New Orleans Daily Crescent.

SELECTED POETRY, TALES AND MISCELLANY.

FAIRY LORE.

[From all the Year Round.]

Glad were the children when their glowing faces
Gathered about us in the winter night,
And now, with gleesome hearts in verdant places,
We see them leading in the summer light;

For they remember yet the tales we told them
Around the hearth, of fairies long ago,
When they could only look out to behold them
Quick dancing earthward in the feathery snow.

But now the young and fresh imagination
Finds traces of their presence everywhere,
And people with a new and bright creation
The clear blue chambers of the sunny air.

For them the gate of many a sunny palace
Opens to the ringing bugle of the bee,
And every flower-cup is a golden chalice
Wine-filled, in some grand elfin revelry.

Quaint little eyes from grassy nooks are peering,
Each dew-leaf is rich in magic lore;
The foam-bells, down the ringing brooklet steering,
Are fairy-freighted to some happier shore.

Stern theorists, with wisdom overreaching
The shut of wisdom in your precepts cold,
And with a painful stress of callous teaching,
That withers the young heart into the old:

What is the gain if all their flowers were perished,
Their vision fields forever shorn and bare,
The mirror shattered that their young faith cherished,
Showing the face of things so very fair?

Time hath enough of ills to endeavor them,
And care will crowd where dreams have dwelt before;
Oh, therefore, while the heart is trusting leave them
Their happy childhood and their fairy lore!

SOLILOQUY OF THE SPIRIT OVER ITS CLAY.

This very peculiar and original poem has an interest and a music all its own:

'Tis wondrous strange—it looks as dead,
And yet I feel no fear;
My body lies upon the bed,
And I am standing here
With all my faculties complete—
A perfect man from the crown of my head
To the very soles of my feet.

Dead! dead! what an earthly word!
Ah! now I see it all!
I was wont to laugh at the truths I heard
Of the life behind the pall;
Of the death-in-life and the life-in-death—
And held that the cessing of the breath
Was the final end of all.

But I have fled from what is dead
And will warm the clay no more,
Thoughts as useless as the bed,
Dead to those who deplore
The absence of the living ray
That saved the body from decay,
And held the worm in awe.

But what will my darling say to this
When she hears I have passed away,
And kiss the lips she was wont to kiss
Are pallid curves of clay?
Will she die for the want of the olden bliss,
Or live for the heart's decay?

My only wish is to see her now—
'Twas Heaven! and can it be?
There she lies with her curl-lit brow,
Dreading a dream of me:
Dreaming a dream of the man that stands
Here by her side to-night;
And kisses the white of her heavenly hands
And her eyelids' veiling light.

Ah! now I know that I will go
Where my true affections are,
And what I love below or above
Will be my guiding star:
And the light that I see cometh to me
Hallowed by the clay which lies
Stiff and stark and growing dark
In the glow of the tropic skies.

O! the narrow space I was composed in,
Chained to a lump of earth,
And darkened by clouds of grief and sin
From the moment of my birth;
But I am free as thought can be,
And am where my wishes are—
And pure and bright with the lucent light
That flows from the Lord afar,
Making me shine with the rays divine
Eternity cannot mar.

Rough Beginning of the Honeymoon.

On last Friday morning an athletic young farmer, in the towns of Wyoming and Wellsville, a fair girl, "all bathed in blushes," from her parents, and started for the first town across the Pennsylvania line, to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a license. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl—a tall, gaunt and sharp-featured female of some thirty-seven summers. The pair crossed the line, were married, and returned to Wellsville to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedding party stopped, observed that they conducted themselves in a rather singular manner. The husband would take his sister-in-law, the tall female aforesaid, into one corner of the parlor, and talk earnestly to her, gesticulating wildly the while. Then the tall female would "put her foot down" and talk to him in an angry and excited manner. Then the husband would take his fair young bride into a corner, but he could no sooner commence talking to her than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and interrupt the proceedings in the most decided manner.

The people at the hotel ascertained what all this meant about nine o'clock in the evening. There was an uproar in the room which had been assigned to the newly married couple. Female shrieks and masculine "swears" startled the people at the hotel, and they rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was pressing and kicking against the door of the room, and the newly married man, mostly undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open to disclose the stalwarth husband, in his Gentleman Greek Slave apparel. It appeared that the tall female insisted upon occupying the same room with the newly-wedded pair; that her sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement, and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place, and was now indignantly repudiating the contract. "Won't you go away now, Susan, peaceful?" said the newly-married man, softening his voice.

