The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Arts and Sciences, The Markets, General Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Advertising, Amusement, &c.

37TH YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 1855. NO. 47.

TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. JOB WORK done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch.

☞ Office on South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House.

Jury List—August Term.

GRAND JURY.

Freedom—James Cunningham, Henry Heagy.
Mountpleasant—Henry Reily, Joseph E. Hemler, Jacob Cashman.
Reading—Abraham Bushey.
Butler—John Steinour.
Germany—Solomon Menges.
Cumberland—David Shriver.
Liberty—James Moore.
Huntington—Wm. Morehead.
Gettysburg—Sam'l K. Foulk, Daniel Lashell.
Hamilton—John Rupp.
Hamiltonban—David Stewart, Wm. Walter, Wm. Culp, John D. Paxton.
Menallen—Joseph Cline.
Latimore—John Baker, James R. Gardner.
Tyrone—B. W. Reily.
Straban—John Dickson.
Conowago—Samuel Hoke.

GENERAL JURY.

Liberty—Joseph McDivit, Sam'l Nunemaker.
Franklin—Jacob Mickley, Samuel Lohr, Adam Rebert, Jacob Fulweiler.
Berwick—John Elder, Sebastian Heafer, Samuel Metzgar, Isaac Wolf.
Mountjoy—David Snyder, Samuel Durboraw, Michael Fissell.
Gettysburg—Nicholas Codori, A. B. Kurtz, Henry Culp of P.
Menallen—Peter Rice, Wm. B. Wilson.
Latimore—Jacob Shultz.
Union—Pius Unger.
Reading—George Mummert, Samuel Orndorff, William Criswell.
Hamiltonban—William Bolen, Thomas A. Marshall.
Straban—Christian Rindlaub, Philip J. Graft, John Thomas, Sr.
Mountpleasant—Wm. Kohler, Egbert Eckert.
Oxford—Francis Marshall.
Huntington—Wm. B. Brandon.
Cumberland—Sam'l Pitzer, Hugh McGaughy, Francis Bream.
Hamilton—Hugh McSherry.

July 16, 1855.

8 Teachers Wanted.

THE School Directors of Butler district will meet at the Public School-house, in Middletown, *on Saturday, September 1st*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of employing Teachers for the Schools of that district.

☞ The County Superintendent will be present to examine applicants.

FRANCIS W. KNOUSE, *Sec'y.*

July 30, 1855. td

Agricultural Society.

A REGULAR MEETING of the Adams County Agricultural Society will take place at the Court-house, in Gettysburg, *on Tuesday, the 21st of August inst.*, at 1 o'clock, P. M. A full attendance is desired.

JNO. McGINLEY, *Pres't.*
H. J. STAHLE, *Sec'y.* [Aug. 6, 1855.

Borough Ordinance.

BE it ordained by the Town Council of the Borough of Gettysburg, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same, that the owners and occupiers of lots within said Borough, be and they are hereby required to keep the gutters in front of the same free from obstructions; and any person owning or occupying a lot as aforesaid, along the front of which a gutter has been made by authority or direction of the Town Council for carrying off the waters, and who shall cause or permit said gutter to become or remain filled up or obstructed by any accumulation of sard, mud, stones, grass, ice or other matter whatsoever, so as to prevent or impede the passage of water along the same, shall on conviction thereof forfeit and pay for every such offence the sum of one dollar and costs of prosecution and the expense of removing said obstruction.

Passed August 6, 1855.

JOHN CULP, *Burgess.*
Attest—R. G. McCREARY, *Sec'y.*
August 13, 1855. 3t

D. M'Conaughy,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
(Office removed to one door West of Buehler's Drug & Book-store, Chambersburg street,)

Attorney & Solicitor for Patents and Pensions,

BOUNTY Land Warrants, Back-Pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given.

Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois, and other Western States; and lands for sale there.

☞ Apply to him personally or by letter.

Gettysburg, Nov. 21, 1853.

Wall Paper.

KELLER KURTZ invites the attention of House-keepers and others, who intend fitting up their houses this spring, to his stock of Side, Ceiling and Border Paper. May 21.

CRAPE and other Shawls, new and splendid styles, to be had cheap at SCHICK'S.
April 9.

POTATOES for sale at the lowest profits at EMANUEL ZIEGLER'S.

