

[Special to the DESERET NEWS.]

By Telegraph.

A fire engine was brought out and placed in front of the Institute, for what purpose I do not know. Several attempts was made by the police to enter the building, but they were repulsed. The ammunition of the men in the Institute seemed to give out about this time, as they did not fire any more. They attempted to escape through the rear of the Institute into Barrone st., but were met and either arrested or shot down. They also tried to escape through the alley which runs from Dryade to Barrone, on the Canal street side. I do not know that any freedmen succeeded in getting away from the building alive, although I saw several at a distance from it being marched to the police headquarters. I think that every one who tried to escape from it was killed, and I saw several brought in the alley above mentioned, and after they fell I saw crowds of ruffians beating them as they were dying.

The policemen, whatever their orders were, behaved well toward the white prisoners, comparatively speaking. A. M. Fish was the first member of the convention captured, and I am happy to say that, although the police could not prevent the crowd from abusing him badly, they did keep him from being lynched. As Fish was being carried under guard, they had got a rope ready to hang him, but the guard drove the crowd away with their pistols.

The next member arrested was Capt. Haynes, a Texas scout for our army during the war. The crowd had been taught a lesson and did not interfere with him, although they grumbled deeply as he passed through, calling them rebels, traitors and other pet names.

Gov. Hahn succeeded in getting into the hands of the police unhurt, from out of the building where he had been, not as a member, but as one of the most prominent men in the state. While he was under guard, however, some coward shot him through the back of the head, inflicting a dangerous wound, and he was also stabbed; he was then placed in a hack and carried to police headquarters, where I saw him sent into confinement. He was very pale, and blood ran down his face from the wound which seemed to have reached his left temple.

Mr. Dostie, who had the reputation of being the most violent negro suffrage man in the south, and who certainly was the most violent in February last, was killed while attempting to get away. I am told that a policeman shot him in the back, and that after he fell the crowd jumped on him and cut him horribly with knives.

John Henderson and other members of the convention were also captured and wounded by stray shots, the papers say, but more likely by rioters while on their way to the station house.

The riot began at 12-15, ended at 3 o'clock. At 4 p.m. the military, under Gen Baird, appeared and took possession of the whole city. Before night the riot was confined to Dryade, Barrone, Common, Carondelet and Canal sts., and the buildings and yards all around the Institute. I saw freedmen shot dead on all of the above streets, except Canal, who could have been arrested uninjured. How many have been killed and wounded, or even arrested, it is impossible to say, but my estimate is that 100 freedmen and 25 whites were killed and wounded, and 100 altogether arrested.

The substantial men of the city deplore the occurrence, but all are very violent in their expressions, some glorying in the murder of Dostie, and others in the murder of the freedmen.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says the course of the President in connection with the outbreak at New Orleans certainly cannot meet with approval at the north. The result shows that his reply to the Lieut. Governor, that the courts should be sustained by the military, was interpreted by the enemies of the convention as an invitation to go forward and break it up. He now, after learning the details of the massacre, telegraphs, not to the Governor, but to the Attorney General of the state, to use sufficient force to sustain the civil authorities in suppressing all illegal or unlawful assemblies who usurp or assume to exercise any power or authority, without first having obtained the consent of the people of the state. Nothing is said about suppressing the angry mob, who were having control of the city. But what will strike the reader as most significant in this dispatch, is the manner in which the existence of the Governor is ignor-

ed. The fact that President Johnson now allows the military to interfere in the case of the New Orleans convention is not calculated to soothe the enemies of his policy, when they recollect that he refused such assistance, when asked by Gov. Brownlow through General Thomas, in the case of Nashville Legislature. If his reconstruction policy has any virtue or force whatever, then President Johnson has no more right to interfere in one case than in the other.

Washington, 4.
The Secretary of War has issued an order for mounting 1,000 Indian scouts, namely 600 on the plains and 200 each on the Pacific coast and Texas.

A London letter says, of the attitude of European Potentates:—The actual question is, will Austria consent to resign all power and all right in Germany, and leave Prussia supreme controller of 40,000,000 Germans? Consenting to this, Austria may have peace, with an Empire of 33,000,000 people. If she will not consent, then Prussia will endeavor to excite a revolt in Hungary, and will do her worst to blot Austria from the map of Europe.

The Emperor of France, a few weeks ago, insisted upon Austria's being maintained as a German power; now he appears to have revoked that part of his programme, and urges Austria to accept the terms of peace offered by Prussia and Italy.

Russia also, which a few weeks ago seemed to sympathize with Austria, has become friendly to Prussia; and last night, in the British House of Commons, there was a regular glorification of Count Bismark and of the success of the Prussian army. Three months ago there was scarcely one to take the side of Prussia.

There is evidently great confusion at Vienna, and they are so hotly pressed that they cannot get time to deliberate calmly.

