

# The Louisiana Democrat.

H. R. BLOSSAT

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## The Democrat.

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### IMPORTANT

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**H. ST. JOHN'S**  
Jan 2 11

## A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

I was a medical student in Paris at the time the strange and startling adventure happened which I am about to record. Tired with long lectures and hard study I was out one evening for a walk in the fresh air. It was a pleasant night in mid-winter, and the cold bracing air, as it touched my feverish brow, caused a grateful sensation.

Passing through a rather lonely street, near the river, I was surprised at meeting a young and pretty girl (at least so she appeared in the dim light of a rather distant street lamp) who carried in her hand some three or four bouquets, which she offered for sale.

"Will monsieur have a bouquet?" she asked, in a sweet, musical tone, holding out to me a well-arranged collection of beautiful flowers.

"They are pretty," said I, taking them in my hand, and then somehow, I could not help adding, as I fixed my eyes upon hers, "and so, I think, is their fair owner."

"Monsieur will buy and assist me?" she said.

"Do you really need assistance, mademoiselle?"

"Why else should I be here at this hour of the night, monsieur?"

"And why here at all?" quickly returned I. "This street is little frequented, and it is about the last in the world I should have selected for disposing of a luxury most suited to wealth and fashion."

She sighed and reached out her hand for the bouquet, which I still retained.

"What is your price?"

"Five francs."

"A large sum?"

"Monsieur will remember it is winter, and flowers are not plenty."

"I had you, I will purchase," returned I, handing her the requisite coin; "for though I love flowers, I would otherwise hardly indulge in the luxury to-night at such an expense."

She thanked me, and seemed about to pass on, but hesitated, looked up to me, and said:

"Could monsieur direct me to the house of a good physician, who will turn out to-night and see a patient at a small recompense?"

"Any friend of yours?"

"My mother!" with a deep sigh and downcast look.

"Where does she reside?"

"Only a short distance from here?"

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has a high fever for something."

"When was she taken?"

"She came down last night, and has not left her bed since."

"Why did you not send for a doctor at once?"

"We hoped she would get better soon, and it is so expensive for poor people to employ a physician."

I am myself a medical student, with considerable experience among the sick of the hospitals; and if you are disposed to trust the case to me, I am at your service without charge."

I rejoined, already feeling deeply interested in the fair girl.

"Oh, how I shall thank monsieur!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, and an upward, grateful look. "Pray, follow me, Monsieur le Docteur."

She turned at once, and moved off at a rapid pace, down the street, toward the river Seine, in the direction I was walking, when we met.

In less than five minutes we had entered a wretched quarter, among narrow streets, old, tottering buildings, and squalid-looking inhabitants, some of whom seemed to glare at us as we passed along.

"Is it much further?" inquired I, beginning to feel uneasy.

"Only a step, monsieur; it is just here."

Almost immediately she turned into a covered passage, which led back among habitations that I should never have voluntarily visited in the broad light of day.

A distant lamp served to make the gloom visible; till she suddenly stopped and opened a door into total darkness.

"Your hand, Monsieur le Docteur," she said, at the same time taking it and leading me forward.

I was tempted to draw back and refuse to go any further, though I mechanically followed her.

We now went through a long, narrow passage, in total darkness, and after two or three short turns, began to descend a flight of creaking rotten stairs.

"Is it possible you live in a place like this?" said I, secretly wishing myself safe.

"In Paris begins cannot be choosers," replied the girl.

But even in Paris it is not necessary for the living to take up their abode in sepulchres!" I rejoined with some asperity, being vexed at myself for suffering any good nature to lead me into a den from which I might never come out alive.

To this my fair guide designed no reply. On reaching the foot of the stairs she pushed open a door into a small, dimly-lighted room; and I followed her into it with some secret misgivings. There was a bed in one corner, and on it appeared to be a human form lying very still.

"I have brought a doctor, mother," said the girl, as she closed the door behind me. As there was no reply to this she turned to me, saying:

"Will Monsieur le Docteur please to be seated a minute? I think my mother is asleep."

"I beg mademoiselle will bear in mind that I can only spare a few moments in this case to-night as I have another call I wish to make immediately." I returned, feeling very anxious to depart from that subterranean quarter as quick as possible.

"Monsieur shall not be detained long by me," rejoined the girl, passing out of the room by another door.

I did not sit down, but walked over to the bed, where the patient was lying very still—so still indeed that I could not detect any breathing. The woman's cap was on the head, and the end of a sheet concealed the face. I ventured to turn this down carefully, and beheld the eyeless sockets and grinning teeth of a human skull!

