New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1860.

THE REAL ISSUE.

The day of the Presidential election is rapidly approaching, and we will soon be called upon to decide the contest at the ballot-box. Yet, so far, only a small proportion of the people, North or South, seem to understand the real issue before them which is to be determined by their suffrages in November.

We, of the South, are quarrelling among ourselves, when there should be no quarrel among us, and when there is really no occasion for any, under the peculiar circumstances which surround us. With contracted vision, we are looking only at the political events which are in our immediate neighborhood, and indulging in useless and destructive controversies at home, forgetting that the chief danger, though now afar off, will become painfully near us in November, unless we take steps in time to prevent its approach.

The real issue, and the only issue of commanding magnitude, in the present contest, is nationality against sectionalism. It is whether we are to have a National President and a National Administration, or a Sectional President and a Sectional Administration. This is the great question which overshadows all others, and besides which all others sink into utter insignificance.

It is not merely a waste of time, but it is trifling with the present peace and security and the future destiny of this confederated Union of States, to be discussing old obsolete issues, and reviving old political disputes, in the presence of the imminent danger of a sectional administration of this Government. Compared with this great issue, all others put together do not weigh as a feather in the scale. To see Southern men, at such a time of peril as the present, angrily discussing the opinions of Mr. Bell, or Mr. Douglas, or Mr. Breckinridge, on some old extinct issue of ten or twenty years ago, is something which can find its parallel of folly nowhere in the history of this or any other nation.

The freest, the most happy, the most prosperous nation on earth, and one that has before it a greater prospect of happiness and prosperity in the future than any other nation that ever existed, is menaced with a policy of government which is based upon the presumption that one-half of the people are to rule the other half, to interfere with their domestic institutions, and to exclude them from equal participation in the rights, privileges, and benefits of the common Government. This is the danger that threatens us—but, instead of concerting means to avert the peril, we are gravely employed in ascertaining whether Mr. Bell believed, a third of a century ago, that Henry Clay was corrupt; and whether Mr. Douglas did or did not advocate the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty in 1848! Cannot the people raise themselves above such trifling and insignificant questions as these, to comprehend the great and overshadowing issue of the perpetuation of our Government upon national and constitutional principles?

The Maine and Vermont elections are just over, with increased majorities in both States for the Black Republican candidates. A purely sectional organization, having its origin only in hatred of a domestic institution of the South, is collecting its forces for the contest in November, with confidence of success, and with a confidence not without cause. We are criminally overlooking all this, and industriously engaged in picking flaws in the records of Mr. Bell, Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Douglas, as if the issue depended, in the slightest degree, upon what either of them thought or did twenty-five years ago, or five years, or even five days ago. The only living issue of the day is a plea in bar of these old musty records of the past, and it is worse than useless to be reviving them and digging them up from their graves.

Upon this leading issue there is no disagreement among us of the South. Why then should there be any wrangle among us about men? If we cannot agree—as it seems we cannot—upon a single ticket to support, can we not at least cease to exhibit the spectacle of a family quarrel?—can we not avoid the scandal of domestic dissension?—can we not assume that either one of the candidates opposed to Lincoln is more acceptable than Lincoln himself; and if we cannot unite upon one of them, at least battle against the most formidable enemy, instead of exciting Southern prejudice against those who are only pursuing the same end that we are, by different means?

Our dissensions in the South serve only to encourage our enemies in the North, at the same time that they prevent our friends there from making effective resistance to the common foe. Let but the South unite, and the victory is at once half gained. But if we cannot unite upon men, let us at least abandon these internecine quarrels among ourselves. The real issue, and the paramount issue, is whether this Government shall be administered upon national principles or upon sectional. It is time the people of the South were appreciating this fact, instead of wasting their energies in profitless discussions about other issues that are dead and buried.

TALK ON 'CHANGE.

The gatherings and confabs on Saturday were all on the inside order. The heavy storm of rain and wind ruled supreme, and the daily conventions of cotton sellers and cotton buyers, or would-be buyers at low prices, with the usual interchanges of opinions about crop, its extent, and so on, were *non est*. In fact, Saturday was a real stormy day; nevertheless, there were some operators in the great staple desirous of showing their confidence in the future, who went ahead, which resulted in larger sales for the day than we have had to record for some time past. Our own views are, how can it be expected that cotton should meet with ready demand; that factors can make speedy and rapid sales in the absence of the usual buyers, speculators and operators, who seldom appear on the flags till after the first of November. Moreover, there are many complications of last season's transactions to be considered, worked off, cleared up before any stability, steadiness and regularity can attend the great cotton trade of our emporium.

There has been some talk that our banks are very scrutinizing in exchange dealings; that managers are very sensitive, and hesitate to take bills with the freedom that ought to pertain to confidence in the future.