SOAPS.—Fancy and Common Soaps, in endless variety, to be had cheap at E. ZIEGLER'S.

UMBRELLAS, Parasols and Fans, of all prices and qualities, at SCHICK'S.

QUEENSWARE.—A large and completed assortment of Queensware just received FAHNESTOCKS' Off Stand.

LADIES can be supplied with every variety of DRESS SHOES, by calling at PAXTON & COBEAN'S.

HAMS, Shoulders, &c., Shad, Mackerel and Herrings, to be had at EMANUEL ZIEGLER'S.

Choice Poetry.

From Household Words.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

Strive; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But divinest, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

Select Miscellany.

Napier and the Infernal Machine.

A correspondent of the British *United Service Magazine* relates the following anecdote of "Old Charley:" When we were trying to take Boulogne in the war with Napoleon, Sir Charles was a middy. A boat was sent from the ship in which he served to fix one of the "infernals," then newly invented, to the side of a French vessel, and this boat was commanded by young Napier. A dark night was, of course, selected, and the boat duly pulled to the ship which had been pointed out as the intended victim. The gallant adventurers got close under her, and were screwing on the fatal invention, which was to blow her side in, and send her to the bottom, when they were hailed, in the plainest English, for an explanation of "what they were doing there," and they discovered that they had mistaken their course, and were making earnest preparations for annihilating one of the British ships. After this lucky escape they made another attempt. Now, these "infernals" were worked by clock-work, which was wound up, and set going, and after a certain regulated time fired the fuse. The terrible machine was put into the boat, and the party struck off for the French vessel. In mid course one of the sailors addressed Mr. Napier: "Sir, your Honor, the beggar ticks." "Eh, what's that?" replied the young commander. "Beggar ticks, sir," said Jack, pulling away with the utmost composure. Napier rushed from his seat and listened, and found that by some means the clock work had been set going, and that it might be five minutes or five seconds before the whole party, boat and all, would be blown to pieces. So the machine was incontinently pitched overboard, and I believe the attempt was not renewed.

Dresses and Decorations of California Ladies.

The New York *Home Journal* publishes a letter from an acquaintance in California, in which, after describing the quicksilver mines, "corn twenty-four feet high, seventeen feet to the ear, and wild oats, which, when on horseback, he could tie in a knot over his head," &c. —he says:—"This is *all* true—but you will not believe the *half*, so I pass to something equally true and more credible—*the extravagance of the ladies* in California. Stepping into G———'s in San Francisco to buy a watch-key, he showed me a *six thousand dollar set of Diamonds*, which he had just sold for a ball to come off in a few days. A Montgomery street merchant having told me he had sold two five hundred dollar and two seven hundred dollar dresses for this same ball, I made up my mind to go to *that* ball; and go I did—though I felt some like the country member of the Legislature the first time he attended one of our "Jams." "Jingo! I wish our gals could see *this*." There is no use talking, child! it *was* a magnificent affair. The dresses were elegant; and as for diamonds, you would suppose they bought them here, like potatoes, by the basket! I just left a fair lady, whose evening dress of embroidered satin was clasped by *not* one of your India-rubber belts, but a *band of gold* quite as broad! If I had a wife, I'd not bring her here until I was worth a million—for extravagance among the ladies of California is a perfect epidemic. All in all, this *is* the most extravagant country I ever saw. To eat with gold forks, gold spoons, and sip your wine with golden goblets, are mere matters of course. The "hard times," have stopped *some*, in their mad career; but others seem only the more desirous to show "outsiders" that *they* are unaffected by them.

☞ Never marry a man until you have seen him eat. Let the candidate for your hand pass through the ordeal of eating soft boiled eggs. If he can do it and leave the table-spread, the napkin, and his shirt unspotted—take him. Try him next with a spare-rib. If he accomplishes this feat without putting out one of his own eyes, or pitching the bones into your lap, name the wedding day at once; he will do to tie to.

"MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."—A Hindoo lodge out West had been in the habit of meeting in a cave or hole in the ground. Soon after the news of the Virginia election they were seen to enter and *take the hole in with them*, since which time nothing has been heard of them.