"No," said she, "I won't—so there!"

"Don't you budge an inch," cried the married sister within the room.

"Now—now, Maria!" said the young man to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't go for to cuttin' up in this way—now don't."

"I'll cut up's much I wanter," she sharply replied.

"Well," roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open and stalking out among the crowd, "well, jest you two winin' put on your duds and go right straight home and bring back the old man and woman, and your grandfather, who is nigh on to a hundred, bring 'em all here, *and I'll marry the whole kit and kaboodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together.*"

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the tall female taking a room alone. Wellsville is enjoying itself over the "sensation."

[Cleveland Plaindealer.

DRY GOODS VERY LOW.—The up town ladies will please refer to advertisement of Mr. S. S. Cherchill, formerly of Bergdoll and Erwin streets. Mr. C. is offering at ridiculously low prices many articles of dress and fancy dry goods, such as fine mallones, delaines, merinos, berages, cambrics, ginghams, laces and ribbons. This sale at low prices commences to-day, Monday, 29th instant, and there will probably be a run on the establishment.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S HATS AND BONNETS.—We ask the attention of both lady and gentleman readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Delsen & Kenny, wholesale and retail dealers in hats. Their stock is so diversified and assorted with so much care in view of the demands of this market, that scarcely any one can fail to be suited in anything in their line which may be desired. They are selling hats, caps and bonnets at retail very low, and probably it would be to the advantage of those wanting anything of the sort to give them a call.

LILLIE'S SAFES.—Very strong evidence of the excellence of Lillie's latest patent wrought and chilled iron safes is published in our advertising columns, and sufficiently attests their safety under fire, no matter how hot. See and read the item setting forth the manner in which one of these safes fought through a big fire in New York. The value of safes was worth fighting for, and it defied the malignant demon of conflagration to do its better, and came out of the conflict all right. They are supplied with Lillie's celebrated combination locks, and are for sale at all sizes and shapes, at Falconbridge & Co.'s safe and safe lock warehouse, 85 Camp street, New Orleans.

CHANCE FOR INVESTMENT IN THE DRUG BUSINESS.—Druggists, or those having any knowledge of the drug business, are referred to an advertisement setting forth a chance for the investment of a limited capital.

DOLHEAR COMMERCIAL COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.—Let all who wish a business education visit this well known institution.

MESSRS. PARFREY & CO. sell to-day at 10 o'clock, at No. 103 St. Charles street, near Carondelet, fine mahogany and other furniture, on sofas, gas fixtures, etc. For particulars, see their advertisement.

THE WOMAN WITH ONE HAND.

BY MARY EYLE DALLAS.

The following is taken from a manuscript found in the office of an old surgeon:

I do not believe in ghosts. I have no faith in any supernatural manifestations or appearances whatever. I beg any one who may peruse this narrative, to understand that I am no superstitious creature, afraid of my own shadow, lending an attentive ear to old women's stories, and seeing "something white" in every corner where the shadows gather thickly after dusk. It is scarcely likely, that an old surgeon, who has stood beside so many dying pillows, and watched so many spirits take flight from racked and wounded bodies, should tremble at the thought of a disembodied soul. I know too well the release death often is to poor, pain-stricken mortals, to fear their voluntary return to the scenes of their unhappiness and suffering. Neither am I the victim of disordered nerves or fevered imagination. I have performed operations in which one tremor of the hand would have been fatal, where, had my hand swerved but a hair's breadth to the right or left, I would have been a murderer.

Nay, I can do what many able, energetic men have found impossible, for I have had those dearest to my soul beneath my hand, and though each moan of anguish, each flutter of the heart, went through my every nerve, the kindly cruel knife worked on as steadily as though it carved a block of senseless wood. The portrait of myself, which hangs above the mantel yonder, is not that of a dreamer or a nervous man, and I should pronounce the man who told me such a tale as that I am about to commit on paper, a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum. Even now, I pause before I write the words, and am half inclined to fling aside the pen, lest any who should peruse the story should pronounce old Dr. Greystock mad. And what if they should do so? I know that every scene I shall record has passed before my eyes, that my mind is calm and clear, and my senses unimpaired. Shall I, who never faltered when I knew that one false moment would send the cruel steel through a dear brother's loving heart, turn coward now, and hide the truth lest the world should laugh at me? I will not. Come on, my gray goose-quill, and do your task, ere I am grown so old that the story shall be deemed the driveling of a childish brain.

