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Election day passed off here very quietly and orderly; not so, however, on Saturday night, the day of the barbecue, which came near ending in a general row. Some colored blood was made to flow, rocks were in demand, and some powder was burnt. Fortunately, however, the propelled lead flew wide of its mark. Some were seen down in the streets hunting for specimens of quartz rocks, while others went down because they could not help it, and, like *truth crushed to earth*, were determined to rise again. Several sore heads were felt the next morning. All this was the result of an attempt to harmonize the races.