INDIANA.

Murder of the Democratic Sheriff in Shelbyville.

KILLED WHILE PRESERVING THE PEACE.

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REPUBLICANS CLOSING THE CAMPAIGN.

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Inflow of Convicts, Murderers, Sneak Thieves, Burglars, Gamblers and Bunco Men.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 10, 1880.

I have been at great pains to get the facts concerning the political riot in Shelbyville yesterday, which resulted in the death of Sheriff McCorkle and has set the State by the ears. I will premise the story by recording that Senator Dorsey informs me that, according to John C. New, McCorkle was a bulldozer of the most pronounced type. Senator Voorhees, when I told him of McCorkle's death, said:—

"Poor fellow. Is he dead? He was gentleness and courtesy itself, manly, tender and kind. He was attentive to the sick and mindful of the poor. I knew him well and esteemed him highly."

Senator McDonald said:—"If the republicans say McCorkle was an outlaw they lie. He was a noble fellow, square and above board. The attempt to prove him otherwise will fail."

Governor Hendricks also spoke of McCorkle with affectionate regard.

FACTS IN THE CASE.

The facts in the case are few. Saturday was the day set apart for the grand republican demonstration, and at an early hour the town was filled. People from thirty miles about gathered to hear De La Matyr in the morning and General Ben Harrison, a very popular orator, in the afternoon. The demonstration was large and enthusiastic, and great feeling was manifested by men in and men out of the procession. A large number of democrats were on hand, and it was plain to be seen that it was their intention to create trouble. They paraded the streets, yelling "Hurrah for Hancock!" and tried in every manner to insult the republicans and cause a fight, while the republicans of the same stripe were quite as eager for a row. In fact, the affrays should not be charged to either party, but rather to the roughs of each.

THE ROW BEGINS.

By noon they became boisterous, after indulging in a liberal amount of bad whiskey, and began to thirst for blood. Gilbert De La Matyr spoke to a fair sized crowd of greenbackers at one o'clock, but a mob of drunken fellows disturbed the meeting to such an extent that the speaker was compelled to stop. This was on the public square. Soon after a fight took place on Broadway between a party of republicans and democrats. The democrats had been hurling epithets at the republicans and finally chanced to strike the wrong party of men. They refused to be bulldozed. A general fight ensued and the republicans came out best. A notorious bully named Andrew Ensminger, while in the act of striking with a heavy cane a man who was down, received a stunning blow on the head, cutting a severe gash and settling the bulldozer for the time being. The general sentiment was that it was a deserved blow to a cowardly bully. A democrat of respectable character standing near remarked that the lick was not received any too soon. It would be impossible to give a description of the rows that took place during the afternoon, as they followed each other in rapid succession. The democrats fought among themselves. During the afternoon a party of democratic ruffians boldly paraded the streets, swearing that no —— republican should halloo for Garfield. The bullies were checked in their threats, however, and soon stopped. It seemed as if the republicans had concluded not to be bulldozed any longer, and the insults were one by one resented.

MURDER OF THE SHERIFF.

The result of the outrageous proceeding has been of a very serious character. At about four o'clock a row took place in Hardebeck's saloon between a party of young republicans and democrats. A party of men, headed by Sheriff Albert McCorkle, who had been called in to quell the row, rushed into the saloon, and, after a few knock downs, the fight was stopped without any material damage. McCorkle then took Ed Kennedy, a young republican who was in the fracas, by the arm and walked down the street. He told Kennedy to go home and he promised to do so. At this time a crowd rushed up and another general fight took place, during which two shots were fired, one of which struck Sheriff McCorkle in the right breast, the ball passing through the upper portion of his lung and glancing into his shoulder. The ball was a thirty-two calibre, and was fired by young Kennedy. A man who was an eye witness to the occurrence said that he saw McCorkle fire the first shot. After he was shot the Sheriff was carried to the residence of R. D. Flaitz, his wound being regarded as fatal. There he lingered until this morning, when he died. McCorkle was one of the proprietors of the *Daily Democrat*, of Shelbyville, and was also serving his second term as County Sheriff. He did not usually take part in political fights, but was hot headed and had been urging the democrats on in their work of creating riots. Kennedy has not been arrested.

