

The Greene County Republican.

FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

A Family Paper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Foreign, Home and Miscellaneous News, &c., &c.

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WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1866.

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The Republican.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY
JAS. E. SAYERS.

OFFICE IN WILSON'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
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D. BOWEN, Pres't. J. C. FLENNIKEN, Cashier.
DISCOUNT DAY—TUESDAYS.
May 10, '66-17.

W. E. GAPEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBURG, PA.

Office—In N. Clark's building,
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MCCONNELL & HUFFMAN
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
Waynesburg, Pa.

Office at the "Wright House," East
door.—Call on us, we will receive prompt
attention.
Waynesburg August 26, 1866.—17.

R. W. DOWNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office in Leiby's Building, opposite
the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.
Nov. 4, 1863—17.

GEO. WELLS, J. A. J. PUGHANAN,
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OFFICE in the old Bank Building,
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February 21, 1867.—17.

LEWIS DAY,
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Books of all kinds constantly on hand, Waynesburg, Pa., opposite Post Office.
May 1, '66-17.

T. P. MITCHELL,
Shoemaker!
Main St., nearly opposite Wright House.

IS prepared to do stitched and pegged work
from the coarsest to the finest, puts up
the latest style of Boots and Shoes. Cob-
bling done on reasonable terms. May 2, 6m.

W. H. HUFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
ROOM IN BACHLEY'S BUILDING, WAYNESBURG.
WORK made to order, in finest and best
style. Cutting and fitting done promptly,
and according to latest fashion plates.
Stock on hand and for sale. May 2, 17.

Wm. Bailey,
WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE WRIGHT HOUSE.
KEEPS ON HAND ALWAYS A choice
and select assortment of watches and
jewelry. Repairing done at the lowest rates.
apl. 17.

N. G. HUGHES,
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Main St., nearly opposite Wright House.

READY made work on hand, and having
secured the services of two first-class work-
men he is prepared to execute all orders in the
neatest and best style. May 2, 6m.

THIRST NO MORE!
GO TO
"Joe" Turner's
HE HAS JUST OPENED A
NEW SALOON!!

Keeps Good Rye Whiskey, Brandy of all
kinds, Gin, Wine, Ale, &c. And has the where-
withal to put up Fancy Drinks. Call and see
him in the brick part of the Adams Inn.
apr 25-6m

PEOPLE'S LINE.
STEAMER "CHIEF"
Capt. R. R. Adams,
Commander. Capt. R.
C. Mason, Clerk. Leaves
Greensboro, for Pittsburgh every Monday,
Wednesday and Friday, at 9 a. m. Leaves
Pittsburgh for Greensboro every Tuesday,
Thursday and Saturday. May 16, '66-6m.

STEAMER "ELECTOR." ROBERT PRIN-
TZER, Commander; R. G. Taylor, Clerk; leaves
Greensboro for Pittsburgh every Tuesday,
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ADAMS' EXPRESS LINE.
THIS safe line will forward with dispatch all
packages, trunks, &c., to all parts of the
United States. Apply to
JOSEPH COOKE,
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SLATER OENBAUGH,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, LI-
quors and every thing pertaining to a first
class Drug Store. Prescriptions carefully com-
pounded. "Creigh's Old Stand," Waynes-
burg, Pa. May 30, '66-17.

From the Louisville Chronicle.

DEMOCRACY: THE DEEDS—AND THE TRUTH.

Said Jefferson, the Democrat
"All men, of right, are free."
If any one denies that truth,
A queer doctrine he!

Yet many Democrats assert,
With one like face no gown,
That a land of Democrats
A wax may be a slave!

Yes, all their chosen leaders—
The lesser and the bigger—
Call him the wretched Democrat
Who on us and despise a nigger!

But are they Democrats at all?
I'll tell you their condition:
They spare true Democratic faith
For their own false tradition!

Could Jefferson "his Democrats burst?"
And from his tomb arise,
As you a lot of Copperheads,
Would he not rail at his eyes?

Like Rip Van Winkle, he would stare
At things so strange and new:
He'd say, "excuse me, gentlemen,
I've entered the wrong row!"