Have you noticed the rapid conversion of the English press to German unity? That poisoned gift of Venetia has worked remarkably. France hung out all her flags and placarded the results in large letters, to show the grand position of the Emperor, but the people of all Germany have shown their disgust at the idea of a French protectorate, and Bismark has become stronger than ever, so that he has refused the programme with impunity, and submitted his own.

Chicago, 4.
The Cincinnati *Commercial* correspondent telegraphs from New Orleans, 3d, that there have been no new riots of any importance, although minor difficulties are constantly occurring. Too much blame has been laid on the negroes by the southern accounts. The special police force should bear the blame. At first a fair statement of affairs could not be got, through the secessionists carefully guarding the telegraph office.

An unhappy condition of political affairs exists everywhere throughout Louisiana. The rigid enforcement of the civil rights law by Commissioner Shannon, whom Judge Abell attempted to repress a few weeks ago, when he was himself repressed by Sheridan, caused deep ill feeling, and the call of the convention precipitated bloodshed, as soon as it was known that the President would sustain the courts, Judge Abell having already declared on the bench that the members should be arrested. Louisiana is ripe for war or reconstruction.

London, 3.
Martial law has been proclaimed in lower Austria, and also in Venice, Prussia and Wurtemberg. A peace conference is to be held at Prague; the preliminaries thereto, as agreed upon, are as follows:—Austria is to withdraw from the German Confederation, and is to lose Venetia and her part of Schleswig-Holstein. Austria is also to pay \$10,000,000 to her adversaries, as expenses of the war. The German States north of the Main are to form a Union under the guidance of Prussia. The German States south of the Main are to form an independent union.

The Italian patriot Farini (Query Mazzini) is dead.

London, 4.
Consols are quoted at 87½ for money; five-twenties at 68½.

Gladstone, in a speech in the House of Commons, supported the government, and warmly praised the treatment accorded to the Fenians by the American Government.

The French Ambassador to England left for Vichy last night, by command, to see the Emperor.

THE Mayor of Montgomery, Ala., fines the hackmen of that city \$5 per d—n for swearing in the streets.

[From the Dollar Weekly Star.]

MARRIAGE OF JOHNNY BEEDLE;

OR,

MISFORTUNES OF A "LADY FAVORITE!"

I was spunking up to Sally Jones like all vengeance, and threatening to give her the butt end of my sentiments. Well, I was as good as my word. The next Saturday I went right to work, after meeting, upon the outer man, as Deacon Carpenter says, and by sundown, things looked about right. I say nothing; but when I stood up to the glass, to finish, and sort of titivate the hair and whiskers, and so forth, I saw a little feller there that looked wicked. And says I, if Sally Jones knows which side her bread is buttered—But no matter, she shan't say I didn't give her a chance.

Well, I went over to the Squire's pretty well satisfied in my mind; so after fluttering and crowding about her, a little while, I up and showed her the cloven foot.

Sally, said I, will you take me for better or worse?

This put her to considering; and I gave a flourish about the room, and cut a curly-cue with my right foot; as much as to say—take your time.

At last, says she: I'd as liv's have you as anybody in the world, John, but—I declare—I can't.

You can't, ha? and why?

Cause.

Cause what?

Cause I can't—and that's enough. I would in a minute, John, but for only one reason; and that I'm afraid to tell you.

Poh, poh, says I, don't be bashful; if there's only one stump in the way, I guess here's a feller.

Well, then, look 'tother way, John; I can't speak if you look at me.

Oh, yes—there, now's your time, says I, with a flirt.

The reason is—Joe Bowers, the stage driver. Now, you shan't tell nobody, John, will ye?

Who would have thought this of Sally Jones!

It seemed to me the very old boy had got into the women. They fairly put me to the nonplush. All this time, my popularity with the ladies was amazing. To see them flattering and soft-soaping me all over, you would have sworn I had nothing to do but pick and choose. I had as much gallantry to do as I wanted, everywhere; and for politeness and gentility, I never turned my back to no man. Then, they were so thick and familiar with me, that they didn't care what they said or did before me; and finally, when they had any errands or chores to do, who but I was the favorite bird to fetch and carry? I was forever and ever acting and cantering from post to pillar, to do their biddings. Rain or shine, snow or mud, nothing stopped me; and I may say, I fairly earned their smiles by the sweat of my brow. Then it was: Oh! Mr. Beedle! What should we do without Mr. Beedle? But when I caught one alone, and begun to touch on the matrimonial sentiments then how quick the tune was changed! Oh, the ways of women are curious.

