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Poetry.

THE THREE CHAIRS.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray haired dame and aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts, they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes deserted
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said:
"Mother, these empty chairs!
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight
In the small, dark room up stairs."

But she answered: "Father, not yet;
For I look at them, and I forget
That the children were away.
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on, of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

"Johnny comes back from the billows deep,
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,
To say good-night to me;
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,
But a tired child whose play-time is o'er,
And comes to rest at my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you;
Come nearer, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead—
Don't be in a hurry to go;
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins!
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins!

You talk of the mines of Montana—
They're wealthy in gold, there's no doubt—
But, ah! there is gold in the farm, boys,
If you will only shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high, and then low;
Better stick to the farm while the weather
Don't be in a hurry to go.

I know that the mines have inducements,
And so has the business mart;
But much is to be made in a day, boys
Don't be in a hurry to start.
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in the thousands or so;
But think of their frauds and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is free from all care and surcet,
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You're free as the air of the mountains,
A king of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profits come in rather slow;
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

From Our Young Folks.

THE YEAR'S LAST FLOWER.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Witch hazel bough! Witch hazel bough!
Strange time it seems to blossom now!
The sky is gray; the birds have flown;
With rustling leaves the ground is strown;
The Month-time has lost its crown,
Sweet summer showering rose leaves down
The autumn days a diamond train,
With robes like the flag of Spain,
Have come and gone, without the power
To win from me a single flower,
But now, when woods and fields are bare,
And chill with coming snow the air,
Of weather's with spring-like bloom in art thou,
And decked with gold, Witch hazel bough!

Witch hazel bough! Witch hazel bough!
Could I believe old stories now
Within my hand, were I a witch,
Both hold the power to make me rich;
To proven treasuring rod,
And show, where, under shade or sod,
Or gleaming two, or running brook,
I should for hidden treasure look!
Child, I would gladly do as fame has
But, were is me? now is fain and I;
For never gleam of elfin gold,
Rewards my search, though I should
No magic dwells in me, or thou
Hast lost thy spell, Witch hazel Bough!

Witch hazel bough! Witch hazel bough!
Though wizards' arts are powerless now,
A high resolve, a steadfast will,
A fearless heart, work wonders still;
To find and win a treasure more
Of goods and gold, and wisdom's lore,
The truth-telling rods for me
Forecloseth man's patient be!
Then welcome, honest labor! Thou
Shalt bloom unplucked, Witch hazel bough!

Miscellaneous.

Barometer, or Weather-glass.

Next to the question, "What is the time?" is the morning household inquiry are "What will the weather do?" A barometer, as well as a clock or watch, is usually to be found in every house, but the reason for its weather-indicating oscillations is too frequently passed over as practically unimportant, or regarded as "one of those things which no fellow can comprehend." The instrument itself is exceedingly simple in construction, and the principle upon which it acts is readily explained.

To arrive at simple but correct data for determining the present or forthcoming state of the weather, the following instruments are indispensable, viz: a barometer, a thermometer, and an hydrometer, in connection with the observed direction of a weathercock.

The Barometer.—For two thousand years the phenomena on which the action of the weather-glass is dependent (now reduced to the province of the air) were explained by the dogma of the ancient philosophers—that "*Nature abhors a vacuum.*" It was noticed that space was always filled with some material substance, and that the moment a solid body was removed, air or water always rushed in to fill the space thus deserted. Hence it was concluded that it was a universal law of Nature that space could not exist unoccupied by matter, and the above phrase was a figurative expression of this idea.

Thus when the piston of a common pump was drawn up, the consequent rise of the water was explained by declaring that, as according to the nature of things a vacuum could not exist, the water of necessity rushed into the space the piston had previously occupied. In the middle of the seventeenth century philosophers discovered a limit to Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum. Some Florentine engineers, employed in sinking a pump to an unusual depth, found they could not raise water in the tube higher than ten metres, or thirty-two feet. So remarkable appeared this limit to their skill, that they consulted the great philosopher Galileo, but baffled by the fact that air has weight, he failed to perceive the proper explanation why the water could not be raised higher than thirty-two feet, and is said to have replied, that "Nature did *not* abhor a vacuum *above ten metres.*"

This engineering failure led to a most important physical discovery. Torricelli, a pupil of Galileo, pursued the inquiry, and reasoned that the force, whatever it might be, which would sustain a column of water ten metres high, in a cylindrical tube, must be equivalent to the weight of the mass of water sustained; consequently, if another liquid, heavier than water, were employed, the same force could only sustain a column of proportionally less height.

