New Orleans Daily Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

—OF—

THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1865.

The Years of Time.

(From the Louisville Journal.)

The following magnetic poem, furnished to us by request, is from the pen of Rev. W. H. Platt, the accomplished and able rector of Calvary Church in this city:

The years go by as like a trooping band
Of Pilgrim Prophets, chanting requiems
Or dirges o'er buried hopes and joys
They, mocking, promised. As, behind
Their tomb-ward feet, the dusty veil of dim
Forgetfulness enshrouds their paling forms,
We hear the dying tones of man's sad hymn
And the tramplings of their muffled feet, far down
The Everlasting Aisles. They come like kings
And go like skeletons. The one just passed
Wore blooded armor,—clanging—treading o'er
A bleeding—tearful—horrified humanity,
This Nemesis of Time, with mailed hand,
Smote creeds and politics and forms of State—
It smote the tree and beautiful and good—
It smote on sea and shore—on hill and plain—
It smote with brand and blade and hostile hosts,
Infernal engines, and all that gold
And brain and energy of Hate invoked
To wreak its ghastly will.
Remorseless war—
All pitiless and dire and big with woe—
Enwreathed the faded rear with gory crowns,
Engorged its maw with brother's flesh and blood,
Lit up its path with torch of burning homes—
With blazing trains of flying shot and shell—
With lurid Pelegedons from guns and mines,
And, amidst a wasted empire, paused to cool
Its work of blood. But—
Let its wailings die
Like echoes heard in childhood's troubled dreams.
Think not of nameless graves; of agonies
From mothers, wives and maidens wrung; of groans
From man's great heart, of wasted hall and hut—
Prolific fields in wilderness. Let some divine
Nepenthe give a swift oblision!
The Miserere ends. Its record is
With God. In solemn thought, the human heart
In silence ponders sorrow's epic past,
And waits, in faith, God's future benedictions.
The years have gone forever. Far down the steeps
Of ancient time it stalks, in aspect grim,
To join the Brotherhood of Centuries.
Behind it drop the leaves and flowers brushed
By sweepings of its dabbled robes; while winds
And waves and light and sounds and blasted
hopes—
While griefs and tears and bursting shrieks, and groans
Call out to its departing form, "Leave us,
Thou messenger of ill."
Another year—
Another cheat—with its romantic spells,
With visage wreathed in blandest smiles of hope,
Behind the screen of Future Life, invokes
Our faith. Shall we be credulous again,
And trust to bubbles, nothing at the touch!
Let disappointments disenchant our hearts,
And fill them up to God. Redeem the year,
With self-suppressions, prayers, and high resolves!
We humbly, trusting God for future good!
We not for Time, but for Eternity. See far
Yond these eddies of events—these hours
Joy and years of pain—the guerdon bright—
Martal youth and changeless love and peace
Ever growing thought and deep-sing fields
Grandeur—angels, seraphs, jeweled hosts,
Uncreated light. O, Man! O, Worm!
Soulless soul! O, child of God! These, these,
We the passions, names and deeds,
Around report of man—survive the globe—
We the loftier visions and moon and sun—
Of the years—survive the years—survive
The trophies of redeeming Love.

A Good Burlesque.

DAN. RICE BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

(Washington Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.)

The Committee on Reconstruction still persists in supplying the most important testimony elicited before it. Dan. Rice has recently been on a circuit through the lately rebellious States, and has had opportunities such as are afforded to few for observing the conditions of the Southern people as to loyalty. His testimony will melted away show how the feeling that exists in the under the influence of the thin crust of pretended loyalty is when man's and true character is revealed as forces of nature, exhilarating influence of a menagerie, separated therefrom only by the thin partition hands in the presence of the untamed of an iron cage. Mr. Rice being duly sworn, is examined:

