

From the Louisville Courier, Aug. 7.

The Terrible Election Riots in Louisville.

We passed yesterday through the forms of an election. As provided by the statute, the polls were opened, and privilege granted to such as were "right upon the goose," with few exceptions, to exercise their elective franchise. Never, perhaps, was a greater farce, or a more wretched tragedy, enacted. Hundreds and thousands were deterred from voting by direct acts of intimidation, others through fear of consequences, and a multitude from lack of proper facilities. The city, indeed, was during the day, in possession of an armed mob, the base passions of which were infuriated to the highest pitch by the incendiary appeals of the newspaper organ and the popular leaders of the know-nothing party.

On Sunday night large detachments of men were sent to the first and second wards to see that the polls were properly opened. These men, the "American executive committee" stipulated with requisite "efficiencies," and as may be imagined, they were in a very fit condition on yesterday morning to see that the rights of freedom were respected. Indeed, they discharged the important trust committed to them in such manner as to commend them forever to the admiration of outlaws! They opened the polls; they provided ways and means for their own party to vote; they buffed and bullied all who could not slow the sign; they in fact converted the election into a perfect farce, without one redeeming or qualifying phase.

We do not know when or how their plan of operations was devised. Indeed, we do not care to know when such a system of outrage, such a perfidy, such a dastardly, such a mean, such a bluish for Kentucky that her soil was the scene of such outrages, and that some of her sons were participants in the nefarious swindle.

It would be impossible to know or how this riot commenced. By day-break the polls were taken possession of by the American party, and, in pursuance of their preconceived game, they used every stratagem or device to hinder the vote of every man who could not manifest to the "guardians of the polls" his soundness on the know-nothing question. We were personally witnesses to the procedure of the party in certain wards, and of these we feel authorized to speak. At the Seventh Ward we discovered that for three hours in the morning it was impossible for those not "posted" to vote without the greatest difficulty. In the Sixth Ward a party of bullies were masters of the polls. We saw two foreigners driven from the polls, forced to run a gamble, beat unmercifully, stoned, and stabbed. In the case of one fellow, the Hon. Wm. Thurston, formerly a member of Congress from this district, interfered, and while appealing to the mad crowd to cease their acts of disorder and violence, Mr. Thurston was struck from behind and beat. His gray hairs, his long public service, his manly presence, and his thorough Americanism, availed nothing with the mob. He was injured and serious lights occurred in the Sixth Ward, of which we have no time to make mention now.

The more serious and disgraceful disturbances occurred in the upper wards. The vote cast was but a partial one, and nearly altogether on one side. No show was given to the friends of Preston, who were largely in the majority, but who, in the face of cannon, muskets, and revolvers, could not, being an unarmed and quiet populace, confront the mad mob. So the vote was cast one way, and the result stands before the public.

In the morning, as we stated elsewhere, Geo. Berger, a carpenter, living on the corner of 23d and Market, was killed by a mob of know-nothings. A German named Fitz, formerly a partner at the Galt House, was severely, if not fatally, beaten.

In the afternoon a general riot occurred on Shelby street, extending from Main to Broadway. We are unable to ascertain the facts concerning the disturbance. Some fourteen or fifteen men were shot, including Officer Williams, Joe Solvage, and others. Two or three German coffee-houses, broken into and pillaged. About 4 o'clock, when the vast crowd, augmented by the influx from every part of the city, and armed with shot-guns, muskets, and rifles, were proceeding to attack the Catholic church on Shelby street, Mayor Barbee arrested them with a speech, and the mob returned to the First Ward polls. Presently a large party arrived with a piece of brass ordnance, followed by a number of men and boys with muskets. In an hour afterwards the large brewery on Jefferson street, near the junction of Green, was set fire to.

In the lower part of the city the disturbances were characterized by a greater degree of bloody work. Late in the afternoon, three Irishmen going down Main street, near Eleventh, were attacked, and one knocked down. Then ensued a terrible scene, the Irish firing from the windows of their houses, on Main street, repeated volleys. Mr. Rhodes, a river man, was shot and killed by one in the upper story, and a Mr. Graham met with a similar fate. An Irishman who discharged a pistol at the back of a man's head, was shot and then hanged. He, however, survived both punishments. John Hudson, a carpenter, was shot dead during the fracas.

After dark, a row of frame houses on Main street, between Tenth and Eleventh, the property of Mr. Quinn, a well-known Irishman, was set on fire. The flames extended across the street, and twelve buildings were destroyed. These houses were chiefly tenanted by Irish, and upon any of the tenants' windows, were escape the flames they were immediately shot down. No idea could be formed of the number killed. We are advised that five men were roasted to death, having been so badly wounded by gun-shot wounds that they could not escape from the burning buildings.