The liquid metal, mercury, being 13½ times heavier than water, Torricelli argued that the force that sustained a column of water ten metres high could only sustain a column of mercury 13½ times lower, or about 76 centimetres high. To prove this, he made the following experiment, one which has ever remained memorable in the history of science. Torricelli took a glass tube, about 32 inches long, open at one end and closed at the other; this he filled with pure mercury—having closed the open end with his thumb—and inverting the tube, plunged the open end into a basin of mercury. On removing his thumb, the mercury, instead of remaining in the tube, fell, as he expected, and after a few oscillations came to rest at a height of about 76 centimetres, or 30 inches above the level of the mercury, in the basin.

The correctness of his argument being thus verified, he further reasoned, that the weight of a column of air of the height of our atmosphere was just sufficient to counterbalance or support a column of water about 32 feet in height or a column of mercury about 30 inches in height.

This experiment, and the resulting doctrine, caused a great sensation among European *savants*, and (as is usually the case when teachers have to be sent to school again to unlearn what they have taught) opposition. The celebrated Blaise Pascal, however, recognized the force of Torricelli's reasoning, and devised a crucial experiment. "If (said he) it be really the weight of the atmosphere, under which we live, that supports the column of mercury in Torricelli's tube, we shall find, by transporting this tube upwards in the atmosphere—that in proportion as it leaves below it more and more of the air, and has consequently less and less above it, there will be a less column sustained in the tube: inasmuch as the weight of the air above the tube, which is declared by Torricelli to be the force which sustains it, will be diminished by the increased elevation of the tube." This argument Pascal verified by first sending Torricelli's tube to the top of a church steeple, and afterwards to the top of the high mountain of Puy de Dome. In the first instance, he found only a slight fall in the height of the mercury, but in the second, the difference between the height of the column on the plain and on the mountain top amounted to nearly eight centimetres, or three inches. This experiment put an end to further controversy on the subject, and the dogma of Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum had to give place to an established philosophical principle.

If we repeat Torricelli's experiment, we shall notice that, on the mercury (which completely fills the tube) coming to rest, a vacant space is left in the upper part of the tube. This is a vacuum, the most perfect one it is possible to attain, and which is known under the term of the "Torricelli vacuum." If we bring a Torricelli tube under the influence of an exhausting syringe, on working the pump we shall find that with each upward stroke of the piston, as the pressure on the surface of the mercury in the cistern decreases, there is a corresponding fall in the column of mercury, and rise in the level of the mercury in the basin, as the rarefied air can no longer support 30 inches of the metal. If, on the other hand, we bring a Torricelli tube under the influence of a condensing syringe, on increasing the external pressure on the surface of the mercury in the cistern, the column of mercury rises, and the mercury in the basin falls.

As a column of mercury 30 inches high, and 1 inch superficial in section, has experimentally been proved to weigh, as nearly as possible, 15 lbs., and as such a column is, as nearly as possible, that which the pressure of a column of air will support—it results that the weight of a column of air of the height of our atmosphere, and of surface equal to 1 inch superficial, will also equal, as nearly as possible, 15 lbs.

But our atmosphere, besides being a heavy, is also an elastic fluid—therefore compressible—so the lower strata is condensed by the weight of its superincumbent mass. The density of our atmosphere, therefore, cannot be uniform, but must diminish and become rarer as we approach its upper limits; and this we can readily prove to be the case by taking a flask, closed air-tight at the foot of a mountain, to the summit; on opening it, air will rush out of the vessel.—On again closing it air-tight, removing it to the base of the mountain, and reopening it, air will rush in.

We have thus far learnt that the mercury is sustained in Torricelli's tube by the pressure of the air on the surface of the mercury in the cistern, and that that pressure on a given surface of mercury is proportional to the height of the column.

The experimental tube of Torricelli is, in fact, the instrument now universally known as the barometer, its name being derived from two Greek words, signifying *weight of air* and *measure*, though it is not a measure of atmospheric pressure in the same manner as we use a weight as a measure of mass, or an arc as a measure of angle.

Experience teaches that the height of the column of mercury varies when kept at the same level in the same place. Such variations indicate corresponding changes in the density and elasticity of the surrounding air; when the air's density and elasticity are increased, the mercury rises; when they are diminished it falls. The column, therefore, measures the intensity of the atmospheric pressure, and it is only necessary to add a recognized scale, to accurately measure the *height of the barometer* and the variations in the instrument. In Germany, the old Paris standard is generally adopted; in France, the decimal scale; and in England, the English yard measure is employed for the barometric scale.