Q. You have called a wild animal, known as a pet mule, with you?

A. I have.

Q. What are the idiosyncrasies of that beast?

A. He is much given to kicking.

Q. It is almost impossible to ride him, is it not?

A. It is. I generally offer twenty-five dollars to any man who will ride him round the ring.

Q. On your late visit to the South did you receive any offers to ride that mule?

A. Yes.

Q. State what occurred on these occasions.

A. In Richmond, a discharged Confederate soldier attempted to ride him, but was immediately thrown flat on his back.

Q. What did the Confederate soldier say to this?

A. He said the mule was a d—d Yankee cuss.

Q. Did any others make the attempt?

A. Another of Lee's veterans tried to ride him, and succeeded.

Q. What did he say?

A. He said after the mule had dismounted, that if he'd had a regiment of them mere cavalry he'd have whipped Kilpatrick all to smash; and that in the next war against the Yankees he intended to raise a brigade of 'em.

Cross-examined by Mr. Stevens:

Q. Is that a he mule, or a she mule?

A. Is a he mule.

Q. You have monkeys in your show have you not.

A. I have.

Q. Have you ever heard of any disloyal remarks in relation to those monkeys?

A. I can't say that I have.

Q. Have you ever heard anything said in their presence?

A. A couple of young ladies were one day standing in front of the cage, and I heard one of them say it looked like a freedmen's bureau.

Q. How was this remark received?

A. It created much laughter.

Q. Were there any person at allusions made on that occasion?

A. Some one in the crowd said, pointing to the curious outcung, "That's Sumner."

Q. Did that please the bystanders?

A. Very much.

Q. Did you ever hear any observations about the boa rat?

A. I heard it said once about a one-eyed bear that he looked like Ben. Butler, and about a grizzly that it ought to be called Ben. Wade.

Q. Were the points of resemblance stated?

A. They were not. The observation was made on the four en, sender, which special reference, perhaps, to their peculiar deformity in the case of the one-eyed animal.

Q. Have you side shows with your circus?

A. I have.

Q. State if you have ever heard disloyal remarks in relation to them?

A. I believe I heard some thing of the kind once about Daniel in the den of lions.

Q. State what it was.

A. A young lady asked me which was Daniel and which was the lion.

Q. What was your reply?

A. I told her it was easy to distinguish Daniel from the lion, as the former wore a swallow-tail coat, and had a cotton umbrella under his arm.

Q. What did she say?

A. After looking in the cage, she said, very spitefully, that Daniel looked like a mean Yankee, and she wished the lion would chaw him up.

MACK.

LYNCHING OF HORSE THIEVES IN ILLINOIS.—In your issue of the 25th inst., there appeared a local item with regard to the killing of several horse thieves by the vigilance committee in Jersey county. Up to the night of the 4th there have been five men killed, as follows: April 18, Thomas Bunaway; April 22, Charles Parker, James Fairbourn and George S. Clifton. On the 18th inst., William Rollins was shot, feigned death, came to St. Louis, was followed by other Slater, captured in the north part of the city, conveyed to Jersey county, Ill., and on the 24th inst., fell into the hands of said committee, and was shot and instantly killed. Another man, named Crane, was shot at in a skiff on the river, but he made his escape across the Mississippi river into Missouri. The citizens of Jersey and Calhoun counties are determined to rid themselves of these thieves at all hazards, and to that end they have banded themselves together for the purpose. These counties have been for a long time overrun with thieves, and all kinds of valuable property have been very insecure; indeed, robberies have become so prevalent that the citizens have been compelled to resort to harsh measures for self-preservation.

St. Louis Democrat.

A PRESIDENTIAL JOKE.—President Johnson, it is said, has recently got off a pretty fair joke. A Connecticut office-seeker closed a recent application for office with an inquiry whether the breach between the President and Congress could not be repaired. The President wrote, in reply, that he is not so much in the line of "repairing breaches" as he formerly was.

The Iron Vault.