Of all the enormities and outrages committed by the American party yesterday and last night we have not time now to write. The mob having satisfied its appetite for blood, repaired to Third street, and until midnight made demonstrations against the "Times" and "Democrat" offices. The furious crowd satisfied itself, however, by breaking a few window-panes, and burning the sign of a few shops. At one o'clock this morning a large fire is raging in the upper part of the city.

Upon the proceedings of yesterday and last night we have no time nor heart to comment. We are sickened with the very thought of the men murdered, and houses burned and pillaged, that signalized the American victory yesterday. Not less than twenty corpses form the trophies of this wonderful achievement.

[We published the know-nothing side of the story last week.]

THE DEGREES OF CRIME.—The six degrees of crime are thus defined: He who steals a million is only a defaulter. Who steals a quarter of a million is a swindler. Who steals a hundred thousand is a rogue. Who steals fifty thousand is a knave. But he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched.

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An Act for Protection of Sheep.

For the benefit and gratification of the farming community, we give below the Act, passed by the General Assembly of North Carolina, for the protection of sheep, who own dogs read also, and save themselves the trouble and annoyance of expensive litigation. The act provides, it will be seen, a summary and speedy method for the recovery of ample damages.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That upon complaint made by any owner of sheep, to a justice of the peace, that such sheep have been killed or damaged by dogs, and said justice shall issue his warrant, directed to any lawful officer, commanding him to bring before said justice, within thirty days from the date of said warrant, the owner of said dogs, or the master of any slave, or parent of any minor child, reputed to be the owner of said dog; and the justice shall, at the same time and place, summons to appear three freeholders, who, together with himself, shall hear the testimony of both complainant and defendant, and if, upon such trial, the justice and a majority of the freeholders are satisfied that such damage has been done by the dog or dogs of said defendant, or by the dog of the servant or minor child of the defendant, the said justice shall render judgment against said defendant, in favor of the complainant, for a sum not exceeding twice the amount of the real damage sustained, and issue execution therefor.

SEC. 2. Be it further enacted, That the plaintiff or defendant in any action brought under this act, shall have a right of appeal to the county or superior court of said county; and thereupon a writ of certiorari shall issue, and in all respects, he do, and the parties shall be permitted to plead, and the issues shall be made up as in actions of trespass.

SEC. 3. Be it further enacted, That the ignorance of the vicious habits or character of the dog, shall be no defence in actions arising under this act.

SEC. 4. Be it further enacted, That this act shall be in force from and after its ratification [Ratified the 14th day of February, 1855.]

PURCHASING LOTTERY TICKETS.—A sad case.—We copy the following from the Albany Journal, and commend it to the serious attention of all who have been tempted to "try their luck" in the lottery:

"Barabas Bates was yesterday, for the third time, locked up in the 2d district station-house for being intoxicated. He was set down by a constable drunkard. He was an aged man, and in former years was an industrious and thrifty farmer, and resided in Onida county. He acquired a passion for gambling, which finally ended in his becoming a confirmed sot and drunkard. Upon searching him at the station-house, fifteen blank lottery tickets were found in his pocket-book. He was placed in a cell, wherein he slept off the effects of the liquor he had drunk, and when 'sober reason had assumed her sway, he experienced the most poignant grief.

"His story is a lamentable one. Bates married young, and for years cultivated a small farm three miles from Onida. He was industrious, honest, and contented. Fortune smiled upon his efforts, and his labors were rewarded with bountiful crops. In time, he amassed quite a fortune—some twenty thousand dollars. He was blessed with a goodly number of sons and daughters, and bid fair to go down to his grave in peace; but twelve years ago he was induced to 'try his luck' and purchased a lottery ticket. His possession acquired, he could not stop, and from that day to this he has been constantly gambling in lottery tickets—worthless bits of parchment. His farm, his wife and children, are all gone; the farm for lottery tickets, his wife into her grave, and his children married and scattered in all quarters.

"He came to this city two weeks since, having in his possession the last of his worldly effects. Yesterday the last penny was squandered, and he now stands a fair prospect of finding a home in the penitentiary. He remarked to Chief Morgan that he was a ruined man, that life was indifferent to him, and that he cared not what disposition was made with his case. 'Yet,' said the old man, 'I blame no one, 'twas all my own fault; I brought this on myself. I am 66 years old, and I know I haven't much longer to stay.' What a lesson does the experiment of this old man teach the rising generation.

