New Orleans Daily Crescent.

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J. O. NIXON, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT

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Four	40	70	90	140	225
Five	50	80	110	175	275
Six	60	95	130	200	325
Seven	70	105	155	230	375
Eight	80	115	180	260	420
Nine	90	125	205	290	460
Ten	100	135	230	320	500
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is published every Saturday morning. Subscription, $5 per annum, in advance; half-yearly and quarterly, same rates; Single copies, 10 cents.

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Eight	25	45	60	100	160
Ten	30	55	70	120	200
Thirty	70	150	210	300	450

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1866.

Personal.

The President has recognized Isidoro Mollio as Consul of Spain at New Orleans.

The Davenport brothers have abandoned the title of mediums, and now call themselves merely jugglers.

From London we learn of the marriage of Lord Charles Innes Ker, son of the Duke of Roxburgh, and Captain in the Fusileer Guards, with Miss Blanche Mary, third daughter of Col. Peers Williams. It was attended by his Serene Highness Prince Frederick of Holstein, and a large number of the British aristocracy.

A. Pardu, a successful coal merchant in the Lehigh region, has given $100,000 to Lafayette College at Easton, Pa.

J. Ross Browne, who accompanied General McDowell in his expedition to Arizona, was taken ill at Soda Lake, and was left at Fort Mohave.

The effort made by Mr. S. C. Hall to raise funds for a monument to Leigh Hunt has proved a failure. His magnanimous son Thornton seemed to have acted like a fixed weight upon it.

Parliament has voted a monument to Lord Palmerston. So they did to the Duke of Wellington, thirteen years ago, and not one stone of it is laid yet; while the lions for Nelson's monument have been in the hands of Sir Edwin Landseer for something like a quarter of a century.

The Reverend A. M. Shipp, formerly Professor of History and Belles Letters in the University of North Carolina, has become President of Woodford College, South Carolina.

Dan Showalter, a native of Pennsylvania, and at one time a member of the California legislature, a fellow member of which he killed in a duel, was recently shot and killed by a barkeeper in Mazatlan, Mexico.

Miss Melissa Ware, of Pittston, Maine, is having an examination in Gardiner, before the United States commissioner, on a charge of robbing the mails.

A Philadelphian who, a few years ago, had a revenue of twenty thousand dollars per annum, and cut a large splurge among the *bon ton* of that city, is now an attendant in an eating saloon in New York, on a salary of a few dollars per week.

Reed Bigler, son of ex-Governor Bigler of Pennsylvania, died at Lock Haven in that State on the 22d inst., in the twenty-eighth year of his age. The deceased was a civil engineer by profession, and had filled many important positions in the line of his business.

Several stories have lately been floating about with regard to Leopold Meyer, the celebrated pianist, and his adventures with different sovereigns. The most amusing was his visit to the Sultan. Mussulman etiquette would not allow of a piano touching the floor of the sacred apartment of the head of the believers. The piano was supported by four lesser believers, and as Turkish etiquette would not permit Leopold Meyer to sit down in the Sultan's presence, he was obliged to play standing up. It would be difficult to imagine a more comical performance, which came to a worthy termination. When M. Meyer had finished his sonata, his highness said, in a drowsy kind of way, "Now let the musician dance."

The salary of the Rev. Dr. Boardman, pastor of the Tenth Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, has been raised to $6000 per year. The Rev. J. O. Murray, formerly of Cambridgeport, Mass., as associate editor with Dr. Spring, of the brick church in New York, has a salary of $6000 per year, and received as gifts during 1865 about $2500. Dr. Spring's income is about $25,000.

At a ball in Paris, the other evening, the Princess of St. Elia appeared as the Press, in a robe covered with the pages and titles of several journals printed on satin.

The announcement of the death of Major Arnold Harris, published yesterday, will be received with great regret in this city, where the deceased resided for many years, and where he had "troops of friends."

The Hon. Henry A. Wise, whose parole confined him to one of the military departments of Virginia, has been given a permit by Gen. Grant, to visit any part of the United States.

Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands is in Italy.

A new candidate has appeared for the vacant chair in the French Academy, which it was supposed had already been secured for M. Henri Martin. M. Cuvillier Fleury, the literary critic of the *Journal des Débats*, is now spoken of.