It is commonly supposed that a steady rise in the barometer indicates the approach of fine, and a steady fall that of rainy weather; a sudden and great fall the approach of a storm, and a sudden rise the clearing up of a storm; hence this instrument has popularly obtained the name of "the weather-glass." The common barometers are marked "Fair," "Change," "Rainy," etc., against certain points of the scale; but the sooner these terms are disused, to the general disgust of the latter, as they have no foundation on fact, and are useless and misleading. Though in general terms we may say that the rise and fall of the mercury indicates a change of weather, in reality the mere observation of either of these effects, taken alone, is not a sufficient guide. High wind, electrical tension, and other causes not yet thoroughly understood, exert their specific influence on the pressure of the atmosphere, either to density or rarify it. In England, and in this country, 30 inches is taken as the mean or standard measure for the pressure of the atmosphere, and the variation ranges between 28 inches and 31 inches.—Other causes that influence the height of the mercury are: 1. The effect of temperature upon this metal, which, like others, expands with heat and contracts with cold, so that on a hot day (other things being equal) the reading would be higher than on a cold day. 2. When the mercury is rising, its surface is slightly convex; when falling, concave, which may lead to a trifling source of error in taking the readings on the scale. 3. Should the tube of the barometer be small, the capillary attraction between the glass and the liquid metal would exert an action sufficiently great to create an error. When great correctness of observation is desired, corrections for temperature and capillary action must be made, for which purpose tables of the corrections have been drawn up by meteorologists.

Should the smallest quantity of air creep into and up the barometer tube, it would create a serious deterioration to the efficiency of the instrument, for were but 1 1000th inch of air let into the bottom of the tube, on reaching the top of Torricellian vacuum, it would expand to 1 inch.

From these statements it will be obvious that great care is required in the manufacture of the barometer, and the following are the points of construction: 1. A clean glass tube, over 33 inches long, and a barometer that will render the column of mercury distinctly visible, and reduce the capillary action to a minimum; mercury chemically pure, and freed from air by boiling; an arrangement for preventing the bubbles passing up the tube; an accurately graduated scale, with some provision for correctly expressing the real height of the column from the level of the metal in the cistern. Besides its use as an indicator of present or coming weather, the barometer is employed for determining the height of mountains and other elevations above the level of the sea, and is of the greatest value to the experimentalist in determining certain physical properties of gases, vapors, etc.

A Fertile Land.

Stockton is the point of departure to the Yo Semite Valley. The fertile San Joaquin Valley, through a level country, is covered with wheat fields. The long lines of teams—almost invariably seven spans of mules or horses to the load—with three long wagons in line, loaded with bags of wheat, which we were constantly meeting on their way to market, gave us an idea of the fruitfulness of the country through which we were passing. This is a country of great ranches. At Trelford's ranche, where we stopped for a short time, the proprietor cut 10,000 acres of wheat alone this year, and will send to market, of this year's crop, 70,000 bags, containing over 220,000 bushels. His ranche contains 20,000 acres, all of which he proposes to put under cultivation another year. The advantage that this country gives the farmer over the east is, that before the grain matures rain ceases entirely, and there is not a drop for the space of at least four months.—The grain, therefore, ripens in dry weather, is cut and gathered at leisure, thrashed in the open field, bagged and piled up as our farmers pile wood for seasoning. All over this country, in the fields wheat is stacked and corded in this way, not only without danger of harm by the weather, but all the while improving by exposure.

"Go Abet Mit Der Fire!"

A fire was blazing in Ann street, N. Y., a day or two ago, and the flames were bursting from the windows of the shops. A crowd stood gaping at the sight, and firemen hurried to and fro, dashing great streams of water into the building. Some shopkeepers rushed about frantically and cried aloud about their "little all" being given to the winds. One cool and collected man stood with his hands in his pockets and gazed complacently upon the doomed contents of the stores. "Go abet mit der fire," he said, "I bees all right. I heff my ensurance papers in my bocket."

The Donaldsonville Riot.

Where the Responsibility Lies.

A REPUBLICAN VERDICT.

The following is from the Ascension *Republican*, official organ of the parish, and "published for account of succession of late Marks Schonberg," the Mayor (Republican.) of Donaldsonville, who was one of the victims of the negro mob. Let this verdict of a Republican speak for itself:

The investigation which was held by U. S. Commissioner Weller, closed on last Thursday evening, and the result of which was the committing of the two brothers Oliver for the murder of W. C. Lawes and Marks Schonberg, without the benefit of bail. The testimony showed conclusively that both parties were murdered by the infuriated mob, led by Fisher and the Olivers; and too much praise cannot be given to the Commissioner and the gentlemen conducting the prosecution as well as the defence, for the patience exhibited by them in giving the matter a thorough sifting: and thus the farce enacted by the great Oscar F. Hunsaker of organizing the State militia for his own political advancement, ended in a deep tragedy which will long be remembered by a heart-stricken community.