I started back in horror, and at the same time the door by which the girl had left was thrown open, and in marched one after the other four tall human forms in black gowns and masks. I knew at once, then, that I was to be robbed, and probably murdered. I wore a heavy diamond pin and ring, carried a very valuable gold watch, and had in my pocket some 500 francs, but not a single weapon of any kind—resistance being, therefore, out of the question. I felt that my only chance—

if, indeed, there was a chance—was to conciliate the ruffians and buy myself off. With a presence of mind for which I still take to myself considerable credit, I said at once:

"I understand it all, gentlemen, and you will find me a very liberal person to deal with. There is one thing I value very highly, because it is the only one I have, and I cannot replace it—that is my life. Every thing else of mine is at your service, even beyond what I have with me."

They were undoubtedly surprised to hear me speak in that cool, off-handed manner; but they merely looked at me and surrounded me before either returned a word.

"How much have you with you then?" inquired one, in a civil way, but in a low, gruff tone.

I immediately mentioned the different articles of value and the exact amount of money; all of which I shall be pleased to present you with, if you will be kind enough to escort me to the street above."

"You said you had more, monsieur?"

"Yes, gentlemen, I have 10,000 francs in the bank of France, and I will willingly add a check for half that amount."

"Checks don't answer our purposes very well," said a second voice.

"Then I pledge you my honor that I will, to-morrow, draw out 5,000 francs and pay the amount over to any person who may approach me with this bouquet in his hand," said I, holding out the flowers I had purchased of the fair deity.

"And have him arrested the next minute, I suppose."

"Not on my honor he shall depart unharmed and unquestioned, and no other human being shall be informed of the transaction for a week, or a month, or a year."

"Let us handle what you have here," said the first speaker.

I immediately took out my pin, took off my ring, drew out my watch, produced my pocket-book and purse, and placed them all in his extended hand.

"You make us a present of these, now," he said.

"Yes, on condition that one of you will forthwith conduct me to the street above," I replied.

"Monsieur is a very liberal gentleman, indeed," I replied, "and I am glad to see they then drew off together, scrutinizing the articles by the light of a smoky lamp, and conversed together in low tones. I felt that they were holding a consultation that involved my life, and, to speak the honest truth, it seemed as if every nerve in me quivered; and it was with difficulty I could stand.

At length the principal spokesman turned to me and said, in a cool and methodical manner:

"Monsieur has acted more like a gentleman than any person we ever had dealings with, and if we could, consistent with our business, oblige him, we would be happy to do so; but, unfortunately, we are governed by a rule, which is a law with us, that dead men tell no tales; and we think it will not do to make an exception in this case. We will, however, in consideration of monsieur's gentlemanly behavior, be as mild and lenient as possible in doing our duty, and grant monsieur five minutes for his prayers."

"You have then resolved to murder me," gasped I.

"Monsieur uses a very hard term, but we will let that pass. You have five minutes yet to live by this watch."

The villain then held my watch to the light, and I felt indeed that my minutes were numbered, and secretly began to pray for the salvation of my soul, believing that I could not save my body.

A death-like silence now reigned in that gloomy apartment for some time, and then one of the ruffians bent down and lifted a trap-door, and from the dark pit below issued a poisonous smell, as it might be, of putrid bodies; I beheld my intended grave, and shuddered and looked aspen.

But why stand there and die like a dog, without a single attempt at escape! At the worst it could be but death, and there was a bare possibility I might get away.

I fixed my eye on the door which opened on the stairway, and with a single sudden bound reached it, but found it fast locked. Then, as the hands of the ruffians seized me with murderous intent, I uttered a wild

shriek, the door was burst in with a loud crash, and in a moment the room was filled with gen d'armes. I saw that I was saved, and fainted and fell.

The four masks, the fair decoy and some two or three others concerned in that murderous deed, were all secured that night, and I subsequently had the pleasure of giving in my evidence against them, and seeing them all condemned to the galleys for life.

The place had for some time been suspected, and the decoy marked. On that night a detective had secretly followed the girl and myself, and, after ascertaining whether she had conducted me, had hastened to bring a body of gen d'armes to the place. The delay of the ruffians in their murderous designs had been just sufficient to save me. I scarcely need add that I never again volunteered to accompany a distressed damsel on a secret expedition while I remained in Paris.

The following fashion hints from *Democrat's Monthly* for July will be of use to our lady readers:

The prettiest toilets are always white—white pique or muslin, in the morning, white grenadine, organdie, tulle, or guaze in the evening.

White grenadine dresses are out with a train and without lining, over eored and flounced underskirts. The body is cut in one with the skirt, and trimmed with blue mane, or green silk, edged with trimmed fringe. The side sash is trimmed to match and very often used to tie up the immense train in *paniers* over the bustle attached to the hoop-skirt behind.