I live in San Francisco, and am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination rendering it one of the most agreeable pursuits. Many who follow it, see nothing in it but labor—think of nothing but its returns in gold and silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon, almost daily to open doors and peer into long neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes, and gloat upon the treasure piled within; to quietly enter the apartments of ladies with more beauty than discretion; to pick the locks of drawers containing peace-destroying missives, that the dangerous evidences of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband, or father, in possession of the missing key; to force the fastenings of cash boxes and depositories of records, telling of men made suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in all this?—no food for speculation—no scope for the range of pleasant fancy? Then, who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimmed with the soot of the forge, and his hands are stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story, either—for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative—and mine is scarcely more than the introduction to one. Let him who deals in things of fancy write the rest. In the spring of 1856—I think it was April—I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening a lady, closely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath a cloak a small japanned box, requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was full an hour in fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door, and returning to my work, the lady withdrew her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as well can be imagined. There was a restlessness in her eye, and a pallor in the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given place to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly?" said I, after inquiringly.

I felt a rebuke in my reply; for requesting you to close the door I had no other object than to escape the attention of persons."

I did not reply, but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed: "That little box contains valuable papers—private papers—and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I ever came here on such an errand," she continued, with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no difficult matter to understand.

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it. If I cannot forget your face I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work, satisfied that a sudden discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded, after much filing and fitting, in turning the lock, I was seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid, discovered a bundle of letters and a daguerreotype, as I slowly passed the box to its owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she passed into the street she merely whispered, "Remember!" We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About 2 o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of May following, I was awoke by a gentle tap upon the window of the little room in the rear of the shop, in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of bed and in a moment was at the window with a heavy hammer in my hand, which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bedside.

"Who is there?" I inquired, raising the hammer, and peering out into the darkness—for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure, stepping in front of the window; "open the door, I have business for you.

"Rather past business hours, I should say; but who are you?"

"No one that would harm you!" returned the voice, which I imagined was rather feminine for a burglar's.

"Nor no one that can!" I replied, rather emphatically, by way of a warning, as I tightened my grip upon the hammer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt, and slowly opened the door, discovered the stranger already upon the steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly inquired.

"I will tell you!" answered the same soft voice, "if you dare open the door wide enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I resolutely, throwing the door ajar, and proceeding to light a candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor. He was a small and neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy rug thrown around his shoulders, and a blue navy cap drawn suspiciously over the eyes. As I advanced toward him, he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised the cap from his forehead and looked me curiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledge to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light upon a table, and silently proceeded to unveil myself with two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had opened the little box about a month before! Having completed my hasty toilette, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is, I was confounded.

Smiling at my discomfiture, she said:

"Disguise is useless; I presume you recognize me?"

"I believe I told you, madam, I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?"

"By doing half an hour's work before daylight to-morrow, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor," was the reply.

"It is not ordinary work," said I, inquiringly, "that commands so munificent a compensation."

"It is a labor common to your calling," returned the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor as the condition under which it must be performed."

"And what is the condition?" I inquired.

"That you will submit to being conveyed from and returned to your own door blindfolded."

Ideas of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime to villainy, now hurried by, presented themselves in succession, as I politely bowed, and said:

"I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions, to accept your offer."

"Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?" she inquired.

"No, nor five thousand."

She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see she had placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of the fact.

"Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and—"

"You have gone quite far enough, madam, with the explanation," I interrupted; "I am not at your service."

"As I said," she continued, "you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and rescue from death a man who has been confined there for three days."

"To whom does the vault belong?" I inquired.

"My husband," was the somewhat reluctant reply.

"Then why so much secrecy; or rather, how came a man confined in such a place?"

"I secreted him there, to escape the observation of my husband. He suspected as much, and closed the door upon him. Presuming he had left the vault and quitted the house by the back door, I did not dream until to-day that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon convinced me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous husband, unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I drugged him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupified that the lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets, but could not find the key. Hence my application to you. Now you know all. Will you accompany me?"

"To the end of the world, madam, on such an errand."

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"Then prepare yourself; there is a cab waiting at the door."