Thanks be to an all-wise and kind Providence that peace and quiet have once more been restored to our unhappy parish and town and the hungry wolves of prey have left, leaving their hellish work well nigh completed, having used every means in their power to destroy the harmony and good feelings heretofore existing between the white and colored people of this quiet parish, in order that they may ride into power on the backs of the poor colored people, upon whose confiding nature they played like a charm. They cared not how many lives were sacrificed, but took precious good care of their own carcasses; and to-day we have no doubt they look back on their fiendish work with a smile of gratification, and in the night of remorse or pity for those poor unoffending little children whom they have made orphans, thrown upon the cold world—the oldest scarcely able to crawl. The tears of the poor innocent orphans will plead hard for a just retribution to soon overtake the villains who caused their anguish, and though they have succeeded in cheating the hangman out of four as big villains and scoundrels as ever graced a gallows, yet let us trust to a just God that he will not permit them long to go unpunished.

We will not undertake in this issue to describe the cowardly practical joke perpetrated on the scamps that caused the late disturbance, which resulted in the death of two of our citizens, one of whom was mutilated in a manner that would have given credit to the wildest savages on record, and hardly were their bodies cold in their graves, than they took advantage of publishing an issue of this paper and throwing the murder of one on the other, thinking that dead men could tell no tales, and thereby clear their own skirts. But murder will out, and the infamous lie fabricated by them for the occasion was indeed so lame that it received no credence from any one.

We publish below the statement of John C. Cheevers, Esq., a true and honest Republican of long standing in this community, showing conclusively that neither the Democratic nor the Republican party were the cause of the troubles; but those few hungry and ragged vagabonds, who sought to hide their acts under the party cloak of Republicanism.

THE DONALDSONVILLE OUTRAGES.

It becomes my duty as an officer of the State to give the public a fair and impartial statement of the late riotous disturbances that took place in the town of Donaldsonville and its environs. I have, furthermore, been impelled to make this statement from the fact that the New Orleans *Republican* has done all in its power to misrepresent the whole affair and lay the blame upon the Democrats of the place. All the different accounts given by the *Republican* brand as falsehoods, and I understand full well their motive for such misrepresentations. The election of last Monday went off quietly; not a loud word was heard. I resided in the town of Donaldsonville, and was there on the day of the election, and then until Wednesday at 11 A. M., when the armed mob of 1500 negroes entered the town. The immediate and principal cause of the disturbance was about the ballot-boxes, as to where they should be counted. There was one voting place in the Fourth Ward, at the court house; and at the closing of the poll the Commissioners of Election were about to take the ballot-boxes from the court house and transport them across the river, about 3½ miles below, at Marchand's place. This the citizens, both white and black, (and the greater number were black,) would not allow. They all maintained that the court house was the, proper place, and the one fixed by law for the counting of the votes. I heard myself a great many of the colored men make use of the expression that the ballot-boxes must be counted at the court house, and that they would die before they would allow them to be taken away.—The box for the Second and Third Wards for the town was only one box allowed by the supervisor (for two large wards) was brought to the court-house, and so were the boxes from the First, Seventh and Eighth Wards—making in all five boxes at the court-house. The boxes of the First and Sixth Wards were carried down to the Marchand place. The commissioners had received written notice from Dr. Hunsaker, supervisor, to bring their boxes to Donaldsonville, where he would count them. Some of these notices I saw myself, and I also saw two notices for the Seventh and Eighth Wards, directing the commissioners to bring their boxes to the Marchand place. Mr. Charles N. Lewis, one of the commissioners of the First Ward, told me that on Tuesday morning, the day after the election, he received an order from Hunsaker to bring his box to the Marchand place. On Tuesday, Nov. 8, a committee of the commissioners waited upon Supervisor Hunsaker at the Marchand place, and requested him to come to Donaldsonville and count the ballot at the court-house as directed by law. (See sec. 28 of the registration act, and sec. 53 of the election law, 1870.) To which he answered he'd be damned if he would.