The South Carolina papers announce the death of General Elliot, who so long defended Fort Sumter against the Federal forces. At the explosion of the mine in front of Petersburg, Virginia, he had an arm shattered; and when the war closed, he took up his abode in a fisherman's hut, in Port Royal Harbor, where he supported his family by fishing until the winter set in. He had just secured a situation on a railroad, when he was suddenly cut off, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

M. Mazères, an eminent poet and dramatic author of the Restoration, an old *collaborateur* of Scribe and Empis, died in Paris last month, at the aged of seventy. He was made a prefect after the revolution of 1830, and continued writing for the theater until 1848. He then found himself out of fashion, and obtained little success.

Colonel A. H. Markland has been appointed special mail agent for the postoffice department for the district comprising the Pacific coast.

(Special to the New Orleans Crescent.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, April 6, 1866.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Several well authenticated rumors of a general amnesty which will include the ex-President of the Confederate States, have been afloat for some days past. Whenever a proclamation is issued from the White House, the necessary seal, preserved at the State Department, must be obtained from its keeper. The authority for procuring an impression of the official seal must be certified by the President. Whenever this important authorization is granted, unless for a treaty or exequatur, some great movement is likely to be on the tapis; and such has been the case since the 4th inst. It will be remembered that Dr. Craven was the physician in attendance on Mr. Davis, but for some time his duties have been performed by the garrison doctor of Fortress Monroe. During the present week, Dr. Craven, proceeding under the direction of Mr. Johnson, has been collecting evidence with regard to the treatment of Jefferson Davis at the beginning of his imprisonment. In the performance of this duty, the Doctor has been obtaining testimony from the various officers who were on duty at the Fortress since the capture of Mr. Davis. The inquiries extend to the most accurate minutiæ, involving interrogatories with reference to the length of the chain and the weight of the balls which were attached to the prisoner. Gen. Dick Taylor has come to this city with the intention of suing for the enlargement of his brother-in-law, and the presence of Mrs. Davis and Vice President Stephens is also connected with the extension of more humane treatment to the fallen chieftain.

FESSENDEN AND SUMNER.

The estrangement between these two radical leaders has been apparent for some time. It seems, however, that mutual friends have endeavored to reconcile the personal coolness, and reunite the vainest and the ablest politicians of their party. Since the severe satire which the Senator from Maine administered to the Senator from Massachusetts, several unimportant but embittering colloquies have ensued, on the floor of the Senate. Fessenden has strangely lost his equilibrium during this session, and is doubly annoyed with Sumner for his obstinacy in breaking up his own party, merely for the advancement of some weak and impracticable conception. Sumner is, in truth, of little mental stamina or moral vigor, but accepts the plaudits of enthusiastic galleries for the general sober opinion of the people. He is continually "chewing the end of sweet and bitter fancies," and doubtless enjoys his spite against Mr. Fessenden for deserting the Massachusetts model of a new republic. Sumner is really a laughing-stock everywhere beyond the borders of New England. Fessenden was always considered one of the best debaters in the Senate, and has often measured swords with our own Benjamin, whom Andrew Johnson considers the finest speaker he ever heard. It is doubtless galling for him to resign the leadership of the Senate just at the time when he is about to reap the reward of so many labors; hence his continual irritation with his opponents, and with the intractable spirits of his own party. His financial career was also a disappointment; he is the originator of the 10-40 bonds, which, being a five per cent. security, have always been quoted below par. Fessenden is by nature a gentleman, in public as well as private life, though he may be led by party feeling into conduct which, judged by a high standard, might not bear strict scrutiny. Sumner has the reputation of being an intellectual and polished gentleman in society, though his contributions to the Atlantic Monthly are not creditable to his scholarship, and he certainly does not import superabundant courtesy into public life. His vanity and obstinacy will contribute to the downfall of the radicals, and on this account we should thank him for it.

BEVERDY JOHNSON.