I was born in a quiet and retired country village. My father mingled the professions of doctor and apothecary, and at times drew teeth, or set a fractured limb—anything for a living, poor man, for he had a large family, and neither property nor expectations of a legacy. His patients were distributed over a wide tract of country, and during an unhealthy season he was often upon horseback from morning until night, enduring the scorching sun of summer, the cold blasts of winter, or the miasmatic vapors of the marshy ground over which he was called to travel, upon many a rainy midnight, to prescribe for some poor creature who was "very low with the fever." During his frequent absence I presided over the pills and potions, mixed washes, made up prescriptions, and amused myself by the perusal of several works upon anatomy, which graced the book-shelves of the room behind the shop. This science was my chief delight, and in a little while the determination to become a surgeon filled my mind. Much experience had made me doubt the power of medicine. The mysteries of the unseen machinery within us might baffle the most learned, but the surgeon, dealing with the outward man, could see his work, and really benefit his fellow-creatures. I knew the strength of my nerves, and the value they would be to me in the surgical profession, and I declared my intention to adopt it before I had reached my 16th year.

My father was pleased, and gave his consent at once; but there were some preliminaries to be arranged, and some funds to be accumulated, before I could enter upon a regular course of study. Meanwhile, I stayed at home, impatiently, and gathered all I could from books and from my father's instructions. The time passed tediously enough, for I was anxious to commence my career, and start upon the highroad to wealth and eminence, and many were the anxious days and sleepless nights which I spent ere the time arrived which witnessed my departure for the city. At last, however, all was ready. I bade adieu to my mother, my father, and my young brother, from whom I had never yet been separated for one night, and with a heart which beat with high hopes, even amid the grief of parting, took my place in the stage, and left, for the first time, the home of my glad childhood.

In a month I had become accustomed to the separation, and thought only of my profession.

Medical students are generally wild, reckless and dissipated. I was neither. The discretion of old age seemed to have come suddenly upon me. I shared my companions' amusements, but refused to mingle in their orgies, for I had determined to retain my strong nerves and unshaking hand to the last. Nevertheless, I was a general favorite, and formed many friendships among the giddy band, which lasted long after they had become gray-headed men. There was one among them, the name of whose name was Robert Redlaw—a gay, handsome boy he was, full of fun and frolic, and terribly addicted to practical jokes, but, nevertheless kind-hearted and generous to a fault, for he would have given his last penny to one who seemed in need of it. To the living he was all tenderness; to the wounded wretch who the hospital his hand was soft as my woman's, and I have seen his eyes fill with tears while he inflicted necessary pain; but to the dead he seemed heartless—a lifeless body being of no more value, in his eyes, than the trunk of a dead tree.

"Would you value your old violin case?" he would say, when any one remonstrated with him upon the subject. "The strings broken—nay, the instrument destroyed—of what value is that which was but formed for its protection? For my part, when my soul has taken flight, I care not what you do with this combination of flesh and bones which my spirit animates!" And upon this principle he seemed to act involuntarily.

One night—oh, how well I remember it; a cold, black evening in mid-winter—I sat alone beside my fire, absorbed in meditation. The book I had been reading lay beside me, upon the table, and my candle burnt low within the socket, for it was nearly 1 o'clock, and I had not long retired to bed. Suddenly I was aroused by a loud ringing of my door-bell, and the sound of sand thrown against my window from without, and, lighting another taper, descended and opened the door.

There, upon the steps, stood Robert Redlaw and four other fellow-students, all the worse for liquor, and all in boisterous spirits. "Let us in, old fellow!" cried Robert; "we want to tell you of our lark. By George! we've made a night of it. Such punch as we've been having at Tom B——'s, while you have been moping over your musty books. You must go with us next time."

There was no use of remonstrance, and, one by one, my unexpected visitors mounted the stairs, and took their places around my fireside.

"I say, Bob frightened us all, awhile ago," began one of them, after a temporary silence.

"How?" I asked.

"How!" laughed Bob; "why, with this." And, without another word of preface, he drew a folded kerchief from his pocket, and, unfolding it, exhibited a human hand.

"Bob, where did this come from?" I asked, involuntarily drawing back a step or two.

"He took it from a grave which the rain had washed open," answered a tall young fellow, turning away with a shudder. "Cut it off with his knife as coolly as he might a bit of wood, although I'll swear a sigh or groan or scream, or all three together, came from the body when he first laid his finger upon it."