On Tuesday morning it was rumored about town that the militia were coming to town for the ballot boxes, and the presence of a large crowd of uniformed men on the opposite side of the river indicated that there must be some truth in the rumor. At this juncture, the citizens, both black and white armed themselves and proceeded to the bank of the river, for the purpose of driving them back, in case they attempted to cross, and it had been found out that they were the St. James militia men, organized and armed by Judge Brig. Gen. Oscar F. Hunsaker, late of the Confederate Army. The first that attempted to cross the river were four militia men, in a skiff. As soon as they landed they were ordered to surrender. All of them surrendered but one, who, attempting to run away, was shot in the thigh. The others were treated as prisoners, and Judge Morris Marks had them locked up for safe keeping, fearing lest the citizens would get excited and do them some bodily harm. The prisoners stated that they had been sent by Supervisor Hunsaker after the boxes, and that they did not think there was any harm. At the time of their landing, a large body, about seventy-five, of uniformed negroes started from the opposite shore on a flat used by the ferry men for carrying horses and buggies across the river. But as soon as they heard the shot and saw the demonstration on the shore they retreated back. All day Tuesday it was currently reported in town that the St. James militia were assembling in force on the Donaldsonville side of the river. The town was thrown into great excitement and alarm. The stores and places of business were closed, and the citizens commenced to get ready for an emergency, for the militia had threatened to enter the town, burn it down, and butcher all its inhabitants, irrespective of age or sex. The citizens were reliably informed that they were massing some few miles below the town. During the day (Tuesday) a little army of about fifty of the citizens divided themselves into three squads, under the command of Major Mauran, Judge W. C. Lawes and J. J. Claverie, for the protection of the town and the lives of its inmates. On Tuesday evening Judge Wm. C. Lawes and Mayor Marks Schonberg, with a flag of truce, in a buggy, proceeded down the river to the parish of St. James, to interview Judge Gen. Oscar F. Hunsaker and get a military order from this great militia general, directed to the leaders of the armed mob of negroes or quasi militia organized and armed by O. F. Hunsaker without any authority of law and encouraged, aided and abetted by his Excellency H. C. Warmoth. From all we can hear, they did receive an order, and on their way back Tuesday night they were set upon by these militia pets of Warmoth and Hunsaker, and in cold blood assassinated, and their bodies hacked and disfigured in a most horrid manner with cane knives. Marks Schonberg was an extreme Radical.—Wm. C. Lawes was a prominent citizen and lawyer, and was very popular with both white and black. The preposterous idea put forth by the *Republican* that Lawes killed Schonberg will be laughed to scorn by all who know anything of the affair.

It is known, and by the sons of Schonberg, that Judge Lawes was not armed at all, for one of the sons told him to take some arms with him, which he refused, and laughed at the idea. Besides, Schonberg was shot through the heart by a minnie ball and his back was perforated with buckshot. Judge Lawes was shot in the back with buckshot and horribly disfigured with cane knives. The bodies of the murdered men were discovered by Mr. Mire, an overseer on the place where the affair took place, and he reported the same in town to the citizens on Wednesday morning.

On Tuesday night the little army of citizens proceeded down the river and threw out pickets, remained there all night, expecting an advance of the enemy, but nothing was done. There was, also, another crowd of about three hundred armed negroes in the rear of the town, camped on the same night. Mr. Rodrigue and Joseph St. Martin were out on picket duty. Mr. Rodrigue was captured by this party. They disarmed him and kept him all night. Mr. St. Martin made his escape, Wednesday was the eventful day. The news of the butchery of Judge Lawes and Schonberg had reached the ears of every one, and the greatest consternation prevailed, and we were credibly informed that the strength of the armed crowd of negroes was over 1,000 men. This news struck fear into the hearts of all. Early Wednesday morning some of the leading citizens advised a few of the citizens to leave town. Major Maurin, J. J. Claverie and Dr. Franklin sent for one Pierre Landry, a yellow man, and a candidate for the House, and one of the leading men of the people. They conferred together, and it was not long before I saw riding into town three of the leaders of the armed crowd of negroes Their names were Nathan and Harry Hayes and one Vincent.