There was some intimation that the rates of freights had given way, but it only proved to be for filling up lots of cotton, which were taken at ⅛d. It appears that wheat is taken at 11@12d. per bushel to England from here, which is less rates than current in New York at last dates, which were 12@13d., and 4s. 6d. per barrel for flour. We have advices of about eighty vessels being on the way hither. There will, however, be several times eighty in number required during the season. The Black Republicans in Maine and Massachusetts are, however, hard at work building vessels for freighting purposes.

There are some inquiries regarding the line of screw steamers, which was so much talked of last spring. We have not heard anything regarding it for some time; in fact, the project has been entirely forgotten on our flags. The very limited amount of subscription on the part of our community held out no encouragement to the projectors of the line, and though it has been bruited about that the line might go into operation altogether on British capital and British energy, yet it is a question of great doubt.

There has been much talk about the harvests in Great Britain, and a probability, not a probability but a reality, which will attend a short harvest, that is, dear money.

The following remarks we give as the talk on the flags of the town or borough of Liverpool:

The talk was, that apprehension for the harvest is becoming intense; that there is no disguising the fact that things look very bad; that a short crop may be taken for granted, and that a short crop is always followed by dearness; that dearness diminishes consumption; that trade, as a thing of course, will then languish; that dull trade interferes with confidence, and that a want of confidence always precedes a panic.

The further talk was, that the first chain in this argument is too feeble to sustain what follows; that it is a great mistake to suppose that an advance in the price of bread in this country can curtail consumption to the extent of a single ounce; that when bread is dear people eat more of it, for it is *then* the cheapest food; that consumption in rural districts has very little reference to price; that the breadstuffs used never come to market; that the great consumers who buy bread are all engaged in trade and manufactures; that they, to a great extent, live on imported breadstuffs; that the result of the harvest affects them merely in reference to price; that there is not the remotest fear of scarcity; America alone can send us much more than we can possibly want; that the Levant will be equally prolific in exports; that France may want all she has, but that this is doubtful; that throwing open the ports has reference to free trade as well as to an apprehended deficient crop; that the Emperor is bent on adopting free trade as fully as England, and that, therefore, he avails himself of the rain to admit breadstuffs, duty free, for ever in France; that under these circumstances prices cannot be high; that they they would now be even lower than they are if ships were available for cargoes in the United States; that this fact also impugns the notion of bad trade; that the carrying of grain gives full employment to shipping; that the Yankees being eager to seek us their breadstuffs, will in return take our manufactures; and that out of an apprehended defective crop, trade, therefore, will receive a stimulant; that the crop, however, is not bad; that, after all, it may turn out an approximation to an average one; and that importers of grain may in the end find themselves encumbered with more stuff than they can sell; that "partial evil," however, "is universal good," and that flour is one of the things we can't have too much of; that trade being good there can be no want of confidence, and, of course, need not look out for a panic unless it comes, like the late comet, unexpected, and speedily got rid of.

We don't know what to make of the above talk. They talk that when breadstuffs are dear, people eat more; that is, their stomachs are more capacious. If the opinions embraced in the above extract turn out correct—that is, that there is no probability of a scarcity of bread in England—so much the better for our cotton trade. There are bound to be immense amounts of losses on the grain shipments now going forward from Northern ports to Europe. Admit that the ports of France are open to importations free of duty, yet it does not signify anything favorable; the Emperor of France is a wily, shrewd chap; he desires to have all the graneries, all the ports and markets in the Empire well filled and amply supplied with food, even to a twelve months' stock, or one crop in advance, as short supplies of food in France would cause "the nephew of my uncle" to be in a very precarious position.

Of course all the talk, buying and selling, on Saturday was carried on inside; the rain, which fell almost in torrents through the day, with strong gusts of wind, prevented the usual street transactions; yet there were several sales of cotton, whether brought about by a concession on the part of factors—that is, a decline—or by the advices from Liverpool by the Melita, we are unable to say; which advices, by-the-by, we do not think very encouraging—they are militia accounts, forwarded on the spur of the moment, and are not generally deemed safe by the prudent and discreet merchant and trader. We hope, however, that Mr. Bull does not expect to obtain cotton at lower prices than now ruling, though they are much above Liverpool currency. Some buyers have been exulting in good bargains this week; how this is we cannot talk of, as factors and sellers have not exhibited to us their figures and entries.

The storm was very severe on the lakes and at the Balize. The mail boat for Mobile was obliged to leave without the mails on Saturday, the water and waves preventing communication with the end of the pier at Port Pontchartrain. The mail boat due yesterday morning, the California, had not arrived at 4½ o'clock last evening, twelve hours out of time. There are apprehensions that the storm was very heavy on the lakes; if so, it came up very suddenly, as Friday was a beautiful, pleasant day, with moderate breezes from the eastward from Ocean Springs to Port Pontchartrain.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

TEXAS.—A correspondent writes us from Indianola, Texas, as follows:

Our cause is daily gaining strength in this quarter, and we have now strong hopes of carrying the State. All we want is a good supply of truthful documents to disseminate among the people. I am something of a "fire-eater," but support Bell as the best Southern man in the field. I have known him for years, and am satisfied with his record. He has been my favorite for the Presidency ever since the defeat of Henry Clay. He was a worthy compeer of the "illustrious trio," and is now one of the greatest living statesmen of America. Send us some documents, that doubters may read and be convinced.