This distinguished conservative may be aptly termed the shield and the buckler of the President. Yesterday he stood forth in defense of the veto message. The expectation of a vote and the possibility of a defeat of the administration, had attracted a large number of auditors to the galleries. It was known that Reverdy Johnson would commence the debate in reply to Judge Trumbull, and though the venerable Senator from Maryland is not gifted with a very sonorous voice, he enchained his audience for more than two hours by the logic of his arguments and the soundness of his reasoning. It is a custom among the Republicans to interrupt Mr. Johnson in the course of his speeches; but on this occasion his legal points were far too strong to be refuted by the radicals. One little colloquy deserves to be recorded as evidence of the vast residue of assurance left in the Senatorial brain. Mr. Johnson quoted from a speech delivered by the President in 1859, to prove his loyalty, purity and patriotism. Nye, of Nevada, arose and desired to know whether Andrew Johnson had not advocated the right of secession in the same speech. Mr. Johnson replied that he certainly had not; that the late President Lincoln was the only President of the United States who had ever advocated secession in a public speech. Nye was, of course, abashed at the failure of his little trick, but still muttered on that it was so, and A. H. Stephens had done the same. Mr. Johnson crossed the middle aisle of the Senate chamber, and walked towards his interrupter in his usual manner, "I am not talking," said he, "of Mr. Stephens; I am talking of the President." Sumner now chimed in, with a grin as long as one of his speeches, "What Mr. Stevens?" implying that Nye might refer to the radical Thaddeus. Johnson immediately rejoined, "I know of no Mr. Stephens who is President of the United States!" Then with his jovial and characteristic smile, he added, "The Senator from Nevada is generally correct in his remarks, but I am afraid that he is wrong this time." Nye is notoriously a demagogue and an incapable member. He was sent to the House from New York by a miserable pothouse ward, and being a good hand at jokes and stories, and withal a pretty rough file, Mr. Lincoln sent him to Nevada as territorial governor. It was no difficult matter to obtain the Senatorship when his outlandish government was permitted to moult into a State by the enabling act. With his colleague Stewart, the son-in-law of "Hangman" Foote, he is supposed to represent Nevada, but I hope not for the sake of his constituency. Let us return to the debate on the veto. Trumbull tried to reply to Johnson, but it was like knocking a wall down with a pin. I desire, in this connection, to do justice to the originator of the two bills that have received the President's veto. In the course of my correspondence with the CRESCENT, it has become my duty to notice the personal peculiarities of Judge Trumbull, as a prominent politician, but I now wish to bear witness to his gentlemanly deportment throughout the course of these discussions in which he was so deeply engaged. I bear this tribute to his individual character with greater pleasure, as it is not often my province to record similar instances from his own party. Judge Trumbull possesses a good legal mind and has enjoyed considerable experience in the Senate. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee, he acted with truthful impartiality in the Stockton case, and by the exercise of more firmness in that particular, he could have achieved a noble reputation. He is not a great patriot, in the political sense of the term; he is simply a gentleman; a *rara avis*, like a black swan, in the time of Juvenal. His conduct yesterday in favoring an adjournment, for the convenience of sick and absent Senators, was another instance of his courteous demeanor. If any politician is saved from the debris of the radical party, I hope it will be Mr. Trumbull. Think of his colleague, Mr. Yates, the successor of the Little Giant—but not wishing to be personal, I shall say nothing.

MR. COWAN AND THE PHILISTINES.

The radicals exerted themselves to obtain a vote in the absence of Senators Wright and Dixon. Both of these gentlemen are in Washington, but confined to their rooms by severe illness. They had determined to appear in the Senate hall on sick couches to cast their votes for Andrew Johnson. At the conclusion of a few insipid remarks from Mr. Stewart, Mr. Cowan proposed a postponement of the vote until to-morrow, in order that the absent Senators might more conveniently participate in the important proceedings. The radicals were almost unanimous in their opposition to this motion, and seemed determined to repeat the disgraceful proceedings in the Stockton case. But Mr. Cowan was fully prepared for their maneuvre and informed the gentleman on the opposite side of the house that they would have the pleasure of listening to a speech from him until the arrival of their invalid brothers. Mr. Cowan made one of his happiest efforts; he characterized the substitution of an indictment for a writ of error, proposed in the bill, as simply atrocious; he noticed the creation of public prosecutors, hitherto unknown in our history, in lieu of the grand inquest of a county or parish, and he finally showed that the grammatical construction of the first section of the civil rights bill conferred citizenship on married women, minors and lunatics, individuals unrecognized by the law as legal persons. Mr. Cowan's style is exceedingly racy, and his speeches are full of good, sound sense. He is a thorough-going conservative and a staunch defender of the Constitution. His career has been really brilliant; from a boatman on the Susquehanna, he has risen to the Senate from Pennsylvania. He is a well instructed lawyer and an attentive student of political history. His oratory is somewhat angular, but he is always certain to attract a numerous and attentive audience.