AN ALARM BEDSTEAD.—An ingenious chap in Lowville, Lewis county, Va., has invented an alarm bedstead. The bedstead is attached to clock work in such a manner that at any hour which is desired, an alarm is set off, and if the sleeper does not heed it, in about five minutes he or they will get a practical illustration of the adage, "Time and tide (and the alarm bed) wait for no man," by being rolled out upon the floor, without ceremony.

GIANT CORN.—We are assured that there is now growing, at the birth-place of the Hon. James Buchanan, a few miles from Mercersburg, in this county, Corn that has attained the extraordinary height of *eighteen feet*. This is a marvellous growth, and yet not more marvellous than the intellectual growth of him who was once a tow-trowsered little tender of pack-horses at a pass in our mountains, but is now our country's representative at the proudest Court in Europe, where, according to an English paper, "his superiority is apparent" in every assemblage of great men that is honored with his presence.—*Chambersburg Spirit.*

The Music-mad Seedy Gentleman.

At the Jefferson Market Police Court, on Saturday morning last, Mr. Percy Delancy Blobb was called up to the "rack," having been arrested for disturbing the rest and quiet of an unappreciative neighborhood by bawling forth at midnight most unmelodious yells, which, when apprehended, he assured the officer were capital imitations of Sontag and Grisi. Mr. Blobb, although pretending to gentility, and disguised in some of the habiliments that gentlemen wear, had been discovered by policeman 824 in the street in a most plebian state of drunkenness—not so much so but that he could sing, as he called it, and could talk after an original fashion of his own. He kept an eye constantly on the Judge, while he distributed the glances of the other equally among the officers and other spectators. He was musically obstinate, refusing to answer any questions or make any remarks except in scraps of songs, which he sung in a low voice, mixing up the tunes in a most perplexing manner, being possessed of an excellent memory and having a large assortment of melodies at his command, his answers were sometimes more amusing than relevant. The Judge proceeded to interrogate him somewhat as follows:

Judge—What is your name?

Prisoner—"My name is Robert Kidd, as I sailed."

Indignant Officer—He lies, your honor, his name is Blobb.

Judge—Where do you live?

Prisoner—"Erin, Erin is my home."

Knowing Officer—He lives in East Broadway.

Prisoner—"That's eight times to-day you've kissed me before."

Officer—Please your honor, he's an octagonal liar, I didn't.

Judge—Where did you get your liquor?

Prisoner—"Way down south, in Cedar street; rinetum—"

Judge to Officer—What's that he says?

Attentive Officer—Ringtown's, in Cedar street.

Judge—Oh. What number in Cedar street?

Prisoner—"Forty horses in the stable."

Officious Officer—Ringtown's, No. 40 Cedar street.

Prisoner—(Voluntary remark, sotto voce)—"A Jay bird sat on a hickory limb, he winked at me and I winked at him."

Indignant Officer—Who're you winkin' at?

Prisoner—"Nelly Bly shuts her eye."

Officer—You'd better shut your mouth.

Judge—What have you got to say, now, prisoner?

Prisoner—"Hear me, Norma."

Officer—Well, go on, go on.

Prisoner—"O blame not the bard."

Judge—Nobody to blame but yourself.

Prisoner—"Did you ever hear tell of Kate Kearney?"

Knowing Officer—Keeps a place in Mott street, your honor.

Prisoner—"Oh! oh! Sally is the gal for me!"

Judge—Who is Sally? Some disreputable female, I suppose.

Officer—She went up to the Island to-day, sir.

Prisoner—"Oh, tell me, where is fancy bred."

Judge—I don't know anything about your fancy bread, if you have anything to say, go on.

Prisoner—"Well, we'll all go a hobbling around."

The Judge here became very indignant, and demanded if he had a friend to become bail for him, to which query the prisoner hiccuped out,

"I'll never, never find
A better friend than poor dog Tray."

Judge—Cannot take him, he is not responsible.

Prisoner—"I give thee all, I can no more."

Judge—It wont do, sir—I shall fine you $10.

Prisoner—"That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weazel."

Indignant Officer—I'll pop you over the head presently.

Prisoner—"Whiskey in the jug."

Officer—You'll be there, too, shortly.

Judge—If you cannot pay you must go to jail.

Prisoner—"Give me a cot in the valley, I love."

Judge—Very well, sir, I'll do it—Toombs, ten days.