Hon. John Kerr of North Carolina, in a speech before a Democratic meeting in Richmond, Va., a few nights ago, declared that all charges against John Bell of being "unsound" on the rights of the South were "*simply ridiculous*." Mr. Kerr served in Congress with Mr. Bell. His declaration is in striking and pleasing contrast with those made by other Democratic orators.

The "Union Democrat," published at Seguin, Texas, raises the flag of Bell and Everett.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—The Douglas barbecue at Jones' Wood to-day was attended by a vast throng, said to number 20,000 people. Douglas and Johnson were enthusiastically received.

In the course of his remarks Mr. Douglas said he was in favor of a cordial union with every Union man who was true to the Constitution, and every man who was in favor of enforcing the laws in all contingencies. If Mr. Breckinridge was in favor of enforcing the laws against Secessionists, Disunionists and Abolitionists, in all contingencies, then he (Douglas) was with him.

Believing the Union in danger, he would make any personal sacrifice to save it; if a withdrawal of his (Douglas) name will defeat Lincoln, he would at this moment withdraw it, more especially if his withdrawal would secure the election of some man true to the Constitution and who would enforce the laws. He appealed to all the Union men to rally to one Electoral ticket and beat the Abolitionists, but conjured them to make no fusion, no bargain, no compromise with any candidate who has not pledged himself to sustain the Constitution, the Union, and enforce all the laws under all circumstances.

Douglas and Johnson were serenaded this evening.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 12.—The Breckinridge Convention was organized this morning, by the choice of Hon. R. J. Ingersoll for President, who made a lengthy speech, which was chiefly an attack on the Republicans. The Convention then adjourned for dinner, and reassembled at 2 o'clock, and nominated for Electors at large Ralph J. Ingersoll and Thos. H. Seymour, with instructions to vote for Breckinridge if it can elect him; if not, for any national man who can defeat Lincoln.

BOSTON, Sept. 13.—The Breckinridge State Convention yesterday nominated clean State and Electoral tickets, including Benj. F. Butler, of Lowell, for Governor.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 13.—Hon. Henry M. Fuller, Chairman of the Union State Executive Committee, has called a meeting of the committee at Harrisburg on the 27th inst. for the purpose of completing the electoral ticket and selecting a candidate for Governor.

WORCESTER, MASS., Sept. 12.—The Bell and Everett Convention is presided over by Rosmyn Baker, of Northampton. The hall is crowded with delegates.

GONE FOR BELL AND EVERETT.—The Rainbridge Georgian informs us that five Democrats in Bainbridge declared openly for Bell and Everett last Saturday. [Savannah Republican.

Many of the Constitutional Union journals throughout the country are favoring the proposition to hold a grand Union meeting at Lexington, Kentucky, to which every State should send delegates. The Memphis Enquirer, in seconding the project, says that the "right spirit is now evidently roused in behalf of such an assemblage of the friends of the Union cause as has never yet been witnessed on this continent. It is due to Tennessee that we should at once begin the preparations necessary for carrying out this idea." The 8th of October has been named as an appropriate day for the meeting of this grand national council.

There was a great Bell and Everett demonstration at Richmond, Virginia, on Thursday evening last, on the occasion of the dedication of the Young Men's Club-house. This structure is large and commodious, capable of containing from three to four thousand persons. It was crammed to overflowing. The torch-light procession, which formed a part of the demonstration, is described as having exceeded in brilliancy and enthusiasm anything ever before witnessed in Richmond. The speaking at the club-house, both inside and outside, was signally eloquent and effective.

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Local Intelligence.

ANOTHER DISASTROUS GALE!!

THE WORST EXPERIENCED IN MANY YEARS.

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

SEVERAL LIVES LOST!

Rumored Loss of the Lake Steamer Alabama.

STEAMER GALVESTON IN A PRECARIOUS CONDITION.

EVERY HOUSE AT THE BALIZE BLOWN DOWN.

Great Numbers of Vessels Lost, etc., etc.

ACCOUNT OF THE BARBECUE AT AMITE.

FULL PARTICULARS OF THE SHOOTING.

Laughable Conclusion of a "Terrific Affair."

FIRES, ARRESTS, STABBING, ETC. ETC.

ANOTHER DISASTROUS GALE.—At an early hour on Saturday morning, the equinox introduced itself in this region on the wings of a gale quite as furious as that which devastated the lake and gulf shores several weeks ago.

In the City.—The gale lasted all day, subsiding only in the evening, at about dark. The wind during the day blew from the northwest, then from the north, and north by northeast, and finally from the west; blowing steadily all day, with scarcely any intermission, with a sleety and blinding rain all the time. Few people could navigate the streets, and umbrellas were useless in the gale. No particular damage that we could hear of was done in the city or on the river.