For fully one hour and a half he spoke against the bill, and during this time it was really laughable to see the anxiety of the radicals for his conclusion. They stood manfully to their posts hoping to spring a vote as soon as he finished his speech, but their pious intentions were happily frustrated by the capture of the floor from an unexpected quarter—Garrett Davis. This appearance was equal to an ignominious defeat, for it is very well known that when Mr. Davis speaks against time, time is sure to get the worst of it. All the spectators were now hoping for the arrival of Messrs. Dixon and Wright, and the enactment of some dramatic scene; when Mr. Hendricks informed the Senate that the absent Senators were advised not to leave their homes in the afternoon air. A postponement until the morrow was asked with the promise of no further delay in case the absentees could not then be at their posts. The radicals immediately assumed "the injured innocence," and several cries arose for the vote. Sumner's rumbling voice was distinctly heard, Wade called Mr. Johnson an emperor—king—despot, and other choice expressions from the old stock: Conness objected to sick Senators delaying the public business for one reason, when they could not do so for many. Mr. Trumbull alone and solitary, like Thomas H. Benton, raised his voice in favor of reason and decency. Mr. Wade, of Ohio, demanded the ayes and noes. With the prospect of a speech from Mr. Davis, and a knowledge of the conservative determination to muster all their forces, several of the radicals voted for adjournment, and the final decision was thus postponed until to-day. The veto ought to be supported, unless senatorial pledges are easily broken. The conservatives have lost two votes, Stockton and Stewart; but they have gained Wright and Lane of Kansas, who has promised the President to sustain his veto. Seventeen votes are sufficient to obtain a victory, and let us hope they may be had.

KANGAROO.

(Special Correspondence of the Crescent.)

LETTER FROM HAVANA.

HAVANA, CUBA, April 6, 1866.

The season is over; the hot breath of summer already warms us of the advent of the long months of dullness we are doomed to on this little island. After all, the seeming prosperity of Havana is a mere cheat. Its vitality is like that of the butterfly in its nature—all crowded into a few weeks. The visitors from the United States, who throng our streets in winter, could scarcely credit their eyes on witnessing the stagnation that supervenes their departure. All classes of trade seem afflicted with a chronic lethargy. To be sure, there is always a stir upon the Mello, but up in the city everything looks sleepy. The shopkeepers doze over their wares; the cocheros nod upon their boxes, and the calleros seem slumberously weary of their weighty hosts. Even the long plumes of the palm and banana trees wave feebly in the passing breeze, and a general listlessness seems settled upon the faces of the people. It is only the evening that shows signs of returning consciousness. Then the splendid bands playing either at the Plaza d'Armes or the Plaza Isabo, draw together crowds of people, and for the fleeting hour that music is discoursed a transient revival of our winter life is afforded us. These open air public concerts are certainly a great attraction to a city, on account of the relief thus afforded from the monotony of every day life. What a wonder it is that such a custom has never prevailed in New Orleans, the city par excellence of musical taste and cultivation. Believe me, no more appreciable amusement could be instituted, or one that would become more deservedly popular. Experience in Havana has taught me that, in the language of Hohensack, "No city should be without it."

It is at these musical promenades that the Havanese cupid plumes most of his destructive shafts. The custom of the country retaining many of the old Moorish ideas with regard to woman, forbids visiting among the young people of opposite sexes. During the day the liberty of the Senorita is restricted to the iron-barred, jail-like window of her home, or a casual airing in the volante. It is only at night, upon the plaza, under the inspiring influence of star-studded skies and liquid melody that they are tempted to promenade among the crowd, and brush with their gauze garments the broadcloth of the beaux. If you ever wandered, spell-bound, amid a galaxy of starry eyes, or jostled through a forest of female charms, bashed in the rich, golden bronze of the tropics, you would not wonder at the blind boy's press of business.

Speaking of this, reminds me of one of his vagaries that startled the community last week, and shows how even age fails to quench the fatal fire.

An old gentleman of about seventy frosts, named Pascual Marco, who is well known as earning a precarious existence as a note broker, (no offense to our mutual friend, Charley Lee,) became smitten with the charms—both personal and golden—of a *Niña Bonita*, the daughter of one of our most respected citizens, and just sweet sixteen. For some months he carried on his adorating courtship in the usual Cuban style—hanging round the house, watching her window, and blowing kisses on the furtive breeze whenever she appeared—but without success. June did not incline to January, but bestowed the wealth of her affections upon a younger and more appropriate suitor. Last week the betrothal was announced, filling the old venerable of course with unmitigated disgust, which, under the warming influence of the heated weather, ripened into something akin to madness. He accordingly armed himself with a horse-pistol, and madly attempted to storm the house and carry off the object of his affections *vi et armis*. The first resistance he met was at the door, from the porter; but Quixote soon "busted" his head and carried that outwork. Rushing madly into the presence of the astonished father, he demanded his che-lid, and made such an old nuisance of himself generally that *pater familias* quietly sent off for the police, and had him locked up in the carcel, where he will have abundant time to cool his heated passion, Spanish laws being very, and unnecessarily, severe upon such cases. It is, after all, only "the old story," but as it is the great topic of gossip just now, I deem it my duty to note it.