FOUNDATION OF THE TROUBLE.

The foundation of the entire disgraceful proceeding of to-day is about as follows:—There is a split in the democratic party over the nomination for County Sheriff. The candidate is one James L. Brown, and he is known as the ring candidate. He was nominated against the wishes of the majority of the party, defeating a number of democrats who have done double the amount of work for the party that he has. He purchased his nomination, it is said, and has not denied that he gave to Messrs. Bay & McCorkle $1,000 to secure his nomination. He was almost entirely unknown until the day of the Convention. In consequence of this, many have worked openly against him in favor of Jefferson Barger, the republican candidate, who is a popular man and for a number of years has been the marshal. In order to drive the bolters into the traces it was set up to have a fight take place between democrats and republicans, in order to create bitter party feeling. This had all been planned several days ago by Brown's friends, hoping to have influence on the election Tuesday. Another plot was concocted to have Mr. Barger get into a free fight while attempting to make an arrest, and then put him out of the way. Had he taken any part in the affray in which McCorkle was murdered there is no question but what he would have been killed. Luckily he was warned in time. The schemes have resulted disastrously. Andrew Ensminger, Howard Lee, Robert Titus, Wesley Parrish, Joseph Patterson and other bull-dozers are bunged up and look badly in consequence of the part they took in the riot.

FEELING OVER THE EVENT.

That the announcement of McCorkle's death should have thrown a gloom over Shelbyville and all the region thereabouts was to be expected. Dark looks and muttered threats, passionate declamation and furious predictions of vengeance are met there on every hand. In this city the excitement is equally intense. The late Sheriff was known by all the leading men here, and I find republicans as ready to denounce as the democrats are to praise him.

THE MURDERED SHERIFF.

In regard to him the following testimony from Governor Hendricks and Senator Voorhees, with whom I have been in conversation for the past hour, may be regarded as conclusive. Governor Hendricks resides at Shelbyville. It has been his home for the past forty years. He first entered public life from there, and to-morrow, as invariably before, on the eve of a general State election, he goes down there to address his old neighbors and friends. Senator Voorhees at home in Shelbyville, as he is everywhere in Indiana. He has tried several causes there as advocate, and, like Governor Hendricks, was well acquainted with Sheriff McCorkle, of whom he speaks in terms of personal affectionate regret.

STATEMENTS OF SENATOR VOORHEES AND MR. HENDRICKS.

Senator Voorhees said in response to a question whether it was true that McCorkle was a wild sort of a man:—

"Nothing could be further from the truth. He was as big-hearted as he was big in figure, and as amiable and tender as a woman. Why, he was noted for his kind acts toward others, particularly for his attentions to the sick and unfortunate."

Governor HENDRICKS—"That was, indeed, a notable trait in his character. He possessed qualities in many respects most charming. He could hardly have been more than thirty years old, yet he had endeared himself to his neighbors and to the community in which he lived. As Sheriff of the county he performed all his duties well and promptly, and he was a perfectly sober man."

Senator VOORHEES—I don't believe he had drank a pint of liquor in his whole life.

Governor HENDRICKS—He was a man of fine physique; had an admirable temper, and had a reputation for amiability that no man can truthfully asperse.

Senator VOORHEES—True. The man is a liar who can be brought to accuse him of a quarrelsome disposition or a riotous act.

Governor HENDRICKS—It appears that one of the same family of Kennedys, a member of which shot McCorkle yesterday, came very near killing a candidate for county treasurer at the last April election. So far as Sheriff McCorkle was concerned in this later affair you may set it down upon my testimony——

Senator VOORHEES—And upon mine——

Governor HENDRICKS:—That the sheriff entered that saloon in the discharge of his duty and that his plain duty demanded whatever course he took there and thereafter. He was there as an officer of the law, not as a rioter or an individual inciting violence. Whoever says to the contrary lies.

I asked Governor Hendricks whether he had received any private despatch adding to the reports of the tragedy as given in this morning's papers.

"No," said he, "I have not. I suppose I shall hear the truth when I go down there to-morrow.