On the Lake.—The gale was furious, enough on the lake. Milneburg was inundated; the Pontchartrain Railroad wharf, but just repaired after the damage of the previous gale, was again overflowed and badly wrecked throughout its whole length, and the bath-house bridges were again carried away. A wood schooner was washed through the pickets and sunk at the side of the wharf. The yacht Corypheus dragged her anchor, and narrowly escaped going ashore. Much damage was done all along the lake shore, so far as we could hear. A French fisherman named Henry LeBreton was drowned under melancholy circumstances, in the afternoon. He and three other men went in a small skiff to the rescue of a Spanish boy who was capsized in a pirogue, nearly a mile from shore. They reached the boy just in time to save him. LeBreton, a strong swimmer, fearless of the water, jumped over to assist the boy. The roughness of the lake rendered it difficult for him to get into the skiff again, so he got on the capsized pirogue, and told his comrades to take the boy ashore and then come back for him. The men did this, but on returning were unable to get to the pirogue, which the gale was wafting further off, on account of the high waves and furious wind. For nearly two hours the brave fisherman could be seen clinging to the overturned pirogue; at last a large wave buried him from sight, and he was seen no more.

The Lake Steamers.—The Mobile mail boat Oregon left at Saturday noon, whilst the gale was still furious, the captain deeming it safer for the boat to be out on the water than bumping and thumping against the windward side of the wharf. Most of the passengers backed out, and did'nt go. The Pamlico, due from Mandeville, did not arrive during the day. Of course the storm came on before her hour for starting from the other side; so she was safe enough. The Alabama left for Biloxi and Ocean Springs at her usual hour in the afternoon, having on board Washington Fire Company No. 20 and many other passengers. The Captain did not conclude to leave till he saw the gale was subsiding. A rumor was current all day yesterday that the Alabama caught fire and was destroyed on the way over, at about 9 o'clock at night. As we were unable to trace this rumor to any reliable source, we set it down as idle. The Mobile mail boat, due at daylight yesterday morning, had not arrived at 6 o'clock last evening. We heard she was aground at Pass Christian; how this news came we were unable to ascertain. The rumors about the different boats were such, at any rate, that Mr. Geddes yesterday sent a schooner out on a voyage of inquiry.

At the Balize and the Passes.—Great Destruction of Property and Loss of Life.—Our marine reporter has furnished us with the following particulars of the gale at the Balize and Passes:

By the arrival of the towboat Junius Beebe, Capt. Andrews, from the Balize yesterday morning, we learn that the gale of Saturday was awful, every house at the Balize being blown down with the exception of two.

Capt. Kinney, the well-known pilot of the New York and Havana steam packet ships, together with a Balize pilot whose name is not given, was in a house and was blown to sea and drowned. Our informant gives no further particulars whether other parties are missing.

The ship Galena, Capt. Lowry, hence for New York 12th inst., was blown ashore inside the Pass, and now lies in seven feet water at her bows and four feet at her stern—she drawing seventeen feet water. Capt. Lowry came up in the Beebe for the purpose of getting assistance.

The ship Sheffield, Capt. Richardson, hence for Leghorn, was driven ashore, and lies on her beam ends, and is nearly full of water. The schooner Isaac Toucey, Capt. Hanson, for Belize Honduras, was blown ashore, and is now lying high and dry in the marsh, together with the brig West Indian, Capt. Thompson, for St. Pierre, Martinique; also the tow-boats Ocean and St. Charles were blown hard ashore.

The steamship Galveston, Capt. Hutchings, hence for Havana and the Florida ports, was also blown ashore inside of the bar, and, we are informed, lies in a precarious condition.

Towboats were yesterday sent down to the assistance of the towboats and ships ashore.

George Osgood's coffee-house and residence at Pass l'Outre were blown and washed away. Mrs. Osgood and her children narrowly escaped death; being in the water and clinging to a tree all night—that is, Friday night—for the gale was earlier there than here. It was in Osgood's house that Captain Kinney was washed away and drowned. Several other lives were lost; one of the victims was John Ackerman, son of one of the Balize pilots.

Mr. J. T. Holmes, of Algiers, who was at Pass a l'Outre through the whole of the gale, and who himself narrowly escaped drowning, being in the water fifteen hours, has furnished us with full particulars of the disaster down there:

One of the worst storms experienced for many years visited us on the 14th and 15th inst. It was accompanied with large hailstones and heavy rain. It commenced on Friday evening, the 14th, and continued until Saturday, at 11 o'clock A. M. The water rose this time 6 feet or more above high water mark, and washed away nine houses, besides three look-out houses, with boats and sheds.