Considerable attention has been drawn lately to the rumors of insurrectionary outbreaks in the country. At first they were only thought to be the lawless demonstrations of highwaymen, with which the rural districts are all more or less infested; but the notice on Monday of the revival of the old conspirator law of 1821 leads many to believe there is some truth in them. The working of this act virtually creates a sort of suspended martial law. Since all arrests, condemnations and executions for the offense are to be determined by court martial, it is certainly a terrible power to invoke in case there is no necessity for it, but after all it may only be intended as a preventive of political bugbear.

Captain General Dulcé, it is said, is very anxious to get away, and now makes no concealment of his desire. As it was only a short time ago he influenced the circulation of petitions praying for his retention, we are somewhat at a loss to reconcile the sudden change of wishes. By some it is thought that he anticipates a change of ministry, and wishes to avoid a necessity, gracefully; by others, that the distracted condition of old Spain appeals to his patriotism. He is every inch a soldier, besides being a chivalrous christian gentleman, and probably feels with truth that Spain has now great need of all such sons at home.

The religious ceremonies of holy week passed off quietly as usual, perhaps with a little more pomp than formerly. Their repetition each year is so precisely similar as to excite little curiosity, except among strangers.

At lastwe have a prospect of the removal of the old and useless, although picturesque walls that surround the city. The difficulty in relation to the ownership of the ground has been settled, and the city has ordered them appraised and sold at auction forthwith. This will afford a splendid opportunity to develop the enterprise of our capitalists, or else the want of it.

The opera season is rapidly drawing to a close. Since the holy days they have given us Trovatore, Riggoleto, and Martha, with good effect, showing that the artists had profited by their long rest from their labors. Anastasia has been engaged by Grau for the issuing season, a selection that meets with general approval. Since the departure of the Manhattan, in which Lotty bolted to Vera Cruz, after doing S. G. one of two or three hundred dollars, Anastasia has filled his roles as prima donna very creditably.

The captain General is still rusticating at the Isle of Pines, and during his stay we are to have regular daily communication with that locality.

There is a perfect dearth of political "on dits," save the rumor that the attempt of the Spanish government to obtain permission from the Venezuela government to use Panama as a coaling depot halmet with a direct refusal.

The election of delegates to Madrid has been completed in all the towns of the Island, with the exception of Havana, where it is ordered for the 8th. The misunderstanding in the Council with regard to the required franchise has not yet been satisfactorily adjusted.

A lamentable case has just been presented to some four American residents, and for which there is no remedy. It ought, however, to serve as a warning to women not to be deceived by fair words and golden promises. A merchant of this city, dealer in manufactures, lost his wife a few weeks ago in New York, and by the last steamer from that port brought out a girl to take charge of his children. On the way out he effected her ruin, and the poor creature's condition may be better imagined then expressed. It is not the first case of the kind that has occurred here.

The Diario of the 5th contains an excellent article on your quarantine, which I advise you to translate and publish. It speaks for itself.

Business continues dull. Notwithstanding the unfavorable advices from abroad planters still hold firmly reals for No. 12 sugars. The crop this year, it is estimated, will fall fully 25 per cent. less than that of last year, on account of being about one month behind hand in the gathering. Exchange keeps up. Sixty days' on New York 186¼ discount for currency. Greenbacks sell at 76@80. American gold 34@34 per cent. premium. Sterling bills rate at 15 per cent. premium.

We have had so many arrivals of vessels for the past fortnight, and so many more are expected, the freights must tumble. I have to note, however, the charter of a brig for Antwerp, for 1300 boxes at 40 shillings. A larger vessel (and one not so desirable) has been taken up for the same destination at 35 shillings. Produce commands good prices. Nothing very scarce, however, except cheese. A cargo afloat has just changed hands at $50 per quintal.

The hotels are beginning to thin out, although the weather is yet balmy and beautiful.

ADIOS.

The Courts.

Cases Set for Trial This Day.

FIRST DISTRICT COURT.

State vs. Salkha.

SECOND DISTRICT COURT.

Sveyrges vs. his creditors—L. Gardere, Case Ct. Magne, Roselius & Phillips.

Succession of H. Burkays—T. W. Collens. R. H. Boyne.

Succession of F. Cox. Dirhammer, Lacey, Felix & Mills, J. D. Augustin.