Senator Voorhees said something in anticipation of a stormy time at Shelbyville on the morrow, but Governor Hendricks does not appear to doubt the puissance of that charming good nature, harnessed to a fearless eloquence, which has hitherto kept the most stormy crowds he has addressed in Indiana under complete control.

SENATOR M'DONALD'S STATEMENT.

Senator McDonald said:—"The only excuse I hear put up by the republicans is the statement that some democrats provoked their men by shouting for Hancock. Even if this be true it seems that in no instance did any democrat offer insult or violence to a republican. Jefferson Barger, who is the marshal of the city, stood by and saw McCorkle shot, saw the outrageous conduct of his political friends and made no effort to interfere with or stop their doings. He arrested nobody; did not try to catch Kennedy; did not lift a hand to prevent bloodshed, and it is one of his deputies who is charged with giving money to Kennedy to make his escape. Even if the boys did cheer for Hancock that is no excuse for murder. This infamous crime should be punished, and will be after election is over."

REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN STORIES.

According to high republican authority the Democratic National Executive Committee have determined to carry Indiana for Landers and Hancock at all hazards. Finding that the people will not be bullied they have begun a systematic policy of drawing away the colored voting population from the river towns by the offer of employment in Kentucky. The National Committee has assessed Louisville $10,000, but that city has raised $40,000 for the purpose of colonizing colored republicans from Indiana in Kentucky and giving them employment. The State of Kentucky, that is the democrats of the State, has raised $500,000 for that purpose. Of course the employment of these colored people, if at all, is only to last until the November election, after which Sambo will have to take care of himself. He will not only lose his vote by emigration, but also permanent employment after the first Tuesday of November, and his last condition will be worse than the first, with winter staring him in the face and nothing to eat. The effect of this policy of colonization is already apparent. Droves of colored people are daily leaving the Indiana river towns for Kentucky under the delusion that they are to be permanently employed.

THOSE DREADFUL REPEATERS.

The scraps of conversation between the gangs of repeaters on the street corners and in drinking saloons are interesting if not instructive. Some of them have already spent the money they received for their promised vote and are begging, if not threatening, for more. Last night one of them who had imbibed so much of the beverage as to lose cautious control over his tongue while begging a local democratic committeeman vociferously for his share said:—

"I wasn't paid as much money as I ought to have been by $2. Now, if you'll just please hand that over to me."

"Not a cent," was the response. "I'll back you at the polls fifteen to one if there's a fight; but not a cent now. I'm very happy to have met you and I hope I'll see you again. Good night, Mr. Blank."

A TALK WITH SENATOR BLAINE.

Senator Blaine reached the city last evening on his way from Portland, Ind., to Greensburg, Ind., and stopped over night at the Grand Hotel. He said that throughout both Ohio and Indiana he had observed on his trip an unusual amount of enthusiasm among republicans. They appear to be thoroughly aroused in both States. His meetings have been very large. Without means, of course, of ascertaining the inside of the situation he knew that the republican leaders in Indiana have become very confident within the last four or five days in the belief that with a fair election they will carry the State.

THAT TREASONABLE CONSPIRACY.

In reference to the matter wired the HERALD on Saturday night Mr. New has published the following confirmation of my despatch:—

A treasonable conspiracy against the people of Indiana is being hatched in this city. Six hundred hardened criminals imported by the democracy into this city within four days are in it; hundreds of kindred wretches yet to come before Tuesday are in it; the democratic managers are in it, certain well known officials are in it, old convicts, receivers of stolen goods, ballot box stuffers, thieves, thugs, shoulder strikers, owners of rat pits, election repeaters and the like have been pouring into the city for several days by every train from the East. Telegrams from officials of the law have been sent here to warn us of their approach. Detectives and policemen have been sent here to track and expose them. The uprising of a great people confronts the democracy of Indiana and makes them desperate. Honest voting will do them no good. We have been told the secret.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLAN.

Here is the democratic plan:—

First—The democrats propose to go earliest to the polls, get possession of the line and vote say two thousand of their men first.

Second—The democrats who shall have voted are then to withdraw from the polls and gather at a place agreed on, conveniently distant.