There were four towboats blown ashore; but two, namely, the Junius Beebe and Ivy, got off before the water fell; the other two, the St. Charles and the Ocean, are at present lying high and dry. A ship is ashore inside the bar, and the bark Sheffield is on the bar. The brig Leghorn is high and dry in the marsh; likewise the pilot-boat Cornelia. The steamship Galveston is ashore astern of the Ocean.

The house next to the Lighthouse, belonging to Mr. George Osgood, was completely washed away, and the family, consisting of man, wife and four children, barely escaped with their lives, by securing themselves to floating logs; the father being up to his neck in water, and holding his baby above his head. They were rescued from a watery grave by the crew of the Junius Beebe, the captain of said boat receiving them in a kind and most gentlemanly manner.

A coffeehouse and grocery belonging to the same gentleman, in charge of his eldest son John, and a man by the name of Kennedy, was completely washed away, and the two men are supposed to be lost.

A large flatboat, occupied by the opposition pilots, and their lookout house, were completely destroyed. A man belonging to the said boat was picked up alive at 11 o'clock A. M.

To the telegraph house no particular damage was done, excepting the kitchen being blown down and the telegraph wire broken.

The Towboat Company's lookout house was destroyed, and the storm greatly damaged the wharves.

The Association's lookout house is also destroyed, and the boat sheds, with all their boats, are gone. All the outhouses and galleries are likewise destroyed.

The flatboat belonging to John Conrad, and nicely fitted up as a dwelling house, was destroyed with all its contents; the furniture alone being valued at above $1000. Mrs. Conrad barely escaped with her life. A new building belonging to the same gentleman, not quite finished, was destroyed.

Mr. Levine's splendid large house, more than half finished, was also floated away; and lumber, shingles, etc., ready for building, belonging to Mr. Barrow, all floated off.

The Custom-house received no particular damage, but the four water tanks belonging to it floated away.

Also, another house, not quite finished, near the Custom-house, was destroyed. Two more buildings, belonging to and occupied by fishermen, were destroyed.

THE BARBECUE AT AMITE CITY.—On Friday morning last we found ourselves flying up the Jackson railroad, in company with the usual variety of passengers, and a large crowd of Bell and Everett men from this city—the latter, as well as this writer, being bound to the Bell and Everett barbecue at Amite City. The Young Bell Ringers, the Bell Knights, and the Everett Rangers were handsomely represented in the crowd; the Bell Ringers being in strongest force, with their banners and a band of music.

An abundance of refreshments was taken along, and the noise of the iron horse, as he rattled and roared through the shady swamps and pine highlands, was still not so great as to drown entirely the echo of popping bottles and the hearty song and the joyous laugh and shout which converted the baggages and mail cars into tabernacles of music and merriment. Soon the sixty-eight miles were left behind, and the iron horse shrieked a welcome to the pleasant town of Amite.

We found the town crowded with the country-men and their wives and children, all in their Sunday clothes, looking bright and happy. The men shouted welcome to the city excursionists, whilst the ladies offered welcome in their sweet and quiet way, with smiles and handkerchiefs. On one side of the town the wood was filled with the vehicles and horses which had brought the multitude from the surrounding country—from the parishes of St. Helena, St. Tammany, Livingston and Washington. On the other side of the town was the barbecue ground, in a clump of shady pines, with a speaker's stand roofed with verdure, benches for the ladies, and at the back ground two long ranges of tables, with smoking pits beyond, and a very savory smell in the smoke.

The crowd in the town fell into the city procession as it formed and started to the ground, and soon the meeting was a thing of shape and beauty. We say beauty, because the attendance of ladies was very great. Among the healthy, blushing country girls we saw, there were some as lovely specimens as ever our eyes fell upon—stout, active and beautiful creatures of the Die Vernon stamp, who can shake a foot or put a horse to his mettle equal to any in the land.

The meeting was called to order and organized, with the following gentlemen as officers:

PRESIDENT:

Col. Hez. Thompson, of St. Helena.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

St. Helena—Hon. F. W. Henting, Hon. Nathaniel Amacker, John Y. Barker, Dr. John G. Parham.

Livingston—Joseph K. Davidson, Wm. Aken, Levi Spiller, Col. Spencer Baumoten.

Washington—Hon. Nicholas S. Edwards, Peter Bankston, H. Magee, Wm. C. Warren.

St. Tammany—Wm. J. Andrews, Simon Gosselin, General Daniel Edwards, R. M. Lanier.

SECRETARIES:

Thomas C. W. Ellis, of St. Helena; Leslie Bankston, of St. Tammany; Henry Duncan, of Livingston; and George Magee, of Washington.

The President, Col. Thompson, opened the speaking. He made a forcible and most hearty speech, in which he explained the faith that was in him, and, amid much enthusiasm, narrated how the split of the Democratic party had left him a Democrat no more, and how the signs of the times had shown to him that as a Union man his only place was in the Bell and Everett ranks. He briefly reviewed the different issues of the day, and sat down amid much applause.

Mr. Jonas, of this city, next delivered one of his finely worded and telling addresses, every word of which was listened to with attention and approved with the usual signs of satisfaction.