I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat, and providing myself with the required implements, I was soon at the door. There, sure enough, was the cab, with the driver in his seat, ready for the mysterious journey. I entered the vehicle, followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated she produced a heavy handkerchief, which, by the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me, and the car started. In half an hour the vehicle stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant, as it was evidently driven in anything but a direct course from the point of starting. [illegible] utterly failed. The fact is, I was confounded.

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Examining the bandage, to see that my vision was completely secured, the lady handed me the buncels of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm, led me through a gate into a house which I knew was of brick, and after taking me along a passage way which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an underground basement, stopped beside a vault, and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault—open it," said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

I selected a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges, and my companion, telling me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprang into the vault. I did not follow. I heard the murmur of low voices within, and the next moment the lady reappeared, and leaning upon her arm a man, with face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three long days of his confinement!

"Remain here," she said, handing me the lantern; "I will be back in a moment."

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.

"Shall I close it, madam?" said I, placing my hand upon the door of the vault.

"No! no!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm; "it awaits another occupant!"

"Madam, you certainly do not intend to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted, impatiently, holding the handkerchief to my eyes. The thought dashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion, and continued: "Do not be alarmed. You are not the man!"

"I could not mistake the truth or the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bound my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were as carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and thence driven home by a mere circuitous route, if possible, than the one by which we came. Arriving in front of the house, the handkerchief was removed, and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner, and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon in my bewilderment that all I had just done and witnessed was not a dream.

A month after that I saw the lady and the gentleman taken from the vault walking leisurely along Montgomery street. I do not know, but I believe the sleeping husband awoke within the vault, and his bones are there to-day. The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

An East Indian Experiment with Rats, Snakes and Scorpions.

A correspondent in India sends us some interesting matter connected with these reptiles, well worth giving to the world. The first is the record of a great battle between the above named:

I saw a very curious experiment with the cobra, which was, however, rather cruel. All houses in India have a current of air constantly passing through them. It is necessary to protect the candles by glass bell-shaped shades. Under one of these, inverted was placed the snake, in company with three large black rats, a couple of scorpions and a centipede. The centipede is about six inches long, and if it crawls over a man it leaves the unpleasant feeling of a very painful rheumatism for more than a year. I am unable to state the feelings of this happy family at being thus suddenly thrown together; I should judge from the proceedings that their ideas were, to say the least, antagonistic. The snake lay quiet; the scorpions ran races round the edge of the shade; the centipede rolled himself up. The rats were the only creatures which seemed alive to the funny side of their confinement, and showed it by a game of leap frog over the venomous part of the family. By an unlucky trip on the head of the snake, one of the rats at last aroused him from his state of insensibility, and expiated his offense on the spot, as he fell dead from a bite. The other rats instantly darted on the snake, who succumbed to their united attack; they bit him from head to tail, and he died; having, however, with the little poison left after killing the first rat, severely wounded the second. The scorpions now began their part of the entertainment, and, knowing that the drowsiness attendant on snake bites, must be kept off at all hazards, humanity forced the rats into activity by running under them and stinging them as they hopped about. The mode of treatment, however, proved a failure, as the second rat who had been wounded died. The two rats had, however, put the scorpions *hors du combat*, so the last of this combative family were now the rat and the centipede; the last named had no chance with the lower, and speedily fell a victim, the rat coming off victor. As a tribute to his pluck and prowess, he was allowed to return to his native haunts, where he may probably be still enjoying perfect health.

A Wedding in Japonicadom.

POLLETTE OF THE BRIDE—ITS COST FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

(From the New York Times, April 13.)