J. L. Shiff vs. B. Shiff et als.—Morgan, Spofford, Clark & Bayne.

J. E. Johnson, tutrix, vs. Wm. Alexander—R. Lem. T. W. Collens.

THIRD DISTRICT COURT.

Mrs. Tracey vs. Copland and wife—C. M. Bradford. Robinson.

McDonnell & McGraw vs. Flanagan et al.—J. McKee. P. W. Collens.

McCann & Howell vs. Purvis & Co.—Egan. Howard.

J. G. Chamberlain vs. City of New Orleans—Thy. Hewes.

Samuel Kent vs. Stanley et al.—Henderson. J. Phornor.

Mrs. Fagot vs. A. Montgomery—Burthe & Trudin. Oliver & Trist.

McCally and wife vs. Miller and wife—Mix & Robinson. J. J. E. Planchard.

P. Corvegs vs. Grellier et fils—Planchard. Dependent p. p.

J. Fleisch vs. Green and wife—Buck. McDonald.

Phan, agent, vs. R. Tramentand—Handlin. Cluet.

Adline Stringer vs. Dr. Wickliffe—Kocurtz. Selden. Fuselier.

B. C. Mix vs. Harman et al.—Robinson. Earnest Ferguson.

Mrs. Fellowes vs. P. Glynn—Mix. Browne.

F. Folsom & Co. vs. Slawson et al.—Morse. Moses.

Bauer vs. Connor and wife—Howard. Lemley.

FOURTH DISTRICT COURT.

T. C. Payan vs. J. M. & J. C. Murphy—Hyams & Jones. Miller.

Babcock & Kernochan vs. J. M. & J. C. Murphy—Hyams & Jonas. Miller.

FIFTH DISTRICT COURT.

Thomas C. Anderson vs. Elliot & McKeever—Geo. Huntington.

James H. Gibbons vs. J. & H. Perkins et als.—Bayne. Clark & Bayne.

A. Castanedo et als., vs. Joseph N. Robert et als.—Belden & Fuselier, Tissot, Dejean, Cutler & Hawkins.

Mary Hassolbecker vs. H. Solard, her husband—Rob. Lemley.

SIXTH DISTRICT COURT.

J. Szymanski, vs. P. Plassan—Morgan & New. Trot.

J. Lasere vs. E. Rochereau & Co. et als—Voorhies. Magne. Taylor.

J. Lasere vs. A. Dolphin et als.—Voorhies. Magne. Taylor.

Wm. Methoff vs. Byrne & Vance—Roselius & Phillips. Briggs.

Peter Marcy vs Merchants Mutual Insurance Company—Buchanan & Gilmore. Durant & Hornor.

J. G. Thomas vs. Thompson & Barnes—Morgan & Andrew. Huntington.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT.

Thos. A. Miltenberger vs. J. R. Terry—Fellows & Mills. Duranat & Hornor.

Henry J. Sorrell vs. Jno. M. Lear et al.—Durant & Hornor. P. H. Morgan.

Thos. Heywood vs. C. Boye—Durant & Hornor. Schmidt.

DURYEA'S SUPERIOR STARCH AND MAIZENA.—Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. Wm. Duryea, at 166 Fulton street, New York, whose superior starch, and satin-gloss starch, are recommended by those who have used them as better than anything in the starch line heretofore used, and sold at much cheaper rates. The same house also manufactures maizena, an article used for making custards, cakes, puddings, blanc mange, etc., and is a healty and nutritious article of diet of itself. The Messrs. Duryea's starches and the maizena are for sale in New Orleans at all the principal groceries.

The most economical washing soap ever brought before the people is Pyle's O. K. soap, pure and hard, made similar to French soaps, and does not unnecessarily waste in use; is good for the laundry, bath or toilet. One pound will make three gallons of good soft soap, by the simple addition of water. Pyle's blueing powder is also the best washing blue in use. Manufactured by James Pyle, New York.

Ex-Governor Allen to Horace Greeley.

(From the Mexican Times.)