Prisoner—"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls."

The Judge directed the officer to remove him, but he insisted first on singing, "Molly put the kettle on," and afterward on relating in appropriately melancholy verse the lamentable history of "Villikins and his Dinah." He progressed in this latter history so far as to inform the audience that she was "an unkimmon nice yound gal," when the officer unceremoniously walked him off. He paused on the threshold and took off his hat. Every one supposed some courtie speech was to follow this act of penitence: but if such was his original intention he suddenly changed his mind, and Mr. R Percy Delancy Blobb made his exit from the court room with the remark, at once appropriate, explanatory, elegant, consistent, harmonious and intelligible, "Runctum, tooral looral lolo."

YELLOW BIRDS AND THE WEEVIL.—The Binghampton Republican says that a farmer in that vicinity, who supposed that yellow birds destroy the wheat, commenced shooting them, and out of curiosity opened the crop of one of them. He found that instead of eating the wheat, the birds destroyed the weevil. He discovered as many as two hundred weevil in the crop, and but four grains of wheat, which the weevil had in them. The next time a lazy lubber, having nothing to do but carry all day a gun on his shoulder, roams through the fields of woods, we hope that he will direct the instrument of death at some useless or mischievous object—his own head, if nothing more destructive presents itself—and not at the yellow bird, or any other pleasant little songsters making the air vocal with their music.

ALTERING THE OLD ARMS.—The Government has ordered the alteration of the Old Harpers Ferry rifle to the Maine principle. This movement was induced by the experience of the present in Europe, which has abundantly proved the superiority of the Maine rifle. The elongated ball, adopted for our service, differs from the Maine ball, but the principle is the same, the ball being expanded to fill the grooves of the barrel by the explosion of a charge.

☞ Look before you leap.

The Republican Compiler.

THEN AND NOW!

KENNETH RAYNER IN 1835 AND 1855—LOOK AT THE PICTURE!

We make the following eloquent extract from a speech of Hon. Kenneth Rayner, delivered in the Legislature of North Carolina in 1835.—The Constitution of that State then prohibited Catholics from holding offices of trust within her borders, and against this unjust and disgraceful clause Mr. Rayner, then just launching his bark on the political sea, protested with all the power which he possessed. Young and honest, unwarped by partizan prejudices, and uncontaminated by selfish motives, he blushed with a manly shame at the intolerance of his native State, and resolved to use his influence in blotting it from the statute books, and placing North Carolina on an equality with her sister States of the Union. Then he was the friend of civil and religious liberty; the advocate of justice and equal rights. Then he dared to "meet the crisis," and "pursue the path of duty." Then, in his opinion, "honesty, capability and faithfulness to the Constitution," were sufficient qualifications for office. He could realize the outraged feelings of the pilgrim stranger, who, having fled from the land of oppression and sought a home in this free land, discovered, when here, alas! too late, that he, with his descendants, are barred from honorable distinction, and "consigned to obscurity forever."

He regarded the precepts of the Christian religion, and declared proscription and intolerance to be in direct opposition to the spirit of charity and brotherly love, which it enjoins upon mankind.

Twenty years have passed away, and great are the changes which they have made. But few are more manifest than those in the life of Kenneth Rayner. He still lives, but his noble principles have perished. No longer the friend of liberality, he stands before the people of the Union, a prominent leader of the Know Nothing party—that party which has for its motto, "war on Romanism," and whose watchward is proscription. Now, in the secret council, he strikes not only at the rights of the honest emigrant, but also at those of the American Catholic. Now the question is not with him, is the citizen honest? is he capable? but is he *a Know Nothing?* The Christian religion, which he once respected, and which he declared condemned the very proscription which he now aids and encourages, is disregarded, or exchanged for a more perfect "*American religion!*" Deluded man! Disappointment has chilled the warm buoyant heart of youth. That "overweening ambition which o'erleaps itself," has taken possession of his soul—the dazzling splendor of office and the "White House" has allured him to proscriptive bigotry, and he has fallen from the high estate which he once occupied, to grovel in the gloom of intolerance. But though *he* has fallen, the good old North State has not retrograded. It the late election, she has shown that she now is the friend of liberality—that she looks back to the days of Mr. Rayner's youth with shame and regret, and nobly does she rebuke him and all the enemies of toleration in the vindication of the honor and patriotism of her citizens.