The circles of aristocracy and wealth in this city were yesterday on the qui vive to witness the marriage of Miss Julia Greer, a daughter of George Greer, Esq., to Joseph Edward Simmons, a young lawyer from Troy. Mr. Greer is one of New York's wealthiest citizens, having accumulated a large fortune, mostly in real estate. His elegant mansion in Twenty-ninth street, near Fifth avenue, is located on what was formerly a large farm, owned by his family. Extensive preparations had been made for the marriage of his daughter, which took place yesterday with a degree of elegance and refinement seldom equalled. The ceremony was performed at Calvary church, corner of Twenty-first street and Fourth avenue, at 12 o'clock M. Long before the appointed time crowds of elegantly attired ladies pedaged the church doors for admission, and it was not long before the house was crowded with these fair sight-seers. Not content with the accommodations vouchsafed to the congregation to whom the church belongs, the elegant ladies, to secure a better view, climbed upon the seats, and even upon the backs of the pews, stretching their fair necks nearly out of joint, and displaying an immensity of crinoline beautiful to behold. At 12 o'clock a vision of white clouds floated down the center aisle, and we were informed that the bridal party was approaching the altar. It was received by the Rev. Francis Hawkes, D.D., LL.D., who, assisted by the Rev. George Worthington, performed the required service, which transformed Miss Julia Greer into the beautiful and blushing bride of Mr. J. E. Simmons. The dresses of the bride and her six maids were elegant beyond description. Our reporter, who is a single gentleman, and doesn't know the difference between silk and corduroy, asked a bright-looking maiden who was gracefully standing upon his favorite corn, in order to obtain a better view, if she would please describe to him the dresses. She willingly complied, as follows, and the public must hold her responsible, not the reporter. The bride wore a white satin dress, very full skirt, trimmed with heavy point lace; a long flowing veil and orange buds and blossoms in her hair. Her neck was encircled with a beautiful diamond necklace, and diamonds glittered in her ears and on her fingers. Her maids, six in number, were dressed in tarlatan, fully trimmed, illusion veils, frosted oak leaves in their hair and coral ornaments. The bridesmaids were Misses Helen Peters, Carrie Turner, Lizzie Bowles, Emma Simmons, Hannah Davenport and Angiesta Wood. The groomsmen were Messrs. Ezra Vail, Charles Greer, Col. Gould, Dr. Nichols, Frank Van Beschoover and Dr. Morris. Three gentlemen, Messrs. Van Buren, Meteoal and Bradley, officiated as ushers, and found seats, as far as possible, for all who attended. They were in full dress, wearing a white badge bearing the monogram "S. G." From the church the bridal party returned to the house of the bride's parents, in Twenty-ninth street, for a wedding breakfast, whereat numerous friends of the family were assembled. Immediately after the bride received her friends, and from 2 o'clock until nearly dark a constant throng of ladies were arriving and departing. Every adjacent street was lined with carriages, and the presence of several policemen were required to keep order. Grafulla's band furnished the music for the occasion, and Van Dyne set forth fruits, flowers and confections without stint. During the protracted bridal tour the party will visit Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, etc., returning to Troy, N. Y., where Mr. Simmons will, for the present, be located.

Rumors of the costliness of this wedding are as contradictory as some are extravagant, but our reporter is credibly informed that the bride's toilette cost nearly $15,000, while that of each of her maids was $7000, and was a present from the bride. Rumor also says that the fair bride receives $100,000 from each of her parents as a wedding portion.

Paris is amused at a recent exhibition of impudence by the notorious Countess Castiglione. At the ball given by Lady Cowley four chairs were placed at the supper table for the Prince of Denmark, and other distinguished personages who were present, the other guests taking their champagne and salad standing. In one chair was the Countess Cowley, in her character of hostess; on her left sat the prince, eating his salmon and *foie gras* and quaffing his champagne, with the appetite and zest of youth, stimulated by dancing and dilitation. On his left was the Duchess of Bassano, the mistress of the ceremonies at the Tuileries, as representing the Empress. In the fourth chair, taking precedence of countesses and peeresses, was ensconced the handsome countess, cool, collected and unabashed. People stared, but she was undismayed. The Countess Castiglione is, perhaps, the most beautiful woman in the world, and was originally sent to Paris by Count Cavour to fascinate the emperor and winn secrets out of him, in which mission she succeeded. At one time she was received at the court of the Tuileries, but was turned out in consequence of the jealousy of the empress. Her latest freak adds to her notoriety, and is the subject of much comment.

The Paris Charivari publishes a caricature, in which Prussia and Austria are represented each working away at a grindstone, and holding a sword with about ten inch or two of blade to the handle. Below is written: "By dint of sharpening their sabres to frighten each other, there will remain in the end scarcely anything to cut with when the day arrives for using their weapons so repeatedly prepared."

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

BUSH & GOODE—
(LOUIS BUSH, Thibodaux, Lafourche; F. S. GOODE,) Homa, Terrebonne; J. S. GOODE, Thibodaux, Lafourche,
Attorneys at Law,
Will practice in the parishes of Assumption, Lafourche, Terrebonne, St. Mary and St. Martin, and Supreme Court, New Orleans, and will give the strictest attention to all business confided to them. Address Thibodaux, Lafourche, or Houma, Terrebonne, at both of which places they have offices.

CULLOM & THORPE—
(E. NORTH CULLOM, S. R. THORPE,)
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Practices in the Courts of Avoyelles, Pointe Coupee and Rapides.
Refer to the Proprietor of the Crescent.

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(R. H. GIBSON, J. R. AUSTIN,)
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS-AT-LAW,
No. 28 Camp Street,
New Orleans.

E. M. HUDSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Office 28 Camp Street.
Business for him, during any temporary absence, left with Messrs. Clarke & Bayne, will receive proper attention.

JOHN KER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Vidalia, La.
Will practice in the parishes of Concordia, Tensas, Madison, Carroll and Catahoula.

ROBERTSON & ZACHARIE—
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW and COMMISSIONERS of DEEDS
25 Commercial Place.
The undersigned having formed a partnership for the practice of law in the Courts of this and adjacent States, have taken an office at No. 25 Commercial Place. Connections with prominent attorneys in the different parishes of this and the adjoining States enable them to take charge of business to be transacted in those sections.
In connection with Hon. H. N. Watterson, at Washington, D. C., they will undertake the collection of claims and other legal business to be transacted at the capital.
R. H. ROBERTSON,
F. C. ZACHARIE.

HAYS, ADAMS & MOISE,
(HARRY T. HAYS, D. W. ADAMS, E. WARREN MOISE.)
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Office, 13 St. Charles street—Second door.

HARRIS & HARRIS—
(J. W. M. HARRIS—N. H. HARRIS)
Attorneys-at-Law, Vicksburg, Mississippi.
Will practice their profession in the courts of Mississippi and Louisiana. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

JAMES W. BOATNER—
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EASTROP, LA.,
Practices in the parishes of Morehouse, Carroll, Ouachita, Franklin and Union, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe.
References in New Orleans—A. Hillenberger & Co., Hays & Adams, 13 St. Charles street, V. Hebert, Cowan & Mayo, A. Harris, Spicer & Sandige.

SMITH & HALSEY—
(JAMES B. SMITH, Clinton; J. H. HALSEY, Point Coupee Court House.)
Attorneys-at-Law,
Have formed a partnership, and will practice their profession in the courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

SHELDON & PARDEE,
(L. A. SHELDON, DON A. PARDEE,)
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
13 St. Charles Street, New Orleans.

MONOURE & FLANAGAN—
(J. C. MONOURE, T. A. FLANAGAN, Notary Public.)
Attorneys at Law,
REAL ESTATE AND CLAIM AGENTS,
Office—No. 1 Tally's New Building, Shreveport, La.

RANDOLPH, SINGLETON & HARDIE—
WILLIAM M. RANDOLPH, CHARLES B. SINGLETON, JOHN W. HARDIE,)
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Corner Camp and Natchez streets,
Over Home Mutual Insurance Company, 78 Camp street,
NEW ORLEANS.

LAW CARD.....LAW CARD.
WILLIAMSON & LEVISEE,
(GEO. WILLIAMSON, A. E. LEVISEE,)
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Practice in the parishes of Caddo, DeSoto and Bossier, and in the Supreme Court of the State.
Office corner of Spring and Texas streets,
SHREVEPORT, LA.

MARR & FOUTE—
(R. H. MARR, M. A. FOUTE, G. W. H. MARR)
Attorneys at Law,
141 Gravier Street.
M. A. FOUTE, Commissioner of Mississippi.

H. S. VAN EATON—
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WOODVILLE, MISS
Particular attention given to the collection of claims in the State of Mississippi.

HUMPHREY MARSHALL,
COUNSELOR AND ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office, No. 11 Carondelet street, New Orleans, Louisiana.
Will practice Law in the Courts of New Orleans, and will attend to the preparation of Claims to be decided at Washington.

P. C. FOX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
No. 134 Gravier Street,
New Orleans.

JOHN E. HOLLAND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Office, No. 55 St. Charles street,
New Orleans.
Residence, No. 76 Hospital street.

KENNARD & LUZENBERG—
(JOHN H. KENNARD, C. H. LUZENBERG,)
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
No. 30 CAMP STREET, NEW ORLEANS,
Will accept claims for collection in the parishes of East and West Feliciana, La., and Wilkinson County, Miss.

DUNN & HERRON—
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Baton Rouge, La.
New Orleans, No. 58 Carondelet street.

BONNER & BILLINGHAM,
(J. M. BONNER, J. P. BILLINGHAM,)
Attorneys at Law,
(OVER CANAL BANK,)
CORNER OF CAMP AND GRAVIER STREETS, NEW ORLEANS,
Will practice in the Courts of New Orleans, and give strict attention to any business entrusted to them. In connection with a reliable Attorney at Washington, they will prepare and prosecute claims against the Government.

HARRISON & HUNTON,
(J. O. HARRISON, THOMAS HUNTON,)
Attorneys at Law,
Will practice in all the Courts of New Orleans, and give strict attention to any business entrusted to them. In connection with a reliable Attorney at Washington, they will prepare and prosecute claims against the Government.
Office—134 Gravier street.

DUNCAN N. HENNEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 2.....Carondelet Street.....No. 2
Has received the Practice of the Law.
Having made professional connections in the several Parishes, will attend to Collections and Claims in all the Parishes of the State; also, in Claims against the Government at Washington.

W. E. PENN—
(LATE OF TENNESSEE,)
Attorney at Law,
JEFFERSON, TEXAS
Will give special attention to the Collection of Claims of Eastern Texas, and will give any information desired by persons having business in this locality.
REFERENCES:
Hon. Em. Etheridge, Dresden, Tenn; Hon. Milton Brown and W. H. Simpkins, Jackson, Tenn; Brandy, Wilson & Co., New Orleans, La; W. R. Reese, Bateman & Bro., and B. C. Perry, Jefferson, Texas; Hon. R. W. Gray, Judge of the Eighth Judicial District, Mount Pleasant, Texas.
Address Box E. No. 6 Dallas street.

SHIPPING MATERIAL.

BOAT AND OAR DEPOT.
F. A. THAYER & CO.,
251 Front, corner of Erato street,
Have always on hand a large variety of
ENGLISH ROW BOATS,
STEAMBOAT'S AND SHIP'S YAWLS,
Whitehall and Sail Boats,
SKIFFS OF ALL SIZES,
Gunning and Fishing Boats,
Together with a great assortment of OARS.
—ALSO—
Painter's Spruce Ladders,
Which they are receiving direct from the best builders in the country and selling at as reasonable prices as any similar establishment in the North.
Boats of all sizes made to order and finished with dispatch.

CORPARTNERSHIP.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE—THE UNDERSIGNED have this day formed a co-partnership under the firm and name of Jno. W. Norris & Co., at 52 Canal street, for the transaction of a Cotton, Sugar and Produce Factorage and General Commission and Forwarding business.
A continuation of the liberal patronage extended to their predecessors, Gray & Norris, is respectfully solicited.
JNO. W. NORRIS,
R. S. CHAMPION.
New Orleans, April 18, 1866.

COPARTNERSHIP.—WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, have this day formed a copartnership in our the name and style of P. L. & R. A. JOHNSON, for the purpose of transacting a General Commission, Receiving and Forwarding business.
P. L. JOHNSON,
R. A. JOHNSON.

COPARTNERSHIP.—THE FIRM OF CLIFFORD, Walsh & Co. being dissolved by the withdrawal of H. B. Clifford, the undersigned will continue the General Commission business at the old stand, corner Gravier and New Levee streets, under the style and firm of THOS. C. WALSH & CO.
THOS. C. WALSH,
ARTHUR CONNELL.

THE COPARTNERSHIP EXISTING BETWEEN A. R. Montgomery and James A. White, under the name and style of MONTGOMERY & WHITE, in this city, was by mutual consent dissolved on the 19th of May, 1865. Either of the partners will attend to the liquidation of its affairs.
A. R. MONTGOMERY,
JAS. A. WHITE.
New Orleans, 23d June, 1865.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL CONTINUE THE business of the late firm of Montgomery & White on his own account.
JAMES A. WHITE,
138 Common street.
New Orleans, 23d June, 1865.

DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE—THE FIRM OF DYER & MOLONY IS this day dissolved by mutual consent, and all moneys due the firm are payable to S. R. DYER, for account of John G. Dyer, capitalist of concern.
The business will hereafter be conducted by S. R. DYER, for and on account of JOHN G. DYER.
S. R. DYER, Agent for J. G. Dyer.
Algiers, April 16, 1866.

DISSOLUTION—THE CO-PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing under the firm of Gray & Norris, for the transaction of a general Commission Business, at 52 Canal street, is this day dissolved by limitation.
All amounts due the firm will be paid to, and all debts of the firm will be paid by, the undersigned.
JNO. W. NORRIS,
New Orleans, April 17, 1866. Retiring Partner.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP—The firm of OLIVER & BARTLETT is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Consequently the publication of the Daily and Weekly True Delta will be discontinued from this date. Mr. R. W. WETMORE is authorized to liquidate the affairs of the firm, and parties having accounts against the True Delta will please present them for settlement at the office, 13 St. Charles street.
ROBERT OLIVER,
FRANK A. BARTLETT.
New Orleans, March 30, 1866.

NOTICE—IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DEATH OF Mr. WILLIAM WATERMAN, the firm of WATERMAN & CO. and BROWNLEE & CO., have this day been dissolved. Mr. ROBERT ROBERTS, the surviving partner, has been charged with the liquidation of the affairs of said firms.
All persons having claims against the above firms, are hereby notified to present the same indemnifiedly, and all persons indebted to the said firms are hereby notified to come forward and settle the same without further notice.
ROBERT ROBERTS,
MRS. WIDOW W. WATERMAN,
MRS. WIDOW J. BROWNLEE,
Louisiana Sash Factory.
NO. 301, 303, 305 and 307 Gravier street, New Orleans.

BY AN ACT PASSED BEFORE EDWARD BARKER, Notary Public, the undersigned have entered into a copartnership for the purpose of carrying on the business of Sash, Blind and Door Factory, at the old stand, 301, 303, 305 and 307 Gravier street, under the name and title of ROBERTS & CO., where can always be found on hand a full assortment of Sash, Blinds, Doors, Mouldings, Newels, Balusters and Dressed Lumber.
ROBERT ROBERTS,
MRS. WIDOW W. WATERMAN,
MRS. WIDOW J. BROWNLEE,
Louisiana Sash Factory.
New Orleans, March 5, 1866.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP—The firm of O. E. HALL & CO., (St. Louis Hotel) and D. M. HILDRETH & CO., (St. Charles Hotel) are this day dissolved by m