Patty Bean was not the first that I run against, by a long shot. I never lost anything for want of asking; and I was planguey apt to begin to talk turkey always when I got sociable, if it was only politeness. Now one would promise, and then fly off at the handle; but most all contrived some reason or other for giving me the bags to hold. One had taken a firm resolve never to marry—no, never, never! and the next Sunday morning she was published. Another chicken thought she was a great deal too young to understand to manage a family. At last I took a great shine to the school-marm, Huldah Hassam; though she was ten years older than I, and taller by half a yard of neck; and when I offered her heart and hand she fixed up her mouth, and says she: I've great respect and esteem for you, Mr. Beedle, but—and so forth. Nothing will cool a man down quicker than respect and esteem, unless it is a wet blanket. But let Huldah alone; she had her eye on Deacon Carpenter all the while.

Well, as I was going moping along home from Squire Jones's I fell in with Doctor Dingley. The Doctor saw in a minit that something was the matter, and he went to work and pumped the whole secret out of me. Then he seemed so friendly, that I up and told him all my experience from beginning to end.

Well, John, says he, I advise you now to wait till the twenty-ninth of February; when the gals turn round to court the fellers. It's none of my business, but if I was you, I wouldn't let

the women make a fool of me any more.

Well, I took a resolution, and stuck to it firm; for when I once set up my ebenezer, I am just like a mountain. I stuck to it all along pretty well in January, when I had to go to singing school. I must go to singing school for I was leader in the treble, and there was no carrying on the parts without me. But that was nothing, if it hadn't fell to my lot to go home with Hannah Peabody four times runnin. Politeness before everything. Well, she kept growing prettier and prettier every time, but I only grit my teeth and held on the harder.

By and by, Sabbath night came round, and I felt sort of uneasy, moping about home; and says I, this resolution will never set well upon my stomach, without air and exercise; and before I was done thinking of this, I was more than half-way to Captain Peabody's. It was about daylight down, as I was passing by the kitchen; but hearing a sort of snickering, I slipped up and peeped in to the window, just out of curiosity.

There was no candle burning—for Mrs. Peabody is saving to tallow—but I could see Hannah and Poll Partridge, the help, telling fortunes in the ashes, by fire-light agin Jack Robinson. Jack Robinson was come to sit up with the help, and would insist upon it I should go in and see Hannah.

She hasn't had a spark this month, says he, and in you shall go, or I'll lick you.

Well, there was no dodging here, and all I had to do was to grin and bear it. So in I went; and once in, good by to resolution. The short and the long of it is, I was soon as deep in the mud as I had been in the mire. But I had another guess chap than Sally Jones to deal with now. And here was the difference between them. When you got a slap in the chops from Sally, Hannah kept ye off with a scowl and a cock up of the nose. And Madam couldn't bear handling. With her it was, Talk is talk, but hands off, Mister.

But I rather guess I had cut my eye teeth by this time. If I hadn't learnt something about the natur of women, the kicks I had taken from all quarters fell on barren ground. There is no way of dealing with them but to coax and flatter; you gain nothing, let me tell you, by saving of soft soap; and you must be sly about it. It is no way to ketch a wicked devil of a colt, in the pasture, to march right up, bridle in hand; you must sort of sidle along as if you was past, and whistle, and pretend to be looking t'other way; and so, round and round, till at last you corner him up; then jump and clinch him by the fore lock. Oh, I'm not so great a fool as might be.

But it was a long and tedious business before Hannah and I could come to any sort of an understanding. There was old Captain Peabody who was a stump in my way. He was a man who had no regard for politeness; he traveled rough shod, through the town, carrying a high head, and a stiff upper lip; as much as to say: I owes nobody nothing. He had been a skipper, and sailed his schooner all along the shore, till he got forehanded, then went back up the country and set down farming. But I never knuckle to a man if he's as big as all out doors. And after he poked his fist in my face one 'lection, we never hitched horses together.

Well, as I was afraid to go to the house and court Hannah in the regular way, I had to carry on the war just when and where I could; sometimes of a dark night I could steal into the kitchen. But my safest plan was to track her to the neighbors' houses where she went to spend evenings, skulk about till she started home, and then waylay her on the road. Pretty poor chance this, you'll say. But as if this wasn't enough, Hannah herself must join in to plague me half to death.

Ye see, I wanted to let her know what I was arter in a sort of a delicate underhand way, and keep myself on the safe side of the fence all the time, if there was to be any kicking. But Hannah had no notion of riddles; she would not understand anything short of plain English. I hinted plague suspicious about true love and Cupid's darts, and all that. Then I would heave a long sigh and say,—what does that mean, Hannah? But no; she couldn't see, poor soul; she looked as simple and innocent all the while, as if butter would not melt in her mouth.

She was plaguy close, too, as to her goings and comings, and if she happened, at any time, by accident, to let drop the least word, that show'd me where to fine her next time, she was so mad with herself that she was ready to bite her tongue off.

One day she was going to her aunt