After the interview with these leaders of the armed mob of negroes, Mr. J. J. Claverie proclaimed about town that the town had capitulated to the mob, that about fifty of them would enter the town for their satisfaction, release their men captured the day before, and to take prisoners three of the citizens of the town, dead or alive. They were Felix Reynand, Lorenzo Gomez and Samuel H. Fields. Mr. Claverie also ordered the citizens to disarm themselves, and that they had promised that not a hair of any person's head would be touched, and that he and the prominent citizens of the place had taken the responsibility of the peace and good order of the town upon themselves, and that they would also give up the ballot boxes. I told Mr. Claverie that I indorsed all that he said, and to give them the ballot boxes if they wanted them, for I knew this would still make the whole election null and void. About 11 A. M. I heard the sound of the fife and drum, and in marched, about, in my judgment, 1500 armed negroes, composed of cavalry and infantry, armed principally with Enfield rifles. They marched byOurs, arms at left shoulder shift, kept step, and appeared to be well drilled. They were commanded by one Joseph C. Oliver, the recently elected Sheriff of St. James, and his brother Celestin, of St. James. Jos. C. Oliver is a candidate for the office of Sheriff of St. James. At the head of this armed mob, I saw one Fred. E. Birge, the editor of the Ascension Republican and Assistant Supervisor and Commissioner of Election, and he not of age. I also saw David Fisher, a negro appointed by Warmoth as the Chief Constable of the parish of Ascension, where there is no necessity for any river parishes had always been quiet and peaceable. But the object was to further the election of Oscar F. Hunsaker to the State Senate from that district. As soon as I saw the extent of this armed mob, and seeing these two Oliver brothers, both of whom I had arrested some time ago for mobbing and raising a public meeting and disturbing a peaceful assembly, I thought it prudent to leave the town. I met Mr. Chas. Gecks, the State Tax Collector, and as we stood talking, Mr. Numa Molare came up and told Mr. Gecks that he had heard some of the boys say that they were after him.—With that I told Mr. Gecks, let us both leave. We crossed the bayou ferry, and had just crossed when a squad of cavalry mob were placed as a guard upon the ferry. We walked up the river some three miles. Mr. Alex. Landry, a candidate for the House, was with us. I saw some of the armed mob had pointed him out as one to be spotted at they marched by him.

We crossed the river in a skiff, went to Mr. Landry's sugar house, and took the Bart Able that night. At 12 that night passed Donaldsonville; saw one house on fire.

The foregoing are the facts just as they happened. I lay the whole blame of all this trouble, first, on his Excellency H. C. Warmoth, for appointing Dr. D. S. Hunsaker Supervisor of Registration for the parish of Ascension, without his being a resident of the parish, a citizen of the State, in violation of a constitutional provision. For no person can hold any office of honor or trust unless he is a citizen of the State, and to be a citizen one year's residence is necessary, which Dr. Hunsaker has not been. Dr. Hunsaker was appointed in the interest of his brother, Judge Hunsaker, and the grossest violations of law have been practiced by him while acting. Instead of keeping his office at the court house, as directed by section 26 of the registration act of 1870, he kept it at the house of Mark Schonberg.

As an instance of his illegal and oppressive acts, two brothers by the name of Lear went to his office for the purpose of registration. He registered the oldest, and asked him who he was going to vote for. The man replied for Judge Marks for the Senate. He then asked the younger brother, (both colored men,) who had been registered two days before, who he was going to vote for, to which he responded, for Judge Marks. He then asked him if he was registered, and if so to show him his papers. On receiving the papers he tore them up, and quietly told him that he thought he was not old enough to vote. I could give a hundred instances of total violation of law on election day. Men were imported from the city to act as commissioners of election, instead of being residents of the parish, as the law directs. Men who did not know how to read and write were also appointed as commissioners, in open violation of law. Young men not of age were also appointed. I stated above that I first laid the cause of the late disturbance to Warmoth. I now, secondly, lay it to Judge Brigadier Gen. Hunsaker, who was appointed Parish Judge of the parish of St. James, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of N. Underwood by Gov. H. C. Warmoth, in open violation of the Constitution of the State, for he was not a citizen of the State at the time. He was appointed against the wishes of the people of the parish, both Democrat and Republican. But Gov. Warmoth wanted him there to run for the Senate, and Warmoth defied the people and the leading men of the Republican party. Six months ago, Hunsaker sprung the campaign in St. James; had himself nominated for the Senate by a packed convention. He had men in the convention representing wards that they did not live in, and who lived in the same house with him. He commenced immediately organizing the militia by issuing commissions to officers to all the preachers and leading colored men on the various plantations. He had them formed into companies and drilled, and to-day he is reaping the reward for his exertions in having a lot of ignorant negroes to arm themselves, set law and order at defiance, constitute themselves the power and still and destroy whomsoever they please.

The Democrats took no active part in the election, and nominated no candidate. Every one ran independent. There was no regular Rebublican ticket.

Very respectfully,
JNO. A. CHEEVERS,
District Attorney,
Fourth Judicial District.

The Fashions.

New Styles in Bonnets, Furs, and Dry Goods.

Great is New York, and Broadway is its prophet! And so we are fairly launched into the maelstroom of dissipation; and as the sighing winds of December wail a requium over the dying year, sweeping with many a dreary gust the "pale and hectic leaves" from the trees, Madam Fashion turns a fastidious nose at her rustic cousin, Dame Nature (heaven knows how many degrees removed,) and is imbued with a profound sense of her duties to herself and society.