Old Democratic principles!
They're worthy of their fame;
The Cops have got—they ask no more—
The Democratic NAME!

Behold the nightly prowling wolf
From out his cavern peep,
With a mischievous grin on his back:
Does that make him a sheep?

Perchance his wolfship may deceive
Some generous of a lamb;
But those who will hardly cheat
The Democratic name!

Heaven of truth, so long and sharp,
Even the long eared one
Might plainly see, were never made
Merely for eating grass.

And should he under such a speak,
His wolfship would be felt;
And seen as such as would have
A rather creditable!

God, honest citizens, beware!
And never swing your hats,
Nor give your votes and influence
To such a Democrat.

The real Democrat you'll know:
He will do all men free—
The poorest of men, as well as
As men of high degree.

God's image, in each human face,
He sees, and never wrongs him;
And when a human heart speaks,
A brother's voice he hears.

Such Democrats were all the good
Who've lived beneath the sun—
Such was the noble Lafayette,
And such was Washington!

These patriots on slavery looked
With indignation and with dread,
This patriot's true; but it is the
A modern Copperhead!

O pure Democracy! its truth
Is light to every eye—
The light is simple, a child,
A language, white!

JAMES ARKIN.

EXTRAORDINARY NERVE.

While Murat was in Madrid, he was
anxious to communicate with Junot in
Portugal; but all the roads to Lisbon
swarmed with guerrillas, and with the
troops composing Castanos' army.

Murat mentioned his embarrassment to
Baron Stroganoff, the Russian ambas-
sador to Spain.

Russia, it is well known, was at that
time not only the ally, but the friend of
France. M. De Stroganoff told Murat
that it was the easiest thing in the world
"The Russian Admiral Simavin," said he,
"is in the port at Lisbon; give me the
most intelligent of your Polish lan-
cers; I will dress him up in a Russian
uniform, and entrust him with the dis-
patches for the admiral—all will go well
even if he should be taken prisoner a
dozen times between this and Lisbon, for
the insurgent army is so anxious to
obtain our neutrality, that it will be care-
ful not to furnish a pretext for rupture."

Murat was delighted with this ingenu-
ous scheme. He asked Krasiniski, the
commandant of the lancers, to find him
a brave and intelligent young man. Two
days afterwards the commandant brought
the prince in a young man of his corps,
for whom he pledged his life: his name
was Leckinski, and was but eighteen years
old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young
a man court so eminent a danger; for,
if he were detected his doom was sealed.
Murat could not help remarking to the
Pole the risk he was about to run. The
youth smiled. "Let your imperial high-
ness give me my instructions," answered
he respectfully, "and I will give a good
account of the mission I have been hon-
ored with. I thank his highness for
having chosen me from my comrades, for
all of them would have courted this dis-
tinction."

The young prince argued favorably
from the young man's modest resolution.
The Russian ambassador gave him his
dispatches; he put on a Russian uni-
form, and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly,
but on the afternoon of the third, Leck-
inski was surrounded by a body of
Spaniards, who disarmed him, and drag-
ged him before their commanding officer.
Luckily for the gallant youth, it was Cas-
tanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost,
if he were discovered to be a Frenchman,
consequently he determined on the in-
stant not to let a single word of French
escape him, and to speak Russian and
German, which he spoke with equal flu-
ency. The cries of rage of his captors
announced the fate which awaited him,
and the horrible murder of Gen. Rene,
who had perished in the most dreadful
tortures but a few weeks before, as he
was going to join Junot, was sufficient
to freeze the very blood.

"Who are you?" said Castanos, in
French, which language he spoke per-
fectly well, having been educated in
France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner,
made a sign, and answered in German,
"I do not understand you."

Castanos spoke German, but he did
not wish to appear personally in the
matter, and summoned one of the officers
of his staff, who went on with the exam-
ination. The young Pole answered in
Russian or German, but never let a sin-
gle syllable of French escape him. He
He might, however, easily have forgot-
ten himself, surrounded as he was by a
crowd eager for his blood, and who want-
ed with savage impatience to have him
declared guilty, that is, a Frenchman, to
fall upon him and murder him.