Now to the extract from Mr. Rayner's speech, delivered in 1835:

Retain that article, and I assert it, the Catholic and the Jew will be placed under the ban of proscription, no matter how great may be his merit: although he may love his country with a patriotism as pure as the first love of woman: although he may pour out his blood like water in her defence: yet, for daring to "worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience," you cut him off from all hope of political preferment, and from all stimulus to a laudable ambition. Like the Israelites in Egypt, he will be oppressed by the land in which he lives, the soil on which he treads, and like them he will have no other resource left but to turn his back upon the graves of his fathers, and take up his march to a more tolerant clime. Sir, the exclusion from office for opinion's sake, in this enlightened age, proceeds from the same spirit of bigotry and superstition which has preyed upon mankind from the building of Babel to the present time. It is the same spirit which presented the cup to Socrates, which confined Galileo in his dungeon, which bound Cranmer to the stake of martyrdom, which drove the Huguenots from France—nay, more, sir, it is the same spirit which led the Saviour of the world to Calvary's awful summit. Sir, what must be the situation of the emigrant who comes to this country for the sake of Religious freedom, if the appearance of the good old North State should induce him to make it his home? Will he not wish himself across the wide waters again, that rather life's fitful fever is o'er," he may lay his bones with those of his fathers? What must be the feeling of the pious mother, when looking on her tender infant, whom she believes not only to be entitled to rise and to train up in the same way as rushes around her own to her own—what must be her agonized feelings when she reflects that by so doing she is condemning him to obscurity forever? Sir, I would ask this Convention whether this proscription is in accordance with the holy precepts and requirements of the Gospel? Does it accord with that meekness and forbearance which characterized the Saviour in his sojourn among men? Does it accord with that benevolence for the human family, that charity for others, which, when the Apostle says, a practical exercise of all Christian duties, coupled with a faith strong enough to remove mountains, is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Sir, is this Convention ready to incorporate into our fundamental law, the doctrine, that honesty, capability, and faithfulness to the Constitution, is not a sufficient qualification for office, but that he who obtains it, must abjure a certain particular faith? Sir, who constituted us judges of the hearts and consciences of men? What right have we to impugn the motives of our fellow-men? It is asserting one of the attributes of the Deity himself, for it is the Lord alone that pondereth the heart. Sir, you may carry on this system of persecution, but there is one point beyond which you cannot go. You may subject the body to privation and torture, but you cannot tether the mind—fetters cannot bind it—tyrants cannot enchain it—dungeons cannot confine it—it will rise superior to the powers of fate, and aspire to him who gave it.

Mr. Chairman, I for one, am ready to meet this crisis. I know not how it may affect my political prospects hereafter, but this much I do know: that the path of duty shall be to me the path of pleasure. I rely for support upon the virtue and liberality of the people. I will return to my constituents, and to their magnanimity will I appeal. I will appeal to their intelligence, to their generosity, and to their devotion to liberty and their country. I feel confident that they will sustain me. But if I should be deceived: if I should be unable to grapple with fanaticism, and my political martyrdom should be the consequence, I shall still have the proud consciousness of a faithful discharge of duty. The vote which I am about to give, will ever be an event to which I shall recur with delight, let the consequences be what they may. At all events, come weal or come woe, I intend to "do my duty to my country, and leave the consequences to God."

HEAR HENRY CLAY.—An old line Whig of Tennessee lately handed to the Editor of the Nashville *Union* the following extract from a speech deliverd by HENRY CLAY at a barbecue near Lexington, Kentucky, on the 13th of november, 1847:

"What other rule can there be than to leave the followers of each religion to their own solemn convictions of conscientious duty towards God? Who but the Great Author of the Universe can judge in such a question? For my own part, I sincerely believe and hope that those who belong to all the departments of the great church of Christ, if in truth and purity they conform to the doctrines which they profess, will ultimately secure an abode in those regions of bliss which all aim finally to reach. I think that there is no potentate in Europe, whatever his religion may be, more enlightened, or at this moment so interesting, as the Papal head of the Papal See."

Democratic County Committee.

The members of the Democratic Standing Committee of Adams county are requested to meet at the public house of H. D. WATTERS, in the Borough of Gettysburg, *on Monday, the 20th day of August inst.*, (first day of the Court,) at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of fixing upon days for the holding of Delegate Elections and the County Convention.