Our lively and humorous friend Mr. Noel, of Jefferson City, was the third speaker. He talked to the country folks in good old-fashioned country style, arousing alternately the laughter and the vociferous approbation of his hearers.

When Mr. Noel concluded, the President announced dinner, and soon the long tables were besieged. There was no end of nicely barbecued meats and other substantial edibles; and the ladies' table was graced with a show of pastry and plain and ornamented confectionery worthy of a hotel in the city. A patriotic lady had garnished this table with huge pound-cakes of her own making, handsomely sugared over and shaped like bells. Ample justice was done to the good things, and the supply of that delicious and healthy beverage, "Adam's ale," lead, was inexhaustible. In good time the dinner was dispatched to the hearty satisfaction of all, and many of the ladies settled themselves down to treat their little darlings to a tug at the maternal fount. The people were just as hungry for speaking after dinner as they were before, and faith they had plenty of it.

Col. Field, of this city, spoke for a long time, in his usual lucid and powerful style; his stentorian voice fairly making the woods ring. He was listened to with great attention, and justly won the warmest admiration of his country hearers.

Judge Livingston was next introduced. He spoke at length and in a strain of convincing argument, backed by documents, which must have sunk deep into the minds of the Breckinridge men in the crowd. He was much applauded.

Mr. Flower, a young and promising law-student of this city, made the sixth and last speech. His effort was able, and was received with the usual warm marks of favor. It may be judged that in the course of the six speeches very little pertaining to politics in general and the Constitutional Union cause in particular was left unsaid.

The President returned his thanks to the multitude for their attention and decorum during the day, and then the barbecue was adjourned. The city delegation formed in procession and marched to the hotel, where they staid till the cars came, at a quarter to five.

We regret that we have here to mention a thing which broke up the pleasure of the party from the city, and came near ending in bloodshed. Quite a number of Breckinridge men were in town, and most of them had acted in a quiet and orderly manner, attending the barbecue in a friendly way, and assisting at the dinner. But there were a few who early in the day betrayed quite a devilish appetite for mischief. They came to the edge of the wood and shouted for Breckinridge, sometimes with revolvers in their hands; no attention was paid to this, and their friends took them away. The only coffeehouse in the place was several squares from the barbecue ground; and here the ruffians assembled and got drunk, and insulted several city parties who went there to get drinks, so that in a short time the coffeehouse was abandoned to them entirely.

One of these ruffians, a tall, slouchy-looking fellow and a notorious desperado, named Donelson, stabbed one of his own crowd in a dispute over a game of cards in the whisky-shop. As he aimed the bowie-knife at the breast of the other, a Bell man from the city arrested the blow, cutting his own hand badly, and probably preventing the other man from being killed. This Donelson met about armed with two revolvers and a bowie-knife, generally with one of the revolvers in his hand, brandishing it in the face of every one he met.

After the adjournment of the barbecue and the march of the city delegation to the hotel, the Breckinridge men and boys assembled around the grocery on the opposite corner and shouted continually for Breckinridge and Lane. The city party rang their bells and in return shouted for Bell and Everett. There would have been no harm had the excitement gone no further than this. In a short time the Bell party ceased to pay attention to the shouting Breckinridgers over the way.

While the band was playing in front of the hotel, and some of the young Bell Ringers and Bell Knights were dancing and playing about on the ground, we, who were seated on the piazza some thirty or forty feet from the end, saw a sudden rush and heard two pistol shots. The piazza was crowded with ladies, who fled screaming into the hotel, whilst a few fainted and had to be carried. We did not see the beginning of the fuss, but were told that two of the Breckinridge rowdies had come over from their corner and thrust themselves with defiant shouts into the very midst of the young men who were playing. One of the Young Bell Ringers told them to leave, as they had not interfered with anybody, and did not wish to be interfered with themselves. At this one of the rowdies struck him with his fist; the blow was returned; another Young Bell Ringer rushed up, and as he did so the other rowdy drew a revolver and shot at him, the bullet grazing his neck, upon which he quickly drew a revolver and returned the shot. This, we were assured, was the way the fuss began. All that followed after the two shots we witnessed.

As soon as the two shots were fired the rowdies retreated to their own corner, followed by a number of the Bell Ringers; one of them disappeared in his crowd, the other wheeled around and leveled his revolver; at the same instant the big desperado Donelson sprang to his side and leveled his two revolvers, whilst a third man whooped and cracked his heels and added himself to the party with a leveled revolver. Several of the Bell Ringers put their hands under their coats as if to draw weapons and charge on the three rowdies with their four leveled revolvers; but older members of the excursion party ran to them and induced them not to make the attack, whilst men on the Breckinridge side got around the rowdies and induced them to put up their weapons. Had the Bell Ringers made the attack the shots of the rowdies would have told on somebody, for the space around the hotel was crowded with people. Had the Bell Ringers been anything else than what they are, a band of gentlemanly and peaceably disposed young men, there would have been a bloody fight; for the defiance and language of the rowdies were of the most bitter and taunting description. After this scene the rowdies disappeared and the young men resumed their sports on the green.