"Bah!" laughed Robert Redlaw, your "ventriloquist tricks can never impose upon me. I took the little hand in spite of them, and shall keep it. A pretty creature it must have belonged to! Look at the almond-shaped nails, Greystock!"

"A woman's hand," I said; "and, oh, Bob, there is a wedding-ring upon the finger!"

"So there is," said the boy, leaning across the table; "so there is. Strange that I did not notice it before. Come, gentlemen, Greystock is in a serious mood—let us leave him." And, wrapping his strange prize once more in the kerchief, my wild friend and his comrades departed.

I passed the night in restless dreams, in all of which that pale little hand, which had been laid before me, played a conspicuous part, and arose at daylight unrefreshed and dispirited. While I was dressing, I heard another knock at my door, some one rapped at my door, and on my calling out "come in," opened it and entered. It was Bob.

"How do you do, my dear fellow?" he said. "I hope you feel better than I do. For my part, I never passed so restless a night. Some one in the house, or next door, kept up a continued moaning; and the strange part of it was, that when I arose to listen, fearing some one was ill or dying, the sound ceased, until I once more placed my head upon the pillow, when they were resumed more loudly than before. At one time I thought the other fellows were trying to frighten me about the hand, but there was no chance of that. You remember my little pet hand, Greystock? I have it bottled in spirits in a private cupboard, where my laundress, who once fainted at the sight of a skeleton, will never be alarmed by it."

He spoke merrily, but there was something about him different from his usual manner, I thought, as we went out to breakfast together. It was a foggy morning, and the streets were very dreary. There were but few people abroad, but, as we turned a corner, we came face to face with a woman whose head was bent upon her bosom, and who was moaning bitterly. She were no bonnet, and was dressed in white, but the mist and rain had drenched and dabbled her until she was a pitiable object to behold. I paused and spoke to her.

"What is the matter," I asked. "Can I do anything to help you?"

As I spoke, the woman raised her eyes, and showed me a face the beautiful features of which were of an ashen pallor; then, without speaking, held both her arms towards me. Upon the left white was no hand. In my astonishment I stepped aside, and, as I did so, the white robed figure glided past me, and vanished in the fog. In vain we looked for her. She was gone beyond our sight or hearing.

"That is strange," I said, turning to Robert, "How miserable the poor creature looked."

And my poor friend, turning from a cheek of ashy paleness, muttered betwixt his teeth—"The left hand, too. Good heavens! the left hand!"

We breakfasted together, but throughout the meal Robert Redlaw was utterly unlike himself. No merry jests passed his lips, no laugh rang out up on the air, and, every now and then, his eyes fixed themselves upon vacancy, as those of one whose thoughts are far away are prone to do. As for myself, I also was strangely low-spirited and abstracted.

For a week subsequent to that day I saw nothing of my friend, but at the end of that time I went to call upon him. Bob was standing by the mantel when I entered his room, but he turned towards me, and came forward with both hands outstretched.

"My dear Greystock," he said, "I am so glad to see you. I should have come after you to-day if you had not found your way here. Do you know I have been ill since we met last?"

"I am sorry to hear that," I replied.

"Yes, extremely ill!" continued Robert. "I caught a cold that night in the damp graveyard, and have been feverish and delirious. I believe I would not pass such another week, Greystock, for all the diamonds of Golconda."

He paused a moment, and then drawing closer to me, placed his hand upon my shoulder. "Don't mention it to the other fellows," he said; "but I absolutely imagined that I saw a face looking at me from the window yonder, and that a tall woman's figure dressed in white, and having only one hand—the left one was gone—stood upon the parapet of the next roof, and waved her arms towards me. Such a mad idea, you know, for there is scarcely a foothold upon it for a monkey, let alone a woman."

"But these fancies have left you now," I said.

"Yes, I hope they have," replied Robert; "I have suffered from no optical delusion for two days, but I do wish that the terrible groaning could be put a stop to. I hear it every night, and I cannot persuade myself that it is the work of my imagination; yet no one in the house is ill, and my landlady will not confess that she has ever heard the slightest noise. Greystock, it must be a terrible thing to be insane."