To Horace Greeley, Esq., editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR—In your valuable paper of the 22d ult., and in subsequent numbers, we are pained to see several articles written against the unfortunate exiles from the United States. We think it a very unfair, ungenerous and unkind spirit. The men of whom you have spoken so flippantly and so lightly are many of them of your age and deserve, to say the least, a respectful notice at your hands. We regret this the more, Mr. Greeley, because we have always believed you to be honest in your political views and above the miserable prejudices of the hour. That while differing in political opinions from your brethren of the South, you had manliness enough to attribute to them equal sincerity of purpose. You upbraid us and abuse us for quitting our native land and coming to Mexico, when you knew very well that there was full many a Federal prison "gaping to receive us." When we left our country all the governors of the seceded States who had either been arrested, or orders to that effect had been issued. It was also generally believed that every Confederate General and statesman would be arrested and turned over to the tender mercies of a courtmartial. We can safely say that if any guarantee had been held out that we would not have been disturbed, none of us would have expatriated ourselves. You, sir, would have done just as we did, unless you had been desirous of wearing the martyr's crown. You first abuse us for being rebels and then denounce us for settling in Mexico. Where else, in the name of Heaven, could we go? We could not go north, nor east, nor west—we were compelled south or south west. There was only one for those who would seek refuge in a foreign land. When the Irish, Canadian, and Cuban patriots—when the Hungarian, Polish, and Italian exiles fled to your shores, you sir, have opened your heart and with true christian philanthropy, you have extended to them your warmest sympathy; but when your own countrymen, refugees of the late fearfully goods, are expatriated and laboring with their own hands for an humble living—for bread with which to keep life afloat—strange to say, you can find in your heart no sympathy, no word of encouragement—but rather the cool sarcasm and the ribald jest.

We have been very kindly received by the Emperor Maximilian and the Empress Carlota. They have permitted us, poor and penniless, to remain in this empire, and to breathe the fresh, pure air of this lovely climate. They have exhibited to us the same generous sympathy which you and your government have ever shown to all exiles from foreign lands. For this we are deeply sensible, and will ever feel grateful to their majesties. Still, none of us have entered into the military service of the empire. To our personal knowledge, many have applied for service, but the Emperor has invariably declined. Out of the large number of Confederates now in this Empire, none are based to denounce their native land. There are no plots nor secret gatherings to plot against the land of their birth. You have never seen, and never will see in this paper—the Mexican Times—an editorial denouncing the United States government. Now, Mr. Greeley, why can't you let us alone? Sir, christian charity, common decency, and fair play would say, "let them alone; we are free of them; let them live and die in peace." We have never injured you, we don't even know you, we have no desire even to form your acquaintance; but we beg you to let us alone. We know that you hate us, and that if you had the power you would not only persecute us to death in this world, but consign us to that lake in the next "which burneth with fire and brimstone forever."

The man who has once been a slave-holder and a rebel can never enter "your heaven." In this very charitable judgment of yours, we believe that the christian world will beg leave respectfully to differ, for in their opinion George Washington and Stonewall Jackson will be found as well justified in the sight of Almighty God as George Hill or Abraham Lincoln. We believe that the soldiers of the Federal and Confederate armies, who fell in battle or died of disease, will stand at the bar of God and be judged alike, irrespective of their political tenets. You, sir, have arrived at the age allotted to man by the Psalmist, and must, in the general order of things, be soon gathered to your fathers. You will die rich—rolling in wealth, while the unfortunate men whom you daily abuse will leave behind them scarcely enough to secure a decent burial. We say that the time will soon come when you shall die and be buried. We will meet, for each of us must appear before the Great Judge, to answer for the sins committed on this earth. You will stand forth as the wealthy Mr. Greeley, with a copy of the late Tribune—the work of your long life—and you will think God that you are not like the rebel slaveholder, at whom you will point with scorn and contempt. We will appear with our broken sword in one hand and humbly sue for pardon at the mercy seat. God will judge us both.

Now, Mr. Greeley, we must part till that great day—that day of wrath—when we shall meet face to face. There was once in the classic land of the east, a prophetess, who foretold the downfall of her native land, but her countrymen refused to believe it until too late—when her prophecy was accomplished. She said:

"The day shall come—that great, avenging day—
When Troy's proud glory in the dust shall lay:
When Priam's power and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all."

The text is in Homer; you can make your own commentary. We have seen the aged grandsire and sire fall beneath the sword in the streets, and working with his own hands for his daily bread; we have seen the noble, middle aged soldier, who had faced death on a hundred battle-fields, toiling from "early morn to dewy eve," to earn a few dollars to send back to his young wife and babes. We have seen noble men who had filled high political stations and been as honored in their country, subject without a murmur, to all the discomforts of cruel poverty and exile. We have seen the brave exile stretched upon his dying bed, and as his hour of dissolution approached, we have witnessed his tears of affection and heard his farewell words and message sent to kindred and friends in Dixieland. But for all this you have no sympathy. You will answer with a ribald sneer or a "foolhorn jest." You may have been right in suppressing the revolution, but no man or woman who has one particle of christian charity left in his or her bosom, will sustain you in persecuting the conquered South, or pursuing with such vindictive hate the patriot exiles.