But their fury was raised to a height
which the general himself could not
control, by an incident which seemed to
cut off the unhappy prisoner from every
hope of escape. One of Castanos' aid-
de-camps, one of the financial patriots,
who were so numerous in this war, and
who from the first had denounced Leck-
inski as a French spy, burst into the
room, dragging with him a man wear-
ing the brown jacket, tall hat and a red
plume of a Spanish peasant.

The officer confronted him with the
Pole, and said:
"Look at this man, and then say if it
is true that he is a German or a Russian.
He is a spy, I swear by my soul!"

The peasant, meanwhile, was eyeing
the prisoner closely. Presently his dark
eyes lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"*Et Francis*, he is a Frenchman!" ex-
claimed he, clapping his hands. And he
stated that having been in Madrid a few
weeks before, he had been put in requis-
ition to carry forage to the French bars-
ack; and said he, "I recollect that this
map took my load of forage and gave me
a receipt. I was near him an hour
and recollect him. When we caught him
I told my comrades, this is the
French officer I delivered my forage to."

This was correct. Castanos probably
discovered the true state of the case, but
he was a generous man. He proposed to
let him pursue his journey, for Leck-
inski still insisted he was a Russian, and
could not be made understand a word of
French. But the moment he ventured
a hint of the kind, a thousand threaten-
ing voices were raised against him, and
he saw that clemency was impossible.

"But," said he, "will you then risk a
quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality
we are so anxiously asking for?"

"No," said the Officer, "but let us try
this man."

Leckinski understood all, for he was
well acquainted with Spanish.

He was removed and thrown into a
room worthy to have been one of the
dungeons of the inquisition in its best
days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner
he had eaten nothing since the previous
evening, and when his dungeon door
was closed on him he fasted for
eighteen hours; no wonder, then, what
with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety, and
the agony of his dreadful situation, that
the unhappy prisoner fell almost sense-
less on his hard couch. Night soon
closed in and left him to realize, in his
gloom, the full horror of his hopeless
situation. He was brave of course, —
but to die eighteen hours' fast, sudden.
But youth and fatigue finally yielded to
the approach of sleep, and he was soon
buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours, when
the door of his dungeon opened slowly
and some one entered with cautious
steps, hiding with his hand the light of
a lamp; the visitor bent over the pris-
oner's couch, the hand that shaded the
lamp touched him on the shoulder, and
a sweet silver voice, a woman's voice
asked him—

"Do you want to eat?"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly
by the glare of the lamp, by the touch
and words of the female, rose up on his

couch and, with his eyes only half open
said in German, "What do you want?"

"Give the man something to eat at
once," said Castanos, when he heard the
result of the first experiment, "and let
him go. He is not a Frenchman. How
could he have been so far master of him-
self? The thing is impossible."

But though Leckinski was supplied
with food, he was detained a prisoner.
The next morning he was taken to a spot
where he could see the mutilated corpse
of the Frenchman, who had been cruelly
massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo,
and he was threatened with the same
death. But the noble youth had promis-
ed not to fall and not a word, not an ac-
cent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to the
prison, hailed it with a sort of joy; for
twelve hours he had had nothing but
gibbets and death, in its most horrid
forms, before his eyes, exhibited to him
by men with the look and the passions
of demons. He slept, however, after
the harassing excitement of the day, and
sensibly, too; when, in the midst of his
deep and deathlike slumbers, the door
opened gently, some one drew near his
couch, and the same voice whispered in
his ear:

"Arise and come with me. We wish
to save your life. Your horse is ready."

And the brave young man, hastily
awakened by the words, "we wish to save
your life, come," answered, still in Ger-
man—"what do you want?"

Castanos, when he heard of this ex-
periment and its result, said that the
Russian was a noble young man, he saw
the true state of the case.

The next morning, early, four men
came to take him before a sort of court-
martial; composed of officers of Casta-
nos' staff. During the walk, they ut-
tered the most horrible threats against
him; but true to his determination, he
pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges he
seemed to gather what was going on
from the arrangements of the tribunal,
and not from what he heard said around
him, and he asked in German where his
interpreter was? He was sent for and
the examination commenced.