A number of the Young Bell Ringers, during the barbecue, found that many of the ladies were willing to stay over night if there should be a ball at the hotel. The young gentlemen arranged to keep the music with them, and applied at the hotel for the use of the saloon. The landlord agreed to accommodate them, but at the same time told them that if they gave the ball, there were two or three men in town that they would have to put balls through before morning. Not daunted by this, the young men engaged the room and determined to stay; but when the shooting took place in the evening, the ladies began to desert the hotel and hie them away to their country homes; and so, as the ladies were frightened away, the dance had to be given up, and all hands returned to the city.

The ruffian Donelson got on the cars when they arrived, and got off at the next station, Tickfaw. He passed very coolly through the crowd from New Orleans, and, being questioned as to his conduct at Amite, said that he was as good a Bell and Everett man as any, but that he was not going to see a crowd attack one man, no matter who he was. He was very quiet in the cars, but changed his manner as soon as he got out. When he landed at Tickfaw, he threw his hat back, gave a whoop and fired in the air twice with one of his revolvers. Some one in the cars, thinking that he had fired at the cars, shot at him from one of the car windows. He turned round and pointed his revolver deliberately at the car whence the shot proceeded. Many of the passengers squatted between the seats, whilst others shouted, "Don't shoot! don't shoot! he didn't fire at you, sir!" Upon this he dropped his pistol and went into a grocery about fifty yards from the cars. As he entered the grocery, the young man who had been shot at and grazed at Amite jumped off the cars and followed him. His companions called to him to come back, to let that man alone, etc., but he paid no attention to the call; so a lot of them jumped off to fetch him back, or at least prevent a fight.

As the young man entered the grocery, he raised a little loaded cane that he carried, and asked Donelson if he was the man that shot at him in the crowd at Amite. His answer was, "Yes, d—n you, and I'll shoot you now;" with which he seized the young man by the collar and raised his revolver to his breast. Just at this juncture, the pursuing crowd rushed into the grocery, and several of them sprang upon the big fellow to get his revolver from him. They hugged his arms down at his sides, but could not get the pistol out of his hand. In the struggle they rolled out at the door in a heap, and tumbled about on the ground a little while; the spectacle reminding us of several bull terriers fighting a bear. At last, with a herculean effort, Donelson kicked and shook himself loose from his assailants, sprang to his feet, leaped back, and raised his revolver to fire. At this instant, the crowd who had come running from the cars jerked their revolvers, or already had them out, and fired some six or eight shots at him simultaneously, before he had his revolver well up. He dropped his pistol hand, reeled around as if hurt, and walked up to and leaned against the side of the grocery, in a drooping attitude. The cars left the next minute, and as long as we could see Donelson he was leaning against the house. A man who went up and looked at him after the shooting, said he was shot through the right hand, and in the side, and slightly wounded in one of his cheeks. This affair ended the excitement of the day.

The ruffian Donelson is a doctor and a schoolteacher, and is nephew to Andrew Jackson Donelson, of Tennessee. He once killed a man in Mississippi and fled to Texas. In Texas he murdered another man and fled to Kentucky. A requisition from Texas following him there, he fled to Mississippi, where safety did not allow him to stop long, and his last flight was to the Louisiana parishes north of the lake. He started a school near Pontchitoula, and for a time behaved very well. He next went to Greensburg, ten miles from Amite, where he got to drinking and riding rough-shod over the peaceable inhabitants. He threatened the lives of many, and, at last uttering special threats against the Mayor of the town, a committee was organizing to expel or lynch him, when he heard of it and left. Since that time, with several other desperate and abandoned characters, he has been the pest and terror of the towns along the railroad, and but for him there would have been no disturbance at the Amite barbecue.

TERRIFIC AFFAIR.—*An Old Well Dug Out, and no Bones Found.*—The police of the Second District and the reporters of all the Districts got hold of a choice case on Saturday, with which the public was horrified through yesterday's papers. One Henry Bowers, living on Laharpe street, between Marais and Villere, in the Third District, was arrested by Lieut. Crevon, upon a strong suspicion that his mistress, Ellen Dougherty, some five or six weeks missing, had been murdered and cut to pieces by him, and her fragments buried in a well in the back yard.

Bowers is happy father to three interesting children by his deceased wife, prior to his illegal alliance with the fair Dougherty. One of the little cherubs prattled around the neighborhood that pa had killed ma and buried her in the well; that pa had told her she could play under the house now, as ma's ghost was gone away; and so on. The neighbors, with that kindly interest for which neighbors have always been celebrated and shall be forever blest, whispered and talked until they acquired a very respectable amount of excitement. The child had told the story in an innocent and truthful way—fact number one. Ellen had been missing for some time—fact number two. The well in the yard was actually filled up—fact number three. Horror!