AN EVIL THAT OUGHT TO BE REMEMBERED.—We were very greatly surprised to learn, some time since, from a gentleman connected with the mail service of the country, that an enormous proportion of the matter transmitted upon the mail routes in every direction consisted of sham newspapers designed as lottery advertisements. By the postal regulations of the United States, all circulars sent by mail must be post-paid, and if the managers resorted only to such legitimate means of bringing their lottery schemes to the notice of the public, no complaint could be made against them; but they evade the law by publishing in the form of newspapers, hundreds of thousands of such schedules, which may be forwarded without pre-payment. Thus the mails are frequently clogged, the ordinary and regular business of the city post-office seriously impeded, and the government defrauded by compelling the P. O. Department to transport a large amount of matter on which it is at least doubtful if it ever receives a cent.

The evil becomes yet more annoying when we consider the moral effect upon the community at large of the documents thus thrown broadcast over the land. It is rather late in the day to be discussing lotteries as a question of public morality. The Legislature satisfied itself some time since, of their evil tendency, and broke them up root and branch.—Petersburg Express.

WHAT IS THE DESTRUCTIVE AGENT IN LIGHTNING?—An intelligent correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing from Virginia, says that some important questions have been presented to his mind when beholding the astounding effects of lightning on trees—often riving into splinters the monarch of the forest, from the top to the bottom. He asks, "What is the immediate agent? and how is that agent applied?" He states that he has never read or heard a satisfactory explanation given, and he ventures to propose the following, as having been suggested by his own reflections: "I consider it effected entirely by the agency of heat and water. The intensity of the heat produced by the electricity is applied instantaneously to the water contained in the sap, &c., and, thus, generating steam of the highest grade, it shivers every thing that would confine it." The writer wishes to elicit the opinions of others upon the point.

CROSTY.—The man who discontinues his paper, sends for the bill, emits the money, incloses a postage stamp to pay for the return of the receipt, and does not grumble. A man like that must be a gentleman. We have had one such recently.—Calden Journal.

Mike Finck and the Bull.

The story of Mike Finck and the bull would make a comic laugh. Mike took a notion to go in swimming, and he had just got his clothes off when he saw Deacon Smith's bull make at him—the bull was a vicious animal, and had come near killing two or three persons—consequently Mike felt rather "jalous." He didn't want to call for help for he was naked, and the nearest place from whence assistance could arrive was the meeting house which was at the time filled with worshippers, among whom was the "gal Mike was paying his devours to." So he dodged the bull as the animal came at him, and managed to catch him by the tail. He was dragged round till he was nearly dead, and when he could hold no longer, he made up his mind he had better "holter." And now we will let him tell his own story.

So, looking at the matter in all its bearings, I came to the conclusion I'd better let some one know what I was. So I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it wasn't long before I seed the deacon's two dogs a coming down like as if they were seeing which could get their first. I know'd who they were arter—they'd jine the bull agin me. I was sartain, for they were orful venomous, and had a spite agin me. So says I, Old brindle, as ridin' is as cheap as milk on this route, if you've no objections, I'll jist take a deck passage on that ar bark of yours. So I wasn't very long getting astride of him; then, if you'd bin thar, you'd have sworn that war'n't nothin' human in that ar miz the sile flew so orful as the critter and I rolled round the field—one doz on one side and one on the other tryin to clinch my feet. I prayed and cussed, and cussed and prayed, until I couldn't tell which I did last—and neither war'n't of no use, they were so orful mixed up.

Well, I reckon I rid about half an hour this way, when old brindle thought it were time to stop to take in a supply of wind, and cool off a little. So when we got round to a tree that stood there, he naturally halted, so sez I, old boy, you'll lose one passenger sartain. So I jist clin up a branch kalkelatin' to roost that till I started afore I'd be rid round that ar way no longer. I war a making tracks for the top of the tree, when I heard suttin' a makin' an orful buzzin' overhead. I kinder looked up, and if that war'n't—well thar's no use a swearin'—but it war the biggest hornet's nest ever bit. "You'll 'gin in' now, I reckon, Mike, 'cause thar's no help for you. But an idee struck me then that I stood a heap better chance a ridin' the bull than whar I was.—Sez I, old feller, if you'll hold on, I'll ride to the next station anyhow, let that be whar it will.

So I jist dropped aboard him agin, and looked aloft to see whar I had gained by changin' quarters, and, good enough, I see a liar if thar war'n't a bush of the stingin' varmint ready to pitch into me when the word "go" was gin. Well, I reckon they got it, for "all hands" started for our company. Some on 'em hit the dogs—about a quart struck me, and the rest charged on brindle.