"Put such fancies out of your mind, Robert," I said. "The truth is, you have been feverish, and the remembrance of your silly piece of work with that hand has acted upon your mind, and caused these apparitions. Take my advice, my dear fellow, and abstain from the punch bowl and the wine cup; they will lead any one into committing foolish, if not criminal, actions. Come, let us go out into the open air to-day; I will devote myself to you, and we will see what a country walk will do towards the exorcising of these fancies."

Robert assented to my proposition, and we set off together. At first he was more serious than usual, but as the day wore on I saw with delight that his spirits were once more resuming their wonted tone. The rich color came back to his dark cheek, his eyes beamed with their wonted brightness. The pallid ghost-seer was gone, and the careless boy stood once more before me. I rejoiced in the happy change, as a mother might in the returning smiles of her ailing infant, and at dusk we returned to the city, as happy a pair as you could wish to meet.

"Now, Bob," I said, when we had dined, "we will finish the evening at the theater, and banish those gloomy fancies even more effectually amid the lights and music."

"Gloomy thoughts!" laughed my friend, "I am in high spirits to-night, and feel utterly ashamed of my ghostly stories. Come, if you are ready; I am!"

We went out into the hall, as he spoke, and my hand was upon the lock of the door, when Robert suddenly exclaimed:

"I had nearly forgotten my gloves and handkerchief, Dinah!" and he beckoned to the little black waitress. "Dinah, run up and bring them to me. My gloves are upon the table, and you will find a handkerchief in one of the bureau drawers, which is unlocked."

The little darkey started with alacrity; but while we waited for her return, a terrible scream sounded through the house, and she came rushing down again without the articles for which she had been dispatched.

"Oh, de ghost! de ghost!" she screamed. "Dar's a ghost in Redlan's room!"

"What do you mean?" ejaculated Robert; and "What do you mean?" was reiterated by the landlady and her boarders, as they flocked to the scene of action.

"I went after de hankercher to Massa Redlan's room," gasped Dinah, "and I tell yer de bressed truth, dar was a woman all in der middle of the room holding up a jar, and in dat jar dar was a hand, and de woman she had'nt only one herself, for I seen her jest as plain as daylight. True as I'm alive it was a ghost!"

I snatched the candle from Dinah's trembling fingers and rushed up stairs. The apartment was empty, and the window upon the roof closed. I opened the cupboard and looked in. There stood the glass jar in which the hand was preserved, on a remote corner of the shelf. Nothing had been disturbed that I could discover, and perplexed and disturbed, I closed the door. As I did so, a low wailing moan, destinct, dispairing and horrible broke upon my ear; and, with the blood running cold within my veins, I descended to the hall once more.

Robert sat upon a chair, his pale face hidden in both hands. I touched him upon the shoulder, and found that he was senseless. At first I thought he was dead.

For four weeks Robert Redlaw trembled on the margin of the grave, and we, his comrades, watched over him with sad foreboding, for the excitement, which he had undergone had developed a heart disease which might, at any moment, prove fatal. At last, however, the danger seemed to grow less imminent, and although yet weak, he seemed to be upon the high road to recovery.

All that time I never left him, day or night. Study had been thrown aside, business abandoned—all earthly interest seemed centered in the dying friend, beside whose pillow I watched so anxiously. When the happy hour of convalescence came I could have wept for joy.

One day I had been sitting beside Robert reading from an old book he had loved to listen, until the twilight fell and the room grew so dark that I could not see the words. Then my friend said to me, "Lay down beside me, Greystock, and rest a little while; you must be weary, and I need no watching now. It will do me good to see you quietly asleep."

I was very weary, and, in my happy confidence of his safety, I obeyed, and had scarcely flung myself upon the pillow ere slumber overtook me. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a low moan, and, lifting my head, saw Robert sitting upright, gazing through the window.

"Bob, dear Bob!" I ejaculated, "what is the matter?"

"I committed sacrilege," moaned my friend, "and this is my punishment. Robert, she has been here again. Put your arm about me, and let me die upon your shoulder."

Horror-stricken, I supported him upon my breast, called to God for aid, and prayed for one smile, for one word more from those pale lips, but all in vain. The voice was hushed forever; the eyes grew glassy, the cold hand stiffened in my own, and the white moonlight fell upon a dead man's face, as I pressed my last kiss upon his lips.

Have you ever watched beside the dead, dear reader? Do you know what it is to see a form which once was full of life and mirth lay like a marble block before you? All sweet emotions, frozen within its sunken eyes, and those changeful and well-loved expressions which charmed you so, in life, settling into that fixed and rigid smile, which, even in its beauty, seems to forbid your gaze, and tell you that your past, in what lies there, is blotted out forever. Oh! if you know the grief of such a scene, I need not tell you what I felt, as the hours of the next sad night wore on towards the morning.