Aug. 6. H. J. STAHLE, *Chair'n.*

☞ The other members of the Committee are: Jacob Troxel, Geo. Jordy, John Boyer, John Butt, Sr., Michael Reily, Anthony Deardorff, Abraham Krise, of P., Martin Steffy, Isaac E. Wierman, Martin Getz, Thomas A. Marshall, Joseph P. McDivit, Joel Griest, Jacob Schlosser, Henry Reily, Peter Orndorff, J. Stough, Thomas N. Dicks, Josiah Benner, Henry J. Myers, Daniel Geiselman.

THE LOUISVILLE RIOTS.

[From the Louisville Courier of August 8th.]

The Reign of Terror—Louisville Under Mob Law.

We were prevented yesterday morning from detailing the facts connected with the proceedings of Monday, by reason of the threats against our property and employees, made by the Know Nothing rioters. These acts of intimidation were of such a nature that, knowing the desperate character of those who composed the wicked mob, we did not feel it just to place the lives of our workmen in imminent jeopardy by exposure to unprovoked assaults. No serious demonstration, however, was made, although at different intervals during the night gangs of the rowdies passed up and down in front of our office, and with guns, clubs and brickbats, reconnoitering the premises preparatory to an attack, should that have been deemed proper by the ruffians. We waited, however, in vain for the assailants, until daylight.

Yesterday morning we used every exertion to ascertain the entire and exact truth with reference to the inception and conduct of the murderous riot—and we feel satisfied that we are now enabled to state facts as they occurred.

At none of the places of voting, save the sixth ward, was there any unusual degree of disorder; in fact there was but little opportunity for fighting, as the polls in every ward had been taken possession of by the know-nothings, and though, with the exception of the sixth, they used no violence to hinder any one in the exercise of the right of suffrage, they did that which was worse. Every possible obstruction was thrown in the way of those voting who were not recognized as know-nothings. Large crowds were stationed at the entrance to shove back Preston voters, while side and back doors were provided for Marshall men. In this way unusual facilities were extended the members of the American party, being in itself an outrageous course of action, with full complicity in which we charge the know-nothing officers of the election.

In the sixth ward, one of the most quiet and respectable in the city, foreigners were driven from the polls and then beaten, for presuming to do that which the constitution grants them.—About the court-house there was stationed during the day a party of worthless ballies, who disgraced the city by their demoniac yells and acts of ruffianism.

The first severe fighting occurred near the corner of Shelby and Greene streets about 11 o'clock in the morning. In this, Germans, Irish and Americans actively participated. The foreigners were worsted, and several of them taking refuge in a house, had to escape the rear way with broken bones and bruised bodies. This partially subsided, when a German fired his gun at a carriage in which a lady and gentleman were riding. Another man was likewise shot while driving along in his buggy.

Intelligence was immediately communicated to the Lafayette and Kentucky engine houses, and instantly a force was armed marching to the scene of the disturbance. Coming up Shelby street this body of men became wild with excitement, and when they reached Green street were panting for blood. Here it was that while the preliminaries of battle were being arranged the Americans received a volley of shot, and then the engagement followed. In this fight officer Williams was peppered with small shot: Joe Selvage received ten shots: Frank Stout was shot slightly in the arm and side: Wm. Richardson received a charge of small shot indiscriminately over his body; Vard. Morris was slightly injured, and Wm. Atkinson received several bad wounds.

In the same melee Mr. Ether was wounded by a ball that crushed the bones in one of his legs, rendering amputation necessary for the safety of his life. Having dispersed the Germans, the mob immediately went to work demolishing the corner coffee-house, kept by Chris. Meier. The windows and doors were broken in, the counters and shelving demolished, the furniture smashed up, and the inmates forced to flee. In a short time this army of Vandals, receiving constant armed accessions from all quarters of the city, as the news was spread, took up its march, stopping next at Conrad Kitzler's, corner of Walnut and Shelby, who was sitting in his house quietly enjoying his pipe and beer. His neighborhood had not previously been the scene of any disorder, and he had particularly abstained from going upon the street during the day. No attention, however, was paid to Mr. Kitzler's good behaviour. The property for which he had laboriously worked was nearly demolished, his furniture cut in pieces, and the lives of himself and family threatened.