Some hooped skirts are made with a bodice, as they are now called *en paniers*; that is to say, short springs are bowed over the back, and sometimes upon the sides, so as to form a base upon which the *paniers* rest, and which shapes them. This absurdity is one of those introduced from Paris, which revolts all right minded women, and is, in reality, an insult to their sense and taste.

The gored dress is very graceful and very becoming; it shows a very fine figure to the very best advantage, but the "bus-tle" and the *paniers* are a mere extravagance which, if natural, could only be looked upon as a huge and unwieldy deformity.

Ruffles are the universal trimming this season, and they are especially pretty upon all the dresses. Upon muslins, grenadines, and organdies, nothing is so pretty as ruffles, cross-cut, and only a little full, as the fashion is.

In grenadine they are sometimes bound with a contrasting color and sometimes edged with narrow fringes; in muslin, they are simply hemmed.

Trains are worn as long as ever; but it is not wise to make the dresses quite so long as rich silks—sufficiently long to be graceful is best.

The bodices are worn the natural length; they are not so short as last year.

A great deal of fullness is massed together in the trained skirts behind, but they are still gored, front and sides.

In short walking-dresses only enough fullness is allowed to give ease round the bottom of the skirts.

## "THE LAND OF THE FREE!"

An Atlanta Editor Goes to See the Atlanta Barracks.

HOW THE PRISONERS ARE TREATED—PREVIOUS STATEMENTS ALL TRUE AND NOTHING TO TAKE BACK.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

Amid the conflicting reports constantly coming in of the manner in which the prisoners at the barracks are being held and treated, we concluded to settle the matter by going there and taking a look in person. On last evening this purpose was executed, and we can now speak from personal observation.

On arriving at the barracks, which are nothing more than a circle of well-built and commodious wooden buildings, enclosing the old race track, we were politely received by Major —, by whom we were treated, throughout, with uniform courtesy. It was not long, however, before another party hove in view and was introduced as Mr. Whitley. The appearance of this man was anything but prepossessing. He is about five feet eleven inches long and distressingly angular in his physical conformation. Oily, eely and slim; eyes grey and very close together; long, sharp teeth of pearly whiteness; hair so closely cropped that a nit could not hide itself there; face about the width of a consumptive's hand; knees curved forward and outward; voice and slang that of a down-easter; but withal well dressed and excessively affable. This *Government Detective* struck us at once as the very personification of all that is mean and contemptible. He looked like an escaped convict in disguise; who is laboring under apprehension that somebody might recognize him.

This individual undertook to show us around in the capacity of turkey. The prisoners are entirely under his control, and whatever he commands shall be done with them, the military are bound to obey.

We were first invited into an ante-room about 16x12, in which were confined five of the Columbus prisoners, including Sergeant Marshall. These seemed to be doing very well. Upon asking one of the number, Lawrence, how he was treated, he replied, "Pretty well, except the confinement." This room was sufficiently ventilated, and the door which opened into a hall filled with soldiers and skated with guns, was left ajar. We noticed the remains of dinner upon a table, among which were fragments of soda crackers.

Returning to the hall through the same door by which we entered the apartment where the five were confined, a passageway about 4 feet wide met the view, and ranged along the left wall of which might be seen the line of heavy wooden doors opening into the prison cells. Our turkey opened No. 1, which contained the person of the prisoner, Mr. Roper. The cell is exactly 10x2 1/2 feet, and answers in every respect to the description heretofore given in this journal. Besides Mr. Roper and misery, there were in the room a thin mattress stretched on the floor, a tobacco box, a newspaper, and nothing else. It must be borne in mind that the cells were originally 10x6 feet, and have recently been divided by a partition, in which there is a small door admitting, when unlocked, of inter-communication. The outer door commands the entrance to both subdivisions.

No. 2, contained Messrs. Barber and Cash. The former seemed rather discontented as to our status, and evidently looked upon our visit with suspicion. Nor do we blame him in the least, for it is reported that strange parties have sought and obtained interviews with the unfortunate prisoners. Barber is a trump. He is not a man to be cowed, nor will the *Government Detectives* make much out of him. Wiggins and Wood occupied the remaining cells. The latter has but one arm, and was recognized as a conscript officer on duty at Augusta during the war. The prisoners all complained of having suffered from the excessive heat, but said that they had enough to eat, such as it was.

Messrs. Bedell, Kirksey and Chipley occupy quarters in another building, and are comparatively comfortable. Upon those latter several friends called during our stay.