We have the honor to subscribe ourself, respectfully, your most ob't servt.

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN.

OBITUARY—*Marie Amelie, ex-Queen of France.*—The venerable Marie Amelie, ex-Queen of the French, the second daughter of Ferdinand the First, King of the Two Sicilies, wife of Louis Phillippe, died on the 24th of March, at the family residence, Claremont, England, aged eighty-four years. She was born in April, 1782, and was married to Louis Phillippe, at that time Duke of Orleans, and in exile, in November, 1809. In 1814, after the fall of Napoleon, the duke, with his family, removed to Paris, and the immense estates of his father were restored to him. He now took up his residence at the palace at Neuilly, where most of his nine children were born. There his consort devoted herself to her maternal and parental duties. By the events of July, 1830, Louis Phillippe became King of the French, but his Queen never appears to have valued the station for any accession of dignity and importance it gave her. Indeed it is asserted that she was very adverse to his assuming the sceptre; she probably felt that his happiness, if not his good name and his life, might thereby be perilled; but when he decided to be King she meekly took her place by his side, sharing his troubles without ever seeking to share his power. The French nation respected her character, and never imputed any of the King's perverse folly, which led to such signal mistakes of policy, to her influence; still the strength of her soul was never surmised until her husband found himself in danger of losing his throne, when she endeavored to prevent his abdication, and kneeling before him exclaimed, "It is the duty of a king to die with his people." But when he resolved on flight her presence of mind sustained and guided him, as though he had been a child. The sequel is familiar to all the world. Louis Phillippe and his Queen left Paris and fled to England on the 26th of February, 1848. Supported on the arm of his noble wife, he reached the carriage that bore them from their kingdom, and after two years and a half of exile, he died on the 26th of August, 1850, at Claremont, near Esher, Surrey, a residence offered to the exiled King and Queen by the liberality of her Majesty. In 1864 Queen Amelie was present at the marriage of the Count de Paris with his cousin, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier, when she received from the company assembled a complete ovation.

MASSACHUSETTS QUIBBLING ABOUT PAYING HER RECRUITING AGENTS.—A case is before the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts in which the plaintiff claims from that State the sum of eight hundred thousand dollars for services rendered in enabling the State to fill its quota of troops during the rebellion. Although her native troops are entitled to the highest credit for their services during the war, Massachusetts can claim no credit at all for the manner in which she filled her levies outside her borders. In sending agents to South Carolina, North Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia and other rebellious Southern States, for the purpose of recruiting negroes, she reflected upon the patriotism of her sons, who, according to the declaration of Gov. Andrew, would "block up the avenues" in their eagerness to volunteer, if President Lincoln would but issue an emancipation proclamation. The proclamation was issued, but no avenues were blocked, unless they were the avenues on Deer Island, where German and other foreign immigrants were landed and "gently pressed" to help the State fill her quotas. The smart rebuke administered by General Sherman to one of the agents of Massachusetts, who asked permission to recruit contrabands within his lines, must also be taken into consideration when the glory of the State is vaunted as her muster roll is pointed at. Massachusetts should not quibble about paying the bills for the gory dance her radicals did so much towards leading off.—[New York Herald.

AUCTION SALES.

SUCCESSION OF SARAH SACKETT, DECEASED wife of Horace Blakely—No. 20,009.

One-fifth interest in the Algiers Dry Dock, and 9 Shares of the Southern Dry Dock Company, at auction.

BY MONTGOMERY & BRO.,
R. M. MONTGOMERY, Auctioneer.
Office—93 Camp street.

SATURDAY, the 14th day of April, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Merchants' and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal street, by virtue and in pursuance of an order of the Honorable John W. Thomas, Judge of the Second District Court of New Orleans, dated March 8, 1866, in the above entitled suit, docket No. 20,425, will be sold—

1 A LOT OF GROUND, forming the corner of Rampart and Gravier streets, in the square bounded by Gravier, Rampart, Common and Phillipps streets, designated as Lot No. 1, measuring 13 feet 5 inches front on Gravier street, 17 feet 8 inches 4 lines in the rear, by a depth of 79 feet 1 inch on Rampart street, and on the opposite line 88 feet 4 inches to a line at right angle, extending 38 inches toward Rampart street, thence 15 feet 3 inches 4 lines to the rear line, together with the improvements thereon, consisting of a Two-story Brick House with back buildings, containing kitchen, servant's room, etc. The first floor is fitted