His water lay on the mantel-piece, ticking as busily as ever. Oh! how strange it seemed, to think it's master's hand would never rest upon it more! I looked upon it; the hands were pointing to the hour of 3—the night was over, and the miserable day was close at hand. I turned away, and walked towards the window. I was alone, for I would not permit another to share that vigil, and the tears trickled slowly down my cheeks as I paced the floor.

Just then, I heard once more that low melancholy moan, apparently, just without the casement, and starting back, held my breath to listen. By the faint light of a shaded taper upon the table, I saw the window open. It was a French window, and turned upon its hinges like a door, and, as it unfolded, a figure crossed the sill and stepped softly in. It was that of a woman, dressed in white garments, and I saw, as she crept stealthily towards me, that one hand was gone. This was no fancy; if spirits ever came to mortal man, one stood before me now.

The apparition advanced, and as did I. Horror gave me courage, and I grappled with it. I held it in a firm, unshrinking grasp, and found that it was solid as a thing of flesh and blood, and that it moaned and trembled as in terror. Should I call for aid? This thing, living or dead, had killed my poor young friend. No fevered imagination had conjured up the form and face, which he believed was of the other world. Here it was, powerless, in my hands, and I would exercise it or die. Work I stood irresolute, the light of a taper gleamed from out the darkness, and I saw a man standing by the open sash. He looked upon the bed, and the still thing beneath its snowy covering, upon me and the being I grappled with, and then whispered:

"For God's sake, don't hurt her, sir! She does not know what she is doing—she has lost her senses!"

"Who and what is this being?" I asked; "and why does she come to the chamber of death at this silent hour? You must tell me, for she is already a murderess."

"She is my wife," said the man; "we have lived in the next house for ten years, and all that time she has been mad. She has not had her senses since her only child was burned to death, in the same fire in which she lost her hand. She was always fond of peeping through this window, and I had not the heart to hinder her. But one night she saw the young doctor, poor fellow! doing something with a hand, which, I suppose, he had brought from the dissecting-room, and has been wild ever since. She not been able to keep her from the window, or even from this room; for, you see, she thought the hand was her own, and wanted it back. Three times I've followed her and brought her back—once when she had the jar in her arms and was bringing it away. God help her! she would not harm any one; give her to me, and let me take her away."

I let the wretched creature go, and he took her about the waist very tenderly.

"Do you know what she has done?" I asked.

"No," replied the man. "To my knowledge she has done nothing."

"Nothing! Is that nothing?" I asked, pointing to the white couch. "That is her handiwork. She killed him. Her presence frightened him to death."

"I hope not, sir," said the man.

"I speak the truth," I muttered, bitterly. "Take her from my sight. Oh! why did I not learn this in time?"

"Why did I tarry on the roadside while my dwelling was in flames, and my wife and child enveloped in their midst? Why is this woman, once so good and beautiful, a senseless maniac?" said the strange man sadly. "It was God's will, sir, and we cannot alter it. Good night! May He comfort you."

And thus speaking, he led the wretched woman through the window, and away over the sloping roof, with the soft caressing kindness of a lover; while I, sinking upon the floor, gave way to a wild and bitter burst of grief.

Enough! my tale is done. In a lonely graveyard, far from the city's bustle, a white stone marks the grave of Robert Redlaw, the victim of one of the strangest coincidences which ever yet has been recorded upon the book of fate.

[New York Sunday Times.

COMPTROLLER---OFFICIAL.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,
City of New Orleans, July 1, 1858.
[No. 2129.]

RESOLVED, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and required to give notice, by a standing advertisement in the official journal, that in accordance with the ninth section of ordinance No. 1462, approved March 30, 1858, the Council will not pay any bill against the city unless contracted under authority of an order from the Comptroller, in accordance with the ordinance referred to.

[Signed] R. L. TRACY,
President Board of Assistant Aldermen.
[Signed] L. H. PLACE,
President Board of Aldermen.

Approved April 29, 1858.
[Signed] JOHN L. LEWIS, Mayor.

The attention of the officers of the city and of the public is respectfully called to the foregoing resolution.

V. DUPLESSIS,
Comptroller City of New Orleans.

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STREET COMPNER--OFFICIAL.