It is evident that we are returning to the shapes, in bonnets, of the First Empire. Madame Fashion is quite as capricious as her fair votaries, for, within a month, styles have perceptibly changed. The flat crowns and pelite bonnets with which we were threatened are fast disappearing, and the bonnet of the period is quite as defiant and saucy as the girl of that name. *La Republique*, the dainty Gipsy and the Nilsson, are at present popular. The Republic with its low-flat crown is destined to have a short reign, as larger frames and coquettish Gipsy will undoubtedly be worn during the season. It is excessively becoming, rich as well as simple, in black velvet with ostrich tips curling around the brim, or the long plume floating grace fully at the back over the braids now so universally worn. Hats with very high crowns, the trimming having the effect of causing them to rear like towers, have been seen. To convey a better idea of rather grotesque nats, one must turn to the conical wood-cuts representing the fashions of our respected foremothers, half a century ago. Fancy, in fine, a little woman, whose face will appear to be in the middle of her body! To be in proper keeping, waists are gradually becoming larger and shorter; and though

"Hoops
Are an eternal round of pleasure,"

these, too, are succumbing to the relentless arbiters of fashion, while slight figures assume a lean quaintness, a suggestive voice inquires, "And our feminine Falstaffs?"

Flowers are not so much worn in bonnets as formerly, feathers and the bandeau of plaited colored velvet taking their place. Handsome jet ornaments are also used on black velvet bonnets.—Vails of the old style have been resuscitated from long oblivion, made of black dotted or thread lace, a yard long, a string run through the hem and tied around the hat or bonnet. These are more graceful and more becoming than the little scrap of lace used of late to flatten the nose and otherwise distort pretty faces. For an evening bonnet we may mention an exquisite gipsey of white silk and lace, upon which, carelessly arranged, is a bird of snow—Marabout, and a few leaves of aqua marine, moist, as with sea spray, trembling drops of dew shimmering upon a water lily on the side of the bandeau. Strings of cool pale green of the tint of the foam-capped wave, suggestive of sea-side ramblings.

Regarding dress goods, the variety is so bewildering, it is difficult to enumerate the rich melange spread before one. Silks of the heaviest brocade again bring back memories of our foremothers. Plaids, silk and velvet, with bias gathered ruches; deep bias flounces and two narrower ones, headed by double rows of black velvet ribbons; plaited flounces, with broad velvet bias bands; wide plaited band; narrow ruffles, in groups of five, four, and three, separated by bands of velvet, are some of the prevailing styles for trimming dresses and street costumes. Very expensive sashes are still worn, but are generally falling into disuse; fan-shaped ornaments of the dress material, elaborately trimmed and extremely bouffant, are worn, as well as bows and pointed ends. Bonnets and gloves should always correspond with the dress, unless black is worn—then an admixture of well contrasting colors is admissable. Postillion basques in black velvet are very fashionable, or a velvet postillion can be added to a round waist. Dinner costumes are very elegant in two and three colors. For example, a steel-gray silk with bands of violet velvet, edged with fringed ruches of the silk; a box plaited flounce of alternate silk and velvet at the bottom. The corsage simulates a violent velvet vest made square, with a jaunty postillion basque of of silk closed at the throat with ruffles of point lace the same style of ruffle falling over the hood. Silk skirts are extremely full at the back. Overskirts made open in front, hanging long and straight behind and looped at the sides, are decidedly the proper style for large or stout ladies; those of more slender form should make two or three deep plaits in the center of the gores at the side. On this sew strings, which must be fastened at the back; or five or six plaits are allowed when a large tournure is worn, which will produce the fold across the front above described. Plaited flounces can be ornamented by buttons, hearts of velvet, or little frogs in jets. Some of the customes for visiting and evening are too elaborate to admit of description. In expensive trimming the utmost latitude is allowed; at the same time exquisite taste is preserved.

In furs, there is a decline in prices. Seal skin takes precedence of astrakhan this season, through the latter is very fashionable yet. Alaska sables are popular and cheap; dark mink still holds its place; long boas as well as short ones are more fashionable than collars; muffs are quite small, with fur or elaborate passementerie tassels. Enameled jewelry has been revived from long oblivion. Diamond-shaped rings are seen, representing the beautiful head of some goddess, with tiny diamonds in a crescent on the brow, or set singly on the neck. Ring ear-rings, and pin correspond.—Enamel in odd arabesque designs are preferred, and are exceedingly pretty. We are seeing the last of buttoned boots. In their place we find boots cut lower than formerly, laced on the instep, and a still newer style, laced at the ancle, which cannot be too much commended as giving freedom and elasticity to the instep, thereby adding more grace to the walk. Tight lacing and buttoning of the boot as it has been worn, produced that tottering, cramped movement which has been so often criticised on the promenade.