Third—Republicans are to be harassed and annoyed by being challenged, and quarrels are to be gotten up with them and with their neighbors who swear to their right to vote.

Fourth—The shoulder strikers and bullies from abroad are to follow up the quarrelling with blows and bring on a general disturbance, which is then to be called a riot.

Fifth—To suppress this bogus and manufactured riot the Governor of the State is to be called on for troops at the polls.

Sixth—An officer of the State is understood to have already formed a democratic secret military organization to enable the Governor to respond to this call.

Seventh—It is this army of democratic conspirators, secretly organized in our midst, who are to be the early voters on Tuesday morning, and who are to then withdraw to an appointed place.

Eighth—At the rendezvous of this democratic army there is to be a full supply of State arms and ammunition ready for use.

Ninth—And finally, a riot so called, which will be simply an assault upon citizens by hired thieves and assassins, is to be carried on until the ballot boxes in the republican wards can be seized and rifled or changed while all the time the arms of the State are used for the purpose of aiding in this hellish scheme to destroy the rights of the people.

Men of Indiana, democrats and republicans, will you submit to this? Shall the fruits of four years of bloody war be all scattered by one ruffian blow? Shall a banditti brought here by the democratic party be allowed to trample on the voters of Indiana? What citizen of either political party will not rise up to fight against such a conspiracy? We tell the leaders and the loafers of the democratic party, its Senators and its scullions, that if Governor Williams shall dare to attempt to turn the arms of the State against the breasts of its citizens at the bidding of a solid South and in company with the criminal classes of the North, the men of Indianapolis, yea, and of Indiana, will, with majesty and might, meet them bullet for bullet. If those who should be the conservators of the peace are foremost in breaking it the people who are over all will strike them down.

We call on every good citizen to be ready to stamp out the contemplated outrage.

REPEATERS COMING.

A telegram from Philadelphia says that a large number of repeaters and shoulder hitters left the City of Brotherly Love this evening for this city. They are named and described in this way:—"——, served eighteen months for wife beating; ——, ex-policeman, served four years for seduction; ——, proprietor of a house of ill fame; ——, ex-convict and ex-Councilman; ——, receiver of stolen goods; ——, gambler and confidence man; ——, sneak thief; ——, ex-fireman and professional gambler; ——, confidence man and swindler; ——, confidence and bunker man; ——, regular vagrant; ——, gamblers' capper; ——, 1,003 Locust street, proprietor of faro bank; ——, sneak thief; ——, a notorious highwayman, now on the Fire Department; ——, notorious perjurer and voucher on election days for repeaters; ——, watch and trunk thief; ——, a river pirate; ——, served three years in Cherry Hill Prison for burglary and is now out on bail for shooting two brothers; ——, served eighteen months in prison for robbing news stand; ——, pickpocket, Fifth ward; ——, river pirate; ——, thief and burglar, Eighth ward; ——, receiver of stolen goods; ——, Gopher blowers or burglars; ——, dog fighter and petit thief; ——, badger thief, better known as panel thief; ——, pickpocket; ——, defeated candidate for coroner and leader of repeaters; ——, confidence man; ——, professional juror and repeater; ——, just served a term of six months for stealing a watch; ——, thief, received thirty lashes in Delaware for larceny; ——, a clerk in the Receiver of Taxes office, professional repeater; ——, stole a watch in Gloucester, N. J., the day of the Johnson and Coyle swimming match in 1875, and an indictment against him now; ——, notorious repeater; ——, notorious repeater; ——, notorious repeater; ——, telegraph operator; ——, late policeman, Third district, discharged for larceny; ——, stocking and shirt thief; ——, a notorious thief and highway robber, who knocked down a man and stole his watch at Second and Bainbridge streets.

This is but a partial list of the thieves and repeaters who are to be let loose upon this community. Special detectives report that the State will be flooded with repeaters, who are to be distributed throughout the State—viz., Evansville, Richmond, Terre Haute, South Bend, Madison, Jeffersonville and other points.

MEETING OF CITIZENS.