Not one word was addressed by us to the prisoners in the cells, which was not ordered by the detective, who stuck to us like a fly-bite; but he failed to draw us to him. He was, however, very willing, apparently, to allow the prisoners anything in the way of provisions which friends would send, but added that thus far nothing of the kind had been contributed. He remarked that those in the cell yet soldiers, rations. One of them exhibited to us a piece of Baker's bread, left over from the evening before, and complained that he could not eat it.

It is not the matter of bread so much that we complain of, as the stifling cells, too small for a Pigmy, in which citizens of Georgia are stored away like hogs, and subjected to the vile espionage and insulting overtures of a hired monster in human shape, whose province is to make money out of the blood of the innocent.

We are informed that a new building, in process of construction, will be completed in a few days for the better accommodation of the Columbus prisoners.

The Major — we are thankful for his courtesy, but, to the wretched detective, let him remember Judas, and quit his miserable calling before conscience (if he has one) shall force him to rob the hangman of his dues.

## The Speaker's Hammer.

CONGRESS NOW AND THE CONGRESS OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.

The Boston Traveller, a Radical Journal, draws the following not very complimentary comparison to the members of its party who revel in the present House of Representatives.

This formidable instrument (the Speaker's hammer) marks an era in the management of deliberative bodies. In the days of Henry Clay it was unknown. A portrait of that model presiding officer bearing such a symbol would fall to be recognized. But the manners no less than the times have changed. It is no longer by moral power that parliamentary rules can be sustained. It is only by the physical agency of the rough and ready hammer that order and decorum can in any measure be secured. Such, at least, is the theory. Our impression is, however, that even that rude instrument is losing its potency.

We have seen in some of the recent squabbles in the House that members are with great difficulty hammered into the proprieties of debate.

Those who are accustomed to witness the proceedings of Congress, and who have not the means, from personal observation, of comparing the House as it at present conducted with that body as it existed thirty years ago, would find it difficult to believe the truth in regard to it. A visitor to the House for the first time is astonished at the want of dignity and the positive disorder which attracts his attention. The scene which ordinarily presents itself is one of confusion. One half the members are out of their seats, walking to and fro, standing in the aisles or in the area in front of the Speaker's desk, or gathered in knots here and there, and engaged in conversation so loud as to vie with the voice of a member addressing the House, and even with the rude noise of the Speaker's gavel. Some members are sitting listlessly, and with apparent indifference to the proceedings, with both feet, it may be, on their elegant carved oak desks. Others, among the few comparatively who seem to be aware of the business before the House, are constantly interrupting the Speaker who is entitled to the floor; and not unfrequently two or three members will be addressing the Chair at the same time. What with this and the conversation going on about the hall, a pretty good idea of Babel may be formed. Every few minutes the indomitable hammer is vigorously but plainly plied for the purpose of pounding members into a sense of decorum and enforcing conformity to the rules of order. Ten times an hour the clear voice of the Speaker is heard above the tumult of tongues requesting members to resume their seats and come to order, and urging the request with more or less vehemence, by more or less violent application of the hammer upon the devoted desk. It must be a firm and durable material which withstands the constant and severe home strokes of this despotic monitor.

During the long term of years in which Henry Clay was Speaker of the House, he seldom or never used his hammer; if indeed he was invested with such an emblem of power. A venerable gentleman, who was a member of Congress thirty years ago, informs us that heretofore, in his course of several terms of service, saw Mr. Clay use the hammer. Either through his influence as a presiding officer, or the prevalence of a better sense of decorum among the members, dignity and honor marked the proceedings of the House at all times. But, if ever there were occasions to call to order—and a slight departure from the rules of the House seemed an occasion—it was done, and effectually done, by a simple tap of the Speaker's desk with his folding or pen-knife. If, while a member was addressing the House, two others were out of their seats, and even whispering in front of the Speaker's desk, Mr. Clay would request the member to suspend his remarks till order was restored. An anecdote, related by the venerable gentleman of whom we have spoken, will illustrate the sentiment which pervaded the House at that time, in regard to the portment of members while in their seats; Mr. Vanes, a member from Ohio, was lame, and to relieve himself from pain he one day raised his foot to the edge of his desk. Mr. Clay observing his position, says one of the pages to him to remind him that he was out of order. He looked up, and catching the Speaker's eye, graciously bowed, an acknowledgment of the justice of the rebuke and resumed his accustomed and dignified position. At the time referred to, no interruptions of members while speaking were allowed. Now, such interruptions are constant, and sometimes productive of the extreme confusion and disorder—leading naturally to those hot-blooded retorts and disgraceful personal altercations which so frequently occur. Then, speaking to the question, even in the Committee of the Whole, was strictly insisted upon, and the Speaker was accustomed to remind members whenever they rambled or deviated from the question in debate. There was, of course, little or no occasion for members to call one another to order as they now do incessantly. That office was then properly discharged by the Speaker. Now, the latitude and longitude of debate in Committee of the Whole is unbounded and unmeasured by any rules of the House or any laws of propriety. Then, when the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, it was customary for the Speaker to go down and take part in the debate. Now the Speaker retires to his private room, which is fitted up with painful magnificence for the reception of his friends, and is seen more till the rising of the committee, which, during his absence, scarcely rises to the dignity of a political caucus, much less to that of a town meeting or debating society. From all of which we infer that there is very little moral power in the Speaker's hammer, and that parliamentary order and decorum and the amenities and courtesies of debate are dependent upon a higher principle that can be evolved from any physical agency whatever.