At this point a fight occurred in the street, in which a German, residing on Shelby and Madison streets, was killed and several injured. E. M. Saatkamp, a German baker, on Walnut street, received several cuts in the head. Having finished the work of destruction at poor Kitzler's residence, the mad mob pushed further out Shelby street, and had nearly reached the Catholic Church, which they proposed sacking and burning, when Mayor Barbee appeared in the crowd. His efforts at pacification were for some time fruitless, but at last he gained the multitude's attention, went and examined the church, reported "no powder found," and having assured them that they had won the election, ordered them, under the command of Capts. Rousseau, to return to their respective wards. With much trouble Captain R. marshaled the large force and countermarched to the Lafayette Engine House, the rioters, as they returned, knocking down signs and breaking windows.

Peace had been but partially restored in that section, when a cannon, fully manned for action, followed by fifty men armed with muskets and bayonets, came up the street at a furious rate.—This party proceeded up Main street, crossed over to the head of Jefferson street, and while in that vicinity the following property was destroyed, viz:

Ambrewster's large brewery was fired, workmen severely injured, stock and machinery totally burned. Loss over $6,000. Mr. A. was out of the city at the time. The pretext for destroying his property is that some person shot from one of his brewery windows at a crowd who was pursuing a German.

Adolph Peters' brewery, adjoining, was fired three times, but unsuccessfully. Charles Heybach's establishment was completely riddled, and a man named Fritz shot in the breast. The confectionery of Daniel Snook was attacked and the females driven to the garret, where they were nearly suffocated by the smoke from the burning brewery. Baker's house, next door, was stoned and otherwise injured.

In the attack on the brewery, Saddler, the cart driver, was badly wounded, and his wife being driven over the bridge, she could not gain any admission into the houses of any of her friends for fear of their being mobbed.

The bakery of Charles Beckers was attacked and stoned; and the windows in Chas. Drout's barber shop broken. These houses belong to Mr. Raymond, who lives in the country.

The grocery store of Fred. Burghold was completely gutted of its contents, his damages being fully $1,000. Adjoining, the shoe store of Jos. Hook was similarly treated. These houses are the property of Jacob Seealer.

While the mob was at its highest pitch of excitement, engaged in this work of destruction, the most painful sights were witnessed. Poor women were fleeing with their children and little mementoes of home that were brought from the "fatherland;" men were cowering before the mad multitude and hiding themselves wherever opportunity offered; while most painful of all sights, the stars and stripes waved at the head of sacrilegious mobites. Visiting yesterday the scene of these outrages we were sickened at the ruin that had been wrought, the homes devastated, furniture broken and burned, and the poor inhabitants gathered about the remnants of their property, terrified at every sound lest it might be the signal of another attack. What may have been the provocation of any one man in any one house there can be no excuse, no palliation for the indiscriminate burning and plundering of houses in nowise connected with the said to be aggressing parties.

About 12 o'clock at night a frame grocery on the corner of Madison and Shelby streets was burned.

On Main street, just above the Woodland Garden, a coopering establishment, belonging to Thomas Garrety, was set on fire between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning, and burned to the ground. Mr. Garrety was sick in bed at the time, and had been confined for several days. His loss, though small—some $500—leaves him and his family quite destitute.

On Main street, a little further above, and on the opposite side of the street, the coopering shop of Erwin Prim was burned to the ground. Loss about $600.

During the trouble Monday afternoon, a German named John Voght, residing on Clay street, near Madison, was shot and killed. His wife was cut across the breast, and her young child injured. A German named Kelser, living on Marshall street, was killed.

Walter Murphy, an Irishman, was chased by a large party and shot, on Monday evening, near Owsley, Kinnard & Co.'s pork house. He died yesterday morning, having previously stated that Charles Genet was his murderer.

George Edgerton, while conversing with some ladies on Green street, received a shot below the eoin.

John Feller, a German, was stabbed seven times in the fight on the corner of Shelby and Marshall streets; and Rein, a German rope maker, while walking along the street, was assaulted by a crowd and terribly beaten.

The above, we believe, comprises all [illegible] of importance [illegible] occurred on Monday. We believe, comprises [illegible]