SECOND DISTRICT POUND—Was brought to the Second District Pound, corner Bienville and Galvez streets, no estray—

One black Sow, half left ear off.

Which if not claimed within three days and the expenses thereon paid, will be sold at public auction, at said Pound, on MONDAY, October 29, 1860, at 10 o'clock A. M.

New Orleans, October 26, 1860.

J. MILTON RELP, Street Commissioner.
Registered October 26, 1860.
V. DUPLESSIS, Compteroller.

STRAYED OR STOLEN FROM THE PLANTATION OF THE SUBSCRIBER, on the 15th of October, 1860, the following described Negroes, belonging to Mrs. Thomas Parks, who lives about thirteen miles above Grand Gulf, Miss. He is 5 feet 2 inches high, has a spheroidic double range of teeth, a very little mouustache, negro-like face, large eyes, and is aged about 24 years.

The owner will call and claim his property according to law.

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ, Jr.,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered October 22, 1860.
ALFRED A. DUCROS,
Clerk of Comptroller.
o23 15t

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 15th of October, 1860, the black boy PETER. Says he belongs to Mrs. Thomas Parks, who lives about thirteen miles above Grand Gulf, Miss. He is 5 feet 2 inches high, has a spheroidic double range of teeth, a very little mouustache, negro-like face, large eyes, and is aged about 24 years.

The owner will call and claim his property according to law.

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ, Jr.,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered October 22, 1860.
ALFRED A. DUCROS,
Clerk of Comptroller.
o23 15t

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 15th of October, 1860, the black man DAVID TURNER. He states he is free by birth and living in Alexandria, Red river. He is 5 feet 7 inches high, wears a light moustache and a heavy beard, husky hair, splendid teeth, and is aged about 30 years.

The owner will call and claim his property according to law.

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ, Jr.,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered October 23, 1860.
ALFRED A. DUCROS,
Clerk of Comptroller.
o23 15t

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 15th of October, 1860, the black girl Sy JEFFERSON. Says she belongs to Mr. Lassey Brown, who lives in Henry county, Tennessee. He is 5 feet 3 inches high, has a little gray hair, wears a small goatee, light moustache, a good double range of teeth, a scar on the right hip, and is aged about 25 years.

The owner will call and claim his property according to law.

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ, Jr.,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered October 22, 1860.
ALFRED A. DUCROS,
Clerk of Comptroller.
o23 15t

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 15th of October, 1860, the black boy WILLIAM. Says he belongs to Mr. Joseph Sellers, who lives in Bolivar county, Miss. He is 5 feet 6½ inches high, has one upper tooth missing, a small scar on the left cheek, and is aged about 24 years.

The owner will call and claim his property according to law.

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ, Jr.,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered October 22, 1860.
ALFRED A. DUCROS,
Clerk of Comptroller.
o23 15t

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 24th of October, 1860, the black boy AUGUSTIN. Says he belongs to Mr. Alexis Forstall, who lives in Jefferson City, La. He is 5 feet 3 inches high, has three upper teeth missing, has a scar on the forehead above the left eye, wears a goatee and is aged about 52 years.

The owner will call and claim his property according to law.

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ, Jr.,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered October 19, 1860.
ALFRED A. DUCROS,
Clerk of Comptroller.
o24 15t

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 24th of October, 1860, the black boy AUGUSTIN. Says he belongs to Mr. Alexis Forstall, who lives in Jefferson City, La. He is 5 feet 3 inches high, has three upper teeth missing, has a scar on the forehead above the left eye, wears a goatee and is aged about 52 years.

The owner will call and claim his property according to law.

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ, Jr.,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered October 19, 1860.
ALFRED A. DUCROS,
Clerk of Comptroller.
o24 15t

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 6th of October, 1860, the mulatto boy TIM. Says he belongs to Mrs. Hayes, who lives about 3 miles below Point-a-la-Hache, La. He is 5 feet 4 inches high, has one upper tooth missing, has a scale kick on the right cheek, and is aged about 22 years.

The owner will call and claim his property according to law.

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ, Jr.,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered October 10, 1860.
ALFRED A. DUCROS,
Clerk of Comptroller.
o11 15t

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 6th of October, 1860, the black boy WILLIAM. Says he belongs to Mr. Joseph Sellers, who lives in Bolivar county, Miss. He is 5 feet 6½ inches high, has one upper tooth missing, a small scar on the left cheek, and is aged about 24