## A New Chemical Light.

LUCIFEROUS INVENTION—A NEW LIGHT SIXTEEN TIMES STRONGER THAN THAT OF STREET GAS.

A second exhibition of the light evoked by a mixture of pure oxygen with street (hydrogen) gas, was given yesterday afternoon in the presence of several distinguished gentlemen, in a darkened compartment in the offices of Messrs. Sterns, Stevens & French, 22 Nassau street. To produce the oxygen gas cheaply and in sufficient quantities, resort is had to manganese compounds (compounds of manganese acid with gases) which are decomposed at a temperature of 500 degrees Fahrenheit by passing hot steam over them in retorts. The oxygen (disengaged) is conveyed to a receiver. By this process, manganese acting as sponges, are again charged with the electro-negative element, the vital part of the atmosphere and supporter of combustion. The gas, when played upon a magnesium pencil in combination with the hydrogen, producing a pure, soft, white light, sixteen times stronger than the ordinary gas, or, to express it more plainly, one jet of the oxygen gas is equal to sixteen lights of ordinary street gas, the burners being of the capacity.

From the new light there is no impure smell. It does not heat or add to the atmosphere. Rather, it purifies it acting in this capacity as a deodorizer. When burnt or combined with pure hydrogen, such as it is proposed to extract from lime and coal by a new process in the hands of the gentleman named above, the light will be beyond even present conception magnificent. It will be all but drawing the light of the sun into a midnight of darkness. It shades the new illuminator has the sparkle, but in intensity almost infinitely multiplied. Shaded, it seems to please the eye, which is never fatigued, however long it may rest upon it.

We have been given to understand that it is about to be introduced into several hotels, stores, manufactories and private establishments; and we do not think the time distant when it will be commonly used in dwellings, public places, street lamps, and elsewhere, as the ordinary illuminative gas now is.

While, as has been stated, the intensity, and therefore brilliancy, of the oxygen gas is as sixteen to one by hydrogen, it is not more expensive; if any thing, it is believed that it is a little while it can be made cheaper—that is, the oxygen in combination with pure hydrogen at the burner, and for the reason that by a new process, for which patents are held, covering the United States, by Messrs. Sterns, Stevens & French, the last named gas can be obtained in large volumes from anthracite coal. It has been ascertained that by placing equal parts of lime and anthracite in a retort, four volumes of hydrogen, under certain ascertained conditions, can be obtained to hydrogenous cost. This, with the fact that by the process of Tessie du Motay and Marechal's for obtaining large volumes of oxygen at exceedingly low figures, will place the new gaslight within the reach of all—a light which will be of incalculable benefit to the world—a light so powerful though so mild to the eye, that it may be used equally with day light for photographic purposes.

It has recently been found in France, where experiments in the new light are being conducted on a large scale, that a substitute for the magnesium pencil has been found which will prove far more durable. This, of course, will help to greatly reduce the cost of burning the gas.

**PROVISE OF POULTRY.**—Nothing which the farmer produces is of quicker sale than eggs and poultry. The prices which he receives therefor are in the main remunerative; the labor incurred is light and agreeable, and can be performed by the junior members of his family. The poultry yard produces food highly palatable and nutritious at all seasons, and in this respect is hardly equalled by any other department of the farm. Is it not worth while then to bestow more care and skill in managing the poultry? Left to themselves, half their products are often wasted and half the year they are non-layers. In winter they need simply warmth, light and sunshine; clean, roomy quarters and plenty of food. Every day they will pay for this. In the summer they want range, fresh earth, shade, water, seclusion and protection from vermin. An abundance of eggs and broods of plump chickens, either for market or the farmer's own table, will result from this care. It is not feasible to carry on the poultry business on an enormous scale. Many have tried it and failed; but every farmer should make a couple of hundred dollars' worth of their products yearly. That at least can be done with profit