This time the dogs led off first, dead bent for the old deacon's, and as soon as old brindle and I could get under way we followed, and as I was only a deck passenger, and had nothin' to do with steerin' the craft, I swear, if I had, we shouldn't have run that channel anyhow. But, as I said before, the dogs took the lead—brindle and I next, and the hornets drekly arter us. The dogs yellin'—brindle bellerin', and the hornets buzzin' and stingin'.

Well, we had got about two hundred yards from the house, and the deacon heard us and came out. I seed him hold up his hand and turn white. I reckoned he was prayin' then, for he didn't expect to be called for so soon, and it war'n't long neither, afore the whole congregation—men, women and children—came out, and then all hands went to yellin'. None of 'em had the fast notion that brindle and I belonged to this world. I jist turned my head and passed the house congregation. I see the run would be my soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead. Well, we reached that fence, and I went ashore over the whole critter's head, landin' on t'other side, and lay thar stunned.

It war'n't long afore some of 'em as was not scared, cum runnin' to see whar I war; for all hands kalkelated that the bull and I belonged together. But when brindle walked off by himself, they seed how it war, and one of 'em said, "Mike Finck has got the wust of a scurrage once in his life!" Gentlemen, from that day I dropped the courtin' bizness, and never spoke to a gal since, and when my hunt is up on this yearth, there won't be any more Fincks, and its all owing to Deacon Smith's Brindle Bull.

SAVE THE MAN WITH THE RED HAIR.—It requires great coolness and experience to steer a course down the rapids of the Sault St. Marie; and a short time before our arrival two Americans had ventured to descend them without boatmen and were consequently upset. As the story was reported to us, one of them owed his salvation to a singular coincidence. As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing towards the group, frantic with excitement. "Save the man with the red hair!" he vehemently shouted, and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red haired individual in an exhausted condition was safely landed. "He owes me eighteen dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not an eruditor at the Sault, and in default of a competing claim was allowed to pay his debts to nature. "And I'll tell you what is stranger," said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom—"a man'll never know how necessary he is to society, if he don't make his life valuable to his friend as well as to himself."—Blackwood.

TREATMENT OF THE YELLOW FEVER.—Capt. Jonas P. Levy, late of U. S. transport ship America, who it is stated, has had hundreds of cases of yellow fever under treatment, says he never knew of a case terminating fatally after observing the following directions: Dissolve in a wine-glass of water a tablespoonful common salt, and pour the same into a tumbler, adding the juice of a whole lemon and two wine glasses of castor oil. The whole to be taken at one dose, (by an adult) Then a hot mustard foot-bath, with a handful of salt in the water, the patient to be well-wrapped in the blankets until perspiration takes place freely. On removal to bed the feet of the patient to be wrapped in the blanket. Afterwards apply mustard plasters to the abdomen, legs and soles of the feet. If the headache is very acute, apply mustard plasters to the back of the head and to the temples. After the fever has been broken take 40 grains of quinine and 40 drops of elixir of vitrol to a quart of water. Dose—wine-glassful three times a-day. Barley water, lemonade and ice water may be used in moderation.

The Palmetto Regiment.

From an article on "Scott's battles in Mexico," contained in the August number of Harper's Magazine, we extract the following account of the part performed by this regiment in the affair of Chirubusco:

"Soon after the battle commenced, Scott sent Pierce's and Shields' brigades by the left, through the fields, to attack the enemy in the rear. On the causeway, opposed to them, were planted Santa Anna's reserves—4000 foot and 3000 horse—in a measure protected by a dense growth of magney. Shields advanced intrepidly with a force of 1600. The ground was marshy, and for a long distance—having vainly endeavored to outflank the enemy—his advance was exposed to their whole fire. Morgan, of the 15th, fell wounded. The New York regiment suffered fearfully, and their leader, Col. Burnet, was disabled. The Palmettos of South Carolina, and the 9th, under Ransom, were as severely cut up; and after a while all sought shelter in and about a large barn near the causeway. Shields, in an agony at the failure of his movement, cried imploringly for volunteers to follow him. The appeal was instantly answered by Colonel Butler, of the Palmettos: 'Every South Carolinian will follow you to the death!' The cry was contagious, and most of the New Yorkers took it up. Forming at angles to the causeway, Shields led those brave men, under an incessant hail of shot, against the village of Forsales, where the Mexican reserves were posted. Not a trigger was pulled till all the ground about a hundred and fifty yards from the enemy. Then the rifle-barrage poured in their volley, fatally answered by the Mexican host. Butler, already wounded, was shot through the head, and died instantly. Calling to the Palmettos to avenge his death, Shields gave the word to charge. They charge—not 400 in all—over the plain, down upon 4,000 Mexicans, secretly posted under cover. At every step their ranks are thinned. Dickinson, who succeeded Butler in command of the Palmettos, seized the colors as the bearer falls dead; the next moment he is down himself, mortally wounded. Major Gladstone snatches them from his hand, Adams prostrate. A very few minutes more, and there will be no one left to bear the glorious flag. But at this very moment a deafening roar is heard in the direction of the *dele de pont*.—Round shot and grape, rifle balls and causer, come crashing down the causeway into the Mexican ranks, from their own battery. Worth is there—the gallant fellow—just in time."