It turned at first upon the motive of
his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He
answered by showing his dispatches to
Admiral Siniavin and his passport. Spite
of the presence and vehement assertions
of the peasant, he persisted in the same
story, and did not contradict himself
once.

"Ask him," said the presiding officer
at last, "if he loves the Spaniards, as he
is not a Frenchman?"

The interpreter put the question.

"Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the
Spaniards; I esteem it for its noble
character; I wish our two nations were
friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter to the
president, "the prisoner says he hates us
because we make our war like banditti,
that he despises us, and that his only re-
gret is that he cannot unite the whole
nation as one man, to end this odious
war at a single blow."

While he was saying this the eyes of
the whole tribunal were attentively
watching the slightest movement of the
prisoner's countenance, in order to see
what effect the interpreter's treachery
would have upon him. But Leckinski
had expected to be put to the test in
some way, and he was determined to
baffle all their attempts.

"Gentlemen," said Castanos, "it seems
to me that this young man cannot be
suspected, the peasant must be deceived.
The prisoner may pursue his journey;
and when he reflects on the hazard of
our position, he will find the severity we
have been obliged to use excusable."

Leckinski's arms and dispatches were
returned, he received a free pass, and
thus this noble youth came victorious
out of the severest trial that the human
spirit can be put to.

SOLDIERS OF 1812.—One day last week,
five of the old veterans of 1812 acciden-
tally met at the public house of Mr. Wil-
liam Behny, in Jonestown, who were
aged respectively 76, 72, 72, 72, and
76 years, amounting to 368 years. They
all imbued a social glass, pledging their
votes to our noble standard bearer, Gen.
Geary, for Governor, next fall.

Old Moggys says that the talk of women
is usually about men; even their laugh is
for him!

PEOPLE WILL TALK!

We may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do.
People will talk, you know, oh, yes, they must talk, etc.

Be quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a gnat in sheep's clothing or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear some loud blarney that you're selfish and mean;
If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rascal, in a shaming way.

And then, if you show the least beam of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an impertinent, conceited and vain
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain.

If treacherous your coat, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one, of course, will take notice of that,
And hint rather strong, that you can't pay your way,
But don't get excited, whatever they say.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape
For they criticize then, in all different shape;
You're a head of your man, or your tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business, there's nothing to be made.

If a fellow has chances to wink at a sight,
How the gossip will talk, and their scandalous spite;
They'll excuse your wants, and talk of your means,
And declare you're engaged to a rich heiress.

They'll talk fine before you, but then, at your back,
Or you'll stand and shudder there's never a lack;
How kind and polite is all that they say,
But later as gall, when you're out of the way.

The best way to do, is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you know one, will then be at ease;
Of course you'll meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it ain't any use.

The New Orleans Massacre.

A FULL ACCOUNT BY AN EYE WITNESS.
NEW ORLEANS, July 31, 1866.

Necessity is upon me, as upon every
honest man able to reach the avenues of
public opinion, to tell that which my
eyes have seen and my ears have heard
of the latest rebel victory in this city,
and the men who organized it.

It was no drunken brawl, or low
street fight that clothed the floors of
Mechanics' Institute with gore, and
filled the carts that hauled dead men like
freshly slaughtered swine through the
streets. I saw the Governor of Louisi-
ana, for whose inauguration Banks' can-
non thundered their choral salute, and
Abraham Lincoln gave public thanks
drugged, lame as he was, for two squares
through a howling mob that, grazed
by such men as Humphrey Marshall,
smiling delighted approval from the
verandah above, shouted and cheered,
while the paroled rebel soldiers, wearing
the uniform of the police of New Or-
leans, roughly jerked him forward, and
the rioters from behind shot at and
cut and struck at him, till his bare head
and his shoulders were dripping with
the fresh flowing blood. Elegantly ap-
pearing persons, assuming the selectest
places in the aristocratic society of the
city, leaping upon the lifeless bodies of
freshly murdered men as they lay on a
street, wherein sight of the Clay
statue, and crushed flesh and bones with
their heels. Cheers and laughter greet-
ed an express wagon that passed the
corner of Carondelet and Common con-
taining the bodies of six murdered men,
teeming, heaped up one upon another till
the wagon body would hold no more.—
The man for whose murderous career no
fitting terms could be found, till years
ago the citizens, by common consent,
borrowed a name from the atrocities of
the East, and called him the King of the
Thugs, led a body of fifty paroled
rebel soldiers in the uniform of police-
men to the charge upon the 'Convention
and the negroes.' Is it not right to call
such scenes and such triumphs a rebel
victory?

