been mentioned recently for the office of Mayor.

You Blame The Press

That the Filson Club was overflowed last night by a crowd which wished to hear WILLIAM MARSHALL BULLITT discuss the Ward murder trial was due partly to the speaker's attainments, but also to interest in murders and murder trials, drama to the average, or above-average, human being.

You blame the press for giving space to murders.

MATT WARD shot and killed a schoolmaster who had whipped WARD's younger brother. The crime was as drab as murder can be except that WARD was socially prominent. The killing occurred ninety-four years ago and has been discussed ninety-four years. It still is good for a discussion by a distinguished speaker before a distinguished audience in a distinguished club—because people like to read about and hear about murder.

FRANCO, considering seeking financial aid through American banks, probably has been listening to personal loan programs.