A meeting of citizens is called for to-morrow morning to consider measures to spare Indianapolis the disgrace of a row on election day and to preserve the liberty of the polls. All manner of rumors are on the street to-night. Each headquarters is bright and busy. Barnum is in St. Louis. English and Bright, McDonald, Hendricks and Voorhees are in the Bates House, consulting and giving directions, and it is said the democrats have organized six companies of militia to-day and that English is to pay for those monogrammed flannel shirts. If the weather continues as warm as it is to-night I pity the men who are to wear them. A meeting of citizens was privately held this afternoon, and was attended by men of wealth and prominence. They very earnestly resolved to do their duty on Tuesday; and, as an outcome, it is probable a committee will wait on the Governor to protest against the prostitution of his office. Companies of republicans, to guard the polls, are organized in every ward.

POOR CHANCE OF A ROW.

The United States Marshal is authorized by federal law since 1793 to do all that a county sheriff may do. He is a republican, so is the Sheriff and so are the police. If these gentlemen do as they are expected to, and the democrats do as they say they are intending to do, it would appear that there will be more guards than voters, so perhaps there won't be any row after all.

DESCRIPTION OF A HOOSIER DEMOCRATIC RALLY AND BARBACUE—QUEER SIGHTS AND EXPERIENCES—HOW THE MANAGERS RAISE THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE NATIVES.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 10, 1880.

Yesterday was county day with the democrats of Indiana, and I have just returned from an immense Hoosier democratic boom far in the interior, whose echoes are still ringing in my ears. Here such a gathering of the mass *sui generis*. Let me try then to crowd into one picture on the edge of the canvas the impressions derived from it and similar resounding demonstrations throughout the State.

Scene 1.—A railroad depot on the outskirts of a country town, where excursion trains from north, south, east and west continually arrive with shrieking whistles, clanging bells and dense outpouring loads of dusty passengers. Finally at noon comes a special train from Indianapolis, the capital, bringing Governor Hendricks, a bevy of other distinguished speakers, who have invited your correspondent to accompany them, and seven car loads of dusty citizens. Through the crowds and in the midst of the hideous din of locomotives a local committee make their way to the party of speakers and invite them to carriages, where they are soon seated behind eight blooded, plumed and prancing horses, which presently are sped away from the depot by a thousand throated cheers.

THROUGH THE TOWN.

Up we whirl along a broad street leading to the town, through clouds of dust that obscure the long ranks of children in white, waving miniature flags, and the men and women on the sidewalks beyond them who are shouting and motioning welcome with hats and handkerchiefs. On into the town, where the streets, gaudily decorated and lined from curb to cornice with spectators, show scarcely a vacant square foot of sidewalk or a naked window. Wagons, chaises, carriages, buggies of every description surely since the earliest gig imported by the first well-to-do New England country doctor in the eighteenth century, stand backed against the curbstone so close together that their hubs grate, and so packed with luncheon eaters that their stoutest springs kiss their axles. The horses attached thrust their old-fashioned blinders and their nose bags so far into the thoroughfare that but a narrow lane is left for our dancing steeds to pick their way through.

CHEERS FOR HENDRICKS.

The drivers check the pace. This gives the multitue around about the opportunity it seeks for cheering for Hendricks. "Hurrah for Hendricks; here's for the boy of Indiana, the man that Morton could never phase. Hurrah for the elected Vice President of the United States!" and at a yell goes up and swells so loud, and continues so long, that it has not yet died away when we alight at the principal hotel, and, not to delay the people, are presently ensconced in a quiet room at dinner.

"We must have seen ten thousand people already," says General Slocum. "I wonder how many they will have to spare at the barbecue?"

"More than can get within hail of your voice," replies Governor Hendricks. "From my experience with these crowds I venture to say we havn't seen one-third the people assembled in the neighborhood to-day."

SCENE SECOND.

Descent from the hotel into the street; carriages in waiting; horses restive and excited by the beating of drums, uproar of voices and flurry of flags in upper windows; then splendid dash out of the opposite side of the town, pursued by motley vehicles, flanked by heterogenous thousands of men, women and children and preceded by a procession, the most conspicuous objects in which are a train of enormous wagons, resembling booths in size, bedizened with the national colors on shield, banner and bannerets, crammed with all the beauties of the country-side for miles around. Our white thoroughbreds, not to be restrained, dash past and between and among these wagons, along the wide and dusty roadway, and Governor Hendricks is constantly lifting his hat to constant salutations.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATES.