At the closing session of the last Con-
gress, two of the conspicuous movers in
the effort to assemble the Convention
were claimants of seats in the United
States Senate, to which they had been
duly elected by the Legislature. The
whole Conservative party demanded
their admission, and when Charles Sum-
ner and Ben. Wade resorted to filibus-
tering to prevent it, the denunciation
was almost universal. Afterward one
of these Senators elect, Mr. R. King
Cutler, published an address to his con-
stituents, demanding compensation for
the emancipated slaves! Now, the
wind having shifted, as he thinks, he
has been demanding universal negro suf-
frage at all hazards!

Under his lead, and that of other more
respectable men, a temporary President
was induced to issue a call for the Con-
vention to reassemble, and the treble
traitor, Gov. Wells, to issue a procla-
mation for an election to fill vacancies.
On Friday evening a mass meeting was
held at the Convention building, (the
Mechanics' Institute,) and defiant
speeches were made by Cutler, Dr. Dostie,
Judge Hiestand and others. Next

day the city was all aflame. The papers
reported that incendiary speeches had
been made and it was in everybody's
mouth that Dr. Dostie and King Cutler
had advised the negroes to arm them-
selves on Monday, and stand by the
Convention that was going to give them
suffrage, drive off the police, shoot,
stab and destroy their enemies.

I was present at the latter part of this
meeting, and heard most of the objec-
tionable speeches, but heard nothing of
this kind. The demand for negro suf-
frage was the great feature of the even-
ing. Threats had been made that the
Convention should be broken up, and
its friends (not negroes as such, but in
general, 'its friends') were urged to be
present and protect it from violence.—
There was some excitement and much
enthusiasm; but neither the speeches
nor the tone of the crowd struck me as
more intemperate than is usual at large
political meetings.

About eleven o'clock at night, how-
ever, a mixed procession, whites and
negroes, had been formed, which march-
ed up Canal and St. Charles streets. It
was interrupted once or twice, and ne-
groes, breaking from the ranks, had
chased those trying to make the distur-
bance out of the streets. After this, I
was told by a prominent member of the
Convention, that he knew there was
reason to expect a riot on Monday, and
that if it came, the rebels would suffer.

All day Saturday and Sunday men
talked of this revolutionary meeting and
the revolutionary Convention that was
to meet on Monday, the inflammatory
speeches and the riot we were sure to
have. Pistols were purchased in large
numbers, and everybody seemed prepar-
ing. Sunday night the rebel Mayor of
the city, Mr. John T. Monroe, sent to
the Dry Tortugas by Butler, elected to
the mayoralty by the returned rebel
soldiers as a reward for his sufferings,
and especially pardoned by the Presi-
dent, that he might cater upon the
duties of his office, called a private meet-
ing to consult. The President had been tel-
egraphed that the Convention was about
to assemble, in defiance of the courts, i.
e. in defiance of the charge of Judge
Abel (a petty Judge here.) to the grand
jury, to the effect that their assemblage
would be a violation of the oath of office
they had taken in 1861, and should be
punished as perjury. The President had
replied that the military would sustain
the civil courts. Conceiving everything
to be now in their own hands, the rebel
authorities thought they should be able
to "settle the convention and the ne-
groes."

Monday morning every body talked
about "the riot that was to come off
to-day." Some business houses were
never opened at all, or were closed by
nine o'clock. The streets were full, and
nearly all the residents were armed.—
The assembling of the Convention seem-
ed to be awaited as the signal for the ex-
pected outbreak. Respectable re'e cit-
izens earnestly advised their friends who
were strangers in the city not to be in-
duced by curiosity or any other motive
to go into the hall of the Convention, and
assured them that they knew there would
be bloodshed.