Bowers was incontinently nabbed and boosed. He said the woman was intersperate, and had left him in a jealous miff and gone over the lake. Bowers' son, little Bowers, said so too; but a shocked and horror-stricken community had to be satisfied, so it was announced that the old well would be dug out again on yesterday.

Lieut. Crevon and a posse of officers of the Second and Third Districts accordingly went yesterday forenoon to dig the well or have it dug, whilst Coroner Beach staid at his office serenely awaiting tidings of the bones. He had supped on horror so much, that this worst of horrors never disturbed his equanimity in the least.

Well, the well was dug; and it was a well remarkably well dug, in the presence of an excited and breathless multitude of people; whose eyes fairly started, in looking for pieces of skull, teeth, leg bones, hair, and dry goods, in the up-flying shovel-fulls of dirt. Deeper dug the laborers, and more intense did the wonder and excitement grow. At last, the suspense was relieved. At a depth of ten feet, the diggers found—the bottom of the old well. The police went home and the multitude mizzled. The horror was at an end.

The police, however, deserve credit, for there was a wide-spread excitement in Bowers' vicinity, which it was necessary to probe, or dig to the bottom. They did so, and are entitled to just as much credit as if they had found the imaginary bones. Bowers, once more at liberty, will probably take an early opportunity of paying his respects to his loving and sympathetic neighbors.

MORE BELL AND EVERETT CLUBS ORGANIZED.—At length the good work of organization is finished in the Third District. The Bell and Everett men of the Seventh and Eighth Wards assembled in strong force on Saturday night at the Third District Exchange. They organized under the name of the Union Guard, and elected the following gentlemen to the offices:

President, Aug. Duquereron; Vice-Presidents, George Clark, John B. Leefe; Grand Marshal, Chas. O. LeBlanc; Assistant Marshals, P. Schomberg, S. D. Maxwell, Benj. P. Leefe; Secretary, Louis Power; Treasurer, Val. St. Ceran; Finance Committee, John B. Leefe, Chas. W. Culbertson, George Clark, Chas. E. Fortier, U. F. Selcshnaydre, James Brooks; Committee of Arrangements, Aug. Larose, John B. Gunst, P. L. Mailloux, Chas. Morel, P. Schomberg, and Chas. LeCharpentier.

After the organization the club was addressed by our friend Mr. Noble, of the Second District, in a warm and appropriate manner. After the address the meeting adjourned with three times three cheers for the good cause and its advocates, to meet again this evening, and every Monday evening until the election. Let there be a full attendance to-night. The arrangements must be made for the great demonstration on Wednesday night.

The "Fossils' Guard," a fine band of patriotic young gentlemen, organized at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Saturday night. The chief officers are: President or Captain, R. L. Bruce; Treasurer, C. Huckez; Secretary, Charles Thompson. The Fossils' Guard may be looked for on Wednesday night.

Still another club, the "Everett Knights," was organized on Saturday night, with the following gentleman as officers; President, R. G. Latting; Vice-President, A. G. Bakewell; Treasurer, Wm. Gribble; Secretary, Charles M. Frost; Grand Marshal, W. R. Fish.

Will there never be an end to the Bell and Everett clubs? The thing is altogether unparalleled in this city.

FIRE AND SUPPOSED INCENDIARISM.—On Saturday morning at a quarter to 2 o'clock a fire was discovered in store No. 193 Magazine street. The alarm was promptly given, and the fire was put out before one-half of the engines could get to the spot. The damage suffered was trifling.

There were strong grounds to believe this an act of incendiarism, and subsequently two men, named William Miller and Thomas Whaley, were arrested on suspicion of having set the fire. They were arraigned before Recorder Emerson and remanded until further examination.

FIRE.—Two little shanties over the river were destroyed by fire between 9 and 10 o'clock last night. Some fleecy, half-transparent clouds to the North caught the light, and passed around by the East to the South, with an effect which puzzled all who saw it. Some thought it was the aurora, others fancied it some unheard-of phenomenon of the heavens. The clouds were just thick enough to reflect the light, without looking like clouds.

STABBING.—M. W. Murphy, keeper of the Texas Home, was arrested on Saturday night at 8 o'clock, for stabbing a man named James Coyle in the back with a bowie knife. The occurrence took place at the corner of St. Joseph and Tchoupitoulas streets. Coyle was taken to the Charity Hospital, and was believed to be dangerously wounded. Wm. Merrahan and Frank Dorry were arrested as witnesses in the case.

OUTRAGE BY A SLAVE.—George, slave of Mr. Adams, was arrested on Saturday night, by citizen Hackett, and brought to the First District lockup for breaking the arm of a black woman, also a slave.

PICKPOCKET ARRESTED.—Citizen Hubert J. Cransow arrested on Friday night a man named Thomas McCormick, whom he charged with robbing him of $12 50 whilst in the Jackson Railroad Dep