A WARNING TO DEMOCRATS.—In view of the result in North Carolina, the Wilmington Journal uses the following warning language: "It is a noticeable fact, and we would earnestly commend it to the attention of those democrats who may think, or may have thought, that the 'order' would promote them, and that, through its portals was the direct route to office and preferment, that not one former democrat has been elected in North Carolina, but that the former whig know-nothings have been Reid, Latham, Shepard, and Stowe have been thrown into the breach, and, politically speaking, slaughtered. Paine, Reade, and Puryear are no doubt elected. Don't you see how it is? You democrats are put in front ranks to break down the democratic party, without any chance for yourselves; but where there is a chance, mark the difference! Not one of us is thought of. Don't you see and feel the secret influence that works the wires? Don't you see and feel how you are to be used? To rising young men in the democratic party the appeal is made to come over; see how you are served when you do come over. Is it any place for democrats? We have no doubt that many who make these appeals are perfectly sincere; but just look at the facts—the practicable workings of the affair as planned out by the hidden hands that hold the wires. The fact is that it could not well be otherwise. The case of the four former democrats put forward to be defeated, as contrasted with that of the three former whigs who have been elected, is a pretty hard one, but it may be useful for instruction. It may teach a lesson."

A MAN WHO FORGOT HIMSELF.—A writer in the Christian Witness says of the late Bishop Griswold that not one man in a thousand ever gave so little trouble to his friends. What he could do for himself he allowed no one to do for him. He was a hewer of wood and drawer of water, backed his own boots, carried his own valise and did his own errands.

We have frequently heard the celebrated German Bitters, sold by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 120 Arch Street, Philadelphia, spoken of in terms of the highest commendation, and we honestly believe that it is one of the best medicines advertised for the complaints for which it is recommended. They are pleasant to the taste, and can be taken under any circumstances by the most delicate stomach. The press far and wide, have united in commending this invaluable remedy for dyspepsia, debility, &c.; and such are the testimonials of its power, that we are confident you will be introduced to every family where dyspepsia has or is likely to have a victim. See advertisement.

For sale in Fayetteville by S. J. Hindsdale.

[Letter from Hon. John Minor Botts of Virginia.] Richmond, July 9th, 1855.

Messrs. Wm. S. Hooper & Co., Genls.—Considerations of duty to the afflicted alone prompt me to send you this voluntary testimonial to the great value of "Carter's Spanish Mixture," for that almost innumerable disease, Scrofula.

Without being desirous of seeming it necessary to go into the particulars of the case, I can say that the astonishing results that have been produced by the use of that medicine on a member of my family, and that I derive from my own observation and experience, it would not hesitate to use it, in any and every case of Scrofula, with persons for whom I felt an interest, or over whom I could exercise influence or control.

Respectfully yours, JNO. M. BOTTS.

For sale in Fayetteville by S. J. Hindsdale.

POTASH. White Potash, for sale by J. N. SMITH, Aug. 9.

WOODEN WARE. The Subscriber will be prepared by the last of September to supply the demand for all kinds of Wooden Ware at prices lower than the Northern.

WANTED. 100 Cords of Juniper, free of knots. GEO. H. MARTEPEACE, Fayetteville, Aug. 11.

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING. The undersigned will receive proposals until the 1st day of September next, for erecting a building upon the Fair Ground. For full and particular specifications, apply at the store of J. & T. WADSWORTH.

JOHN W. BARBER, JOHN P. McLELLAN, Committee. Aug. 11, 1855.

LONDON CATERER. 4 Casks Bitter London Porter, (Quarts and Pints.) just received and for sale by J. N. SMITH, Aug. 9.