By twelve o'clock, Canal and Com-
mon streets, between which the Mecha-
nics' Institute is situated, were crowded.
Men gathered in excited groups about
the doors of the houses, at the crossings,
and the chance appearance of a negro
was sure to produce that indefinable mur-
mur which the reporters are so fond of
calling "sensation." Rumors of distrust
between negroes and whites in differ-
ent parts of the city, occasionally passed
from mouth to mouth.

A little after twelve o'clock, the mem-
bers of the Convention, who had repair-
ed to the Institute as upon a matter of
course, were called to order. Only
twenty-five or thirty answered to their
names, but a few more came in after the
roll call. The Sergeant-at Arms was
ordered to bring in absentees, and mean-
time a recess of an hour was voted. By
this time a considerable crowd of whites
and negroes had assembled in the cham-
ber outside the bar; and a larger crowd
composed mainly of negroes, nearly all
armed either with clubs or revolvers,
had gathered in the street before the
door. Half a square off, on Canal street,
the citizens and police were assembling.
Manifestly here were the materials for an
explosion. It wanted but a spark, that
any accident, at any moment, might
furnish.

At this unfortunate juncture, a pro-
cession of negroes, preceded by a band
of music, came marching up from the
French quarter. The crowd in front of
the Institute cheered them heartily as
they approached, to which they respon-
ded, amid the curses and jeers of the
whites on Canal Street. What next fol-
lowed no man can now undertake to
affirm. The negroes say that a police-
man wantonly fired into their column.—
The policemen say that the negroes
raised the cry of "kill the d—d rebels,"
as some of them were attempting to
make a needful arrest. Still others say
that a white man, accidentally or inten-
tionally jostled from the curbstone by a
member of the passing procession, fired
at the offender and drew out a return
shot. It is certain that in a moment or
two shots came to be exchanged, and
both negroes and whites began those
surges to and fro, rushes around the
corner and rallies down the street again
which generally mark the inception of a
street fight. One or two negroes fell;
the policemen continued to discharge
their revolvers into the corpses, and the
sight of blood inflamed all alike.

Meantime, that which happened in-
side the Mechanics' Institute, which had
thus become the nucleus of the opening
riot—the only available point of refuge
for the negroes, and the central object
of attack to citizens and rebel soldiers in
the uniform of policemen, may be more
definitely stated.

Within a few moments after the first
shot, balls began to strike the building,
and under the impulse of the excitement,
the members of the convention all sprang
to their feet. On the appeal, however,
of some one cooler than the rest, they re-
sumed their seats, determined to await
with dignity the expected attack. Pres-
ently a rush was heard at the door below,
and then the heavy tramping of many
feet on the stairways. Every one sup-
posed this to be a body of the police,
though it is now known to have been a
party of negroes running from the heavy
fire suddenly poured down the street
from the citizens and policemen at the
corner of Canal. Momentarily therefore
expecting a rush of policemen into the
Hall to arrest the members, the Con-
vention deliberated what to do. After few
words, the proposition of Mr. Alfred
Shaw, Ex-Sheriff of New Orleans, and a
gentleman of character, prevailed. He
was therefore, deputed to inform the po-
lice that inside the Hall no resistance
would be made to any legal officer claim-
ing the right to make arrests. With
this message he passed out from the
door which he was not destined soon to
enter again.

With a white handkerchief in his hand
he crossed the outside passage and start-
ed down one of the winding staircases.
By this time a strong body of police had
driven the negroes from the front of the
Institute by a sudden dash, and a dozen
of them, gaining the building, were
rushing up the stairs, when they met
Mr. Shaw coming down. "Kill him,"
there's Shaw, the scoundrel, shoot him
down." Let me at him, were the first
exclamations, and those below sought to
crowd up till they could see to shoot at
him. Others said "No, he has a white
handkerchief; take him to the station
house." Through the hubbub and scuf-
fle Shaw succeeded in making them un-
derstand his message. "That's right, let
them surrender peacefully," said some.
"Kill that d—d scoundrel Shaw," ex-
claimed others. Meantime two police-
men, seizing him firmly, and another
forcing a way through the crowd and
keeping assailants off,