One wagon as large but not so ugly as Juggernaut's carries a pretty maiden for every State and Territory of the Union, the name emblazoned in gold on bands across her forehead. Think of these sweet sixteen-year-olds bending toward us as we go by, each with a flag in her hand, each with a soft little hurrah for Hendricks and another one for Hancock and each courtesing with a merry laugh or smile. The cottages on the route have flags projecting from their gable windows.

QUEER SPECIMENS.

In one door yard stand a number of ladies performing with brass and string instruments as a band. One has on a calico dress with red spots and blue and white trimmings; another wears a skirt of pink and a paper cap of blue adorned with white stars; the next wears against a dress of dusty muslin a stomacher representing the shield of the Republic, and still another—Heaven save the mark!—is hoist upon the gatepost, where she personates, with a speckled fool's cap and bedraggled blue skirt, reaching to the walk beneath the Goddess of Liberty. Her flag has somehow got entangled in a bush beside the fence, and as we thunder by her an anathema rises above the sound of hoofs, wheels and instruments.

"Burn my cats, of I don't yank ye up by the roots tomorrer, ye durned eternal demonish thing."

"Good Lord! where do all the people come from?" exclaims General McQuade, as we roll along toward the grove, now visible in the near distance through increasing throngs of men, women and children in conveyances and on foot. The meadows are spattered with groups; every tree shades a dozen or more. At the brook sides hundreds are gathered at luncheon and children can be seen descending the banks to fill pitchers and cups, boys and girls are at play at all sorts of games, romping, chasing one another and filling the air with the sweetest of all music.

MOVEMENT OF THE MULTITUDE.

And now, as we near the grove, all these groups and squads can be seen collecting their goods, cooking utensils and playthings and pouring on through the dust that our wheels and those of the immense procession past which we have sped have raised, toward the scene of the day's chief doings. But here again is a wonder. The grove as we enter its grateful shade through an arched and decorated gateway seems literally filled with human creatures. These rising to their feet from myriads of nooks and resting places greet us with a cheer that shook the autumn leaves down before their time. Booths brilliantly adorned are scattered through the scene tipped with flags and overhung by canopies.

PORTRAITS OF HANCOCK.

The portrait of General Hancock hangs everywhere. It is framed in gold and green, it is bordered with flowers and crowned with laurel, it is painted on flags, it is woven into ladies' handkerchiefs; it is repeated by thousands in festoons of calico; it is carried by little boys at the peaks of miniature pikestaffs and pasted on the fronts of muslin caps worn by a delightful procession of toddling little girls; at every button hole it flutters on a ribbon, and as the bands strike up the shout "Hurrah for Hancock" pierces the air.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

And now hear the peal of the soldiers led by some sudden strong voice to the tune of "Dixie:"—

Come comrades round our leader rally,
Come from every hill and valley,
Look away, look away Hancock boys;
O. Pennsylvania he was born in,
Early on one frosty morning,
Look away look away, look away,
Hancock boys.
Chorus—Then, three cheers for noble Hancock,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Ye freemen, all come, hear the call,
And cast your votes for Hancock.
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah for General Hancock,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll vote for General Hancock.

And again, to the strain of the "Star Spangled Banner":—

Oh, see the bright banner of hope is unfurled
By friends of the laws and the old constitution,
Assuring ourselves assuring the world
That freedom, strong freedom fears no revolution.
Uplifted on high it salutes the clear sky,
A sign that our liberties never shall die.
'Tis the banner of freedom that floats in the air,
The banner that Hancock to triumph shall bear.

There is now no more onrush by carriages, the multitude is too dense, besides a great throng at the barbecue just beyond the fence yonder on the farthest verge of the grove yet to come.

Eagerly the crowds pressed on toward the grove where the platforms had been erected and upon which the distinguished orators were placed, and soon the speaking began.