The downfall of the chignon is at last fully confirmed. Women were long ago disgusted with the style; but fate is fate, says the opium-steeped Musselman, and fashion is fashion—so few dare to rebel. What with crimping-pins, baldness produced by heating chignons, braiding, and the expedients resorted to during the last few years, there's not much hair left to boast of; so, fortunately, the change in fashion has arrived in time, or the next generation, who follow mamma's styles so closely, would arrive at maturity with bald heads.

An exquisite fabric called Ottoman silk, in rich heavy reps, is very fashionable for bridal dresses, costing eight or nine dollars per yard, but from their soft, heavy richness requiring very little trimming, as in the case of thinner fabrics. Irish poplins and gros grains are more in favor than satin or lace. The style for very elegant dresses, at full-dress weddings, consists of the short underskirt with a magnificent Court train, where this is trimmed with bands of uncut velvet and a narrow heading of white ostrich feathers, with the vail and flowers of point lace. It is difficult to imagine a costume more elegant. The corsage is cut low and the form enveloped in the tulle vail four yards long. A pretty conceit is the vail dotted with tiny orange blossoms. Whatever the position after the bride must start in life with a goodly outfit; experience will tell the rest, for "when you come to be married, Sammy," said the senior Mr. Weller, "you'll know a good many things as you don't know now."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PORTER ON GRANT.

An Unpublished Piece of History.

[A COPY.]

NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON
U. S. FLAGSHIP MALVERN,
CAPE FEAR RIVER, NORTH CAROLINA, Dec. 7th, 1865.

My Dear Sir: I received your kind letter of the 17th instant, and thank you warmly for the confidence you reposed in my good opinion that this place could be taken. To the Navy Department alone is the country indebted for the capture of the rebel Stronghold; for had it not been for your perseverance in keeping the fleet here, and your constant propositions made to the army, nothing would have been done. As it was, after the proposition had been received, and General Grant promised that troops should be sent, it was not done until General Butler consented to let the matter go on, and when he hoped to reap some little credit for the explosion of the powder boat. Now, the country gives General Grant the credit of inaugurating the expedition, when, on both occasions, he permitted it to go improperly constituted. In the first place he had neither head nor tail as far as the army was concerned. In the second place he (Grant) sent too few men, when he ought to have calculated that the rebels would have more strongly defended the works, after seeing what a narrow escape they had. Nothing but the most desperate fighting and a determination to win on the part of the army gave us the victory. The gallant band of sailors who fearlessly went into the works amidst a shower of canister and bullets, drew the enemy's attention away from the assault on the land side and enabled our troops to obtain a secure footing. I don't say this to detract from the gallantry of the soldiers, for never did men fight harder or more handsomely than did our troops that day. Now that the most important fort on the coast has been gained, as usual you will hear but little of what the navy did, and no doubt efforts will be made again to show that the work was "not substantially injured as a defensive work." *To General Grant, who is always willing to take the credit when anything is done,* and equally ready to lay the blame of the failure on the navy, when a failure takes place, I feel under no obligations for receiving and allowing a report to be spread from his headquarters that there were three days when the navy might have operated and did not. He knows as much about it as he did when he wrote to me, saying, "the only way in which the place could be taken was by runing the ships past the batteries," showing evidently that he had not studied the hydrography of Cape Fear River, and did not know the virtue there was in our wooden walls when they went in for a fair stand-up fight.—Any fool can abandon ship, and we can only get in reach of it. I have served with the Lieutenant-General before, where I never worked so hard in my life to make a man succeed as I did for him. You will scarcely notice in his reports that the navy did him any service, when without the help it has given him all the success he has had. *He would have been Lieutenant-General.—He wants magnanimity,* like most officers of the army, *and is so avaricious* as regards fame that he will never, if he can help it, do justice to our department. When the rebels write the history of this war, then, and only then, will the country be made to feel how great the navy has done.

I do not feel at all kindly towards Gen. Grant for the indifference he displayed in this matter until he found his own reputation at stake; then he was glad to throw the elephant overboard, that had weighed him down so heavily. He could not help but know that General Butler was going in command of this expedition. The matter was constantly discussed with him; he knew that he had placed himself and all of his numerous staff on board the flagship Ben de Vaise; everybody spoke of him as commander of the troops.

In a conversation with General Grant, I expressly told him that I wanted nothing to do with General Butler, and he promised me faithfully that he should not have any connection with the expedition. Two months I waited for him to be ready to sail in accordance with notice, and I acquiesced in the General's decision that he could not spare troops for fear of endangering the defences in front. I said, "then the expedition will not go until Butler has a finger in the pie;" and sure enough, when Butler said go, we went. The fear of weakening the defences disappeared, Butler's presen