New Orleans Daily Crescent.

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—OF—
THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

J. O. MONDAY MORNING, MAY 14, 1866.

Intercepted Correspondence of Waif.

[From the Natchez Courier.]

NATCHEZ, April, 1866.

Dear Stanly—On the 13th of March, this city was illuminated by a brilliant, though terrible, conflagration. The City Hotel, being one of the largest and most conspicuous buildings in the place, caught fire on the roof. The original cost of the structure was about $149,000. Eligibly situated, it ought to have been a valuable property; but unfortunately, the title became involved in litigation. It became neglected, and "decay's effacing finger" was deeply defacing its fair proportions; yet still, though in some measure dilapidated, it was an ornament to the city, and many felt sad to see its destruction. The builder, Noah Barlow, like Horace, thought "*Exegi monumentum perennius aere*," but, alas, *for human* calculations! in a few hours the work of [illegible] crumbled into a heap of smoking ruins. Th[illegible] there was redolent of historic associations. It [illegible] his brilthat Gen. Taylor received an ovation [illegible] glorious liant military career. Fresh from [illegible] Monterey and campaign of Resaca de la Palma [illegible] crowned with Buena Vista, he returned to [illegible] of a grateful flowers, and receive the p[illegible] around him to take people. Thousands flocked [illegible] the old hero was him by the hand, until [illegible] ulation. You know that overwhelmed by their [illegible] to the Presidency, and, to he was soon elevated [illegible] ent of N. P. Willis, he stepped paraphrase a se[illegible] pinnacle of earthly greatness to from the topm[illegible] a higher and better sphere. Intimately associated with him [illegible] that campaign was another hero, who still survives,

"The last single captive to millions in war."

He too was feted. He too was elevated to an ephemeral seat of greatness, but an adverse fortune has deposed him from the chair of President to the damp walls of a dungeon. And yet I doubt whether in the height of his fortune, he had half the affectionate solicitude that now clusters around him as a captive. His christian dignity, under misfortune, has intensified the affections of the people who were already grateful for his past services. From the christian temple, from the heart-altars of the wealthy, and the hamlets of the poor, prayers are offered for his deliverance. Let us hope that these spirit rays, emanating from so many sources and focalized in the heart of the Deity, whose at[illegible] is mercy, may move him to whisper the [illegible] of mercy and kindness into the hearts of [illegible] on whom his destiny now depends.

[illegible] pen has wandered from my theme. It was [illegible] City Hotel that the hero of Belen Gate was [illegible] by his friends and neighbors on his return from the Mexican war. A wanderer then, as I am now, I well remember how he looked. Tall, a perfect model of manly grace, his hair frosted with gray, he sat upon his war horse like a Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. A then young man, who has since risen to distinction at the bar and in the tented field, welcomed him in the name of the friends who now flocked around.

Quitman was evidently deeply affected. He closed his response to the youthful orator, bowing gracefully as he spoke the closing sentence, "This, fellow-citizens, is the proudest and happiest day of my life."

When his address was closed I saw gray-headed men grasp his hand most fervently and cordially. They had known him when a stranger youth he came to carve out his fortune amongst them. They saw him now the cynosure of all eyes.

He subsequently, you known, became governor and then congressman of the State of Mississippi, and last died in harness. He sleeps quietly in the graveyard at Monmouth. He died at the right time, for his own earthly peace of mind. Had he lived, he would, in all probability, have been a prominent candidate for the Confederate presidency; for he was an ultra States rights man of the Calhoun school, and had won distinction both in the camp and the cabinet. Had he lived and seen what his survivors have witnessed, the desolation of his country by an internecine war, his generous heart would have broken from grief for the calamities he could not avert. It is a poetical motto of the ancients, "Whom the Gods love die young." The Southrons could paraphrase the idea: "The Southren whom the Gods loved died before the first gun at Sumter."

As I stood before the walls of the old City Hotel on the night of the burning, and saw the flames sweep like a glittering scythe from story to story and cut them to ashes; as I saw the pillars fall with a deadened crash upon the spot where Taylor and Quitman had stood, I could not but moralize upon the transitory tenure of human glory. The pageantry and the speakers had passed away. The classical building was careening and groaning like a giant in its death-throe of final dissolution; but above all, and more hardly to be endured, was the terrible conviction in the minds of the Southern people that her heroes had toiled in vain.

The debris of the old hotel is being removed; its material is being worked up on another spot. May it be typical of the fate of this people: out of the ruin and wreck of their political and pecuniary fortunes they will erect another structure. It is not to be expected that they can at once forget or bury the memories of the past. Like the Hebrews at the building of the second temple, the work will be one of mingled joy and sorrow—"And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord. And all the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord because the foundation of the House of the Lord was laid. But many of the priests and levites and chief of the fathers who were ancient men that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy. So that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people."

How expressive is this of the fate of any people who are to be restored to former rights after an unsuccessful revolt. I cannot add one tittle to the pathetic description in Holy Writ. Your Biblical knowledge will readily suggest who fills the place of Zerubbabel of this day, now nobly struggling to build up this southern wing of the Temple that has been destroyed. And as Tatnai and Shethar Boznai and other companions, the Apharsathchites, strove to defeat the holy object in the days of the Hebrews, so it is here. Bad men, by falsehood and error, for the sake of political power, are striving to keep alive discord by enacting tyranny. Zerubbabel triumphed in the time of old, while his enemies sunk under the curse of God. Let the enemies of the Political Prophet of this day, who follow in his tracks, profit by their example.

I find that my description of the burning hotel has been like the chemical Pharaoh's egg. It has spouted itself into all sorts of fanciful shapes, political, religious and pathetic, and don't look much like the subject; but what I've writ, I've writ. I envy you your happy home in Old England. Guardian angels hover around the domestic hearth, and gently evoke all that is good in our nature. It is possible I may write you again before I leave. So, adieu. Yours, WAIF.

LOYALTY IN TENNESSEE, AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY AN ORIGINAL UNION MAN.—Col. Garrett, during the war an officer in the Federal army, at present one of the loyally elected Senators in the State legislature, but denied his seat by the radical mob, draws the following pen and ink portrait of loyalty in Tennessee:

All these outrages, fellow citizens, are committed upon your rights and privileges in the name and under the cloak of loyalty to the government of the United States, to prove the falsity of which it is only necessary to inquire who the leaders of this radical party are, and what they were doing during the war.

Where was Mr. Arnell? Tanning leather for the Confederate army. Where was Mr. Mullins, and what was he doing? Making speeches to the Confederate soldiers. Well, Mr. Wines, where were you? I was down in Clarksville, drilling rebel soldiers and militia, but—but—I did not fight anybody. Where were you, Mr. Patton? Oh, I have been in the Federal army. Well, but where were you in 1862? Well, I was in the rebel legislature, voting to remove the assets of the Bank of Tennessee to Georgia, to keep the Yankees from capturing it; and when I heard that they were coming into Nashville, I skedaddled to Memphis. I took the oath to support the Confederate Constitution for the four dollars a day and mileage, yet I am the true grit, and every one that did not get out as soon as I did must be disfranchised for life. And I must help to do it, because if they are not disfranchised we cannot hold the offices; and we must do that, you know. Well, probably you will, for a short time.

Well, where were you, Mr. Senter? Oh, I had to come down from East Tennessee with Mr. Patton, and help him to get the assets of the Bank of Tennessee out of you Yankees' way; and I had to go on down to Memphis to help pocket the remainder of the school fund. And so on. The history of almost the entire radical party in this State, if traced out, will show that they have ever been found clinging to the party that paid them best; even down to Quinine Mercer, the editor of that dirty, lying sheet, the Press and Times. Where were you, Mr. Mercer? Oh, I went right up to Louisville and got an appointment under the United States Government, and used the seal of my office to smuggle quinine through for the use of the Confederate army. Just a little bit, as a matter of speculation. *I didn't* do much of it; and just so soon as your fellows came down and took possession of Nashville and fortified it, and made it safe for little folks, I came tearing through on the first train to Nashville, and started me a printing office, and went in to cursing the rebels I had been trading with; and I have been cursing rebels ever since, and trying to elevate the negro above the white man. So I am now editing the only loyal newspaper in the State.

The Third Time of Asking.

"Well, Flora, you are certainly bent on conquest to-night. I never saw your sober ladyship half so charming before," said my sister Alice, dropping me a very playful courtesy as I came towards her, and very sincerely returned her compliment.

Vanity apart, and judging ourselves by th standard of each other, I think I may say that e were a very presentable pair of *debutantes*, ere stood there arrayed for our first ball. hough twin sisters, just seventeen years of age, on ac- I was generally distinguished as the fce's golden count of my more sober character. lor, were all hair, violet eyes, and rich, warmter tints. We reflected in my case in paler re brilliant than I were alike, but she was far, as the noonday, and was in every respect. She stooped to arrange the I the evening. As I which looped up the delicate wreaths of trailing I, she whispered, half laugh- white tulle dr "Wilfred Anderson will be ing, half blush you think he will recollect me— there, Flora. that is, us think he will forget us—that is, you?"

"Do I. "You have the advantage of me. I retor one more pleasure to look forward to among Ally many we are anticipating. Now, I expect no friend, no Wilfred Anderson, to turn up for my especial benefit to-night."

"Aha! we shall see, sober Flora," said Alice, dancing about. "For my part, I should not be surprised if——"

"Are you ready, children?" interrupted my mother, approaching the door in her rich black silk and point lace cap, looking, as Alice protested, "much better than either of us;" and in five minutes more we were on our way to the ball.

My father, though by no means one of its wealthiest inhabitants, had long held a good position in his native town. There he had married my mother, the daughter of a highly influential landowner, and there he had resided throughout an active and energetic career, following the profession of a physician. We, his only children, had seen little of the world beyond the immediate neighborhood of our home; and to this day my brightest and most enduring memories are clustered around that dear, quaint little town, with its gabled streets, over the very shop-windows of which grape vines wreathed with proud luxuriance, its noble church, and its anciently-endowed grammar school. On the latter institution Eldoun was wont to plume itself; and indeed the groups of gowned and trencher-capped youths, loitering in the sunny market place, or congregated under the fine old walnut trees which overhang the cloistered walls of the grammar school, add not a little to the respectability as well as to the picturesque character of the place.

Three years previously to the date of my story, Wilfred Anderson had been a senior scholar at Eldoun, and there had somehow sprung up a sort of boy and girl liking between him and my pretty little sister; for our father, who had a rare sympathy with all school lads, and who especially regretted having no sons of his own, would frequetly invite those boys whose manly and healthful interest in out-door sports accorded with his peculiar tastes, home to his house, where many an ardent discussion on angling, cricket, etc., took place around our cheerful tea table; the doctor holding forth like an oracle, and his young guests drinking in his words as eagerly as if he had really been such. Wilfred Anderson was always a special favorite; but when he came to bid us good-bye, before going to Cambridge, it was not my father's hand he held the longest, nor my father's face he looked at the last. The lad of eighteen went away, firmly believing himself the most sorely tried of constant lovers, and Ally's bright eyes were clouded for at least three days after his departure.

It has been questioned whether any of the pleasures of our lives come up to the expectations we have formed of them. I think, however, I may safely say our first ball did. Everything appeared to our enchanted eyes *couleur de rose*. As for Alice, before she had been three minutes in the room, Wilfred came to claim her hand, looking altogether so manly, handsome and happy, that it was no wonder that she felt proud of his evident admiration, and in her own frank, innocent manner, showed that the pleasure of their meeting was mutual. Presently Wilfred came to me.

"Miss Gilbart," he said, in a low voice, "I want you to take pity on a friend of mine. He is my college tutor—an excellent fellow, though he has nothing to boast of, either as regards face or fortune. There he is. May I introduce him?"

I assented, glancing with some curiosity at the individual pointed out. He was a tall, grave looking man, with broad shoulders, and heavy, irregular features, only redeemed from positive ugliness by the expression of his soft, gray eyes, at once so intelligent and kindly, that their first steady look at me gave me a pleasant sense of confidence in their owner. Instead of the formal inclination which usually marks a first introduction, I instinctively put out my hand, which he, as instinctively, shook with a cordial grasp.

"Miss Gilbart—my friend, John Owen."

A few words of mutual commonplace followed, and Wilfred then left us to devote himself anew to Alice. During the remainder of the evening Mr. Owen and I improved our acquaintance rapidly; and I assured Alice, who, during our drive homeward, rallied me not a little on my peculiar fortune in captivating the ugliest man in the room, that I had never met with so sensible a companion, papa always excepted.

"Thank you, my dear," smiled our father.

Three happy weeks succeeded, enlivened by skating excursions, walking parties, and many gatherings round the evening fire. Wilfred and his friend were continually with us, and still John Owen's place was ever at my side. What my feelings toward him at this time really were I can scarcely tell. Girl-like, I was flattered by the evident pleasure which this man, so far my superior in age and intellect, found in my society, but as yet I had not learned fully to appreciate his excellence. Consequently, it was with no peculiar emotion that I heard the announcement one after noon, that the next day would witness his departure.

Wilfred and Alice—now openly betrothed, and only waiting until the former should have completed his college career to be united—were seated in a distant window, in the fast-falling winter twilight, exchanging lovers' confidences; and I, with my father and Mr. Owen, sat around the fireside. Presently there was a ring at the bell, and the former was summoned to his surgery. John Owen began to express his regret at our approaching separation.

"Yes, indeed," I replied. "I am sorry you are going. We shall all miss you very much."

As I spoke I glanced at Wilfred and Alice; but my companion did not, or would not see the glance.

"All!" he repeated earnestly. "Are you really sorry? Oh, Florence, call it madness, presumption, if you will, but I must speak. I must tell you, before we part, how dearly, how devotedly I love you! Yet, what have I to hope? I, a poor college tutor, homeless and penniless; while you—— Florence, forgive me."

"Oh, hush, hush!" I cried, tearfully. "Do not speak such words! Indeed, I never thought of this. I do not love you. I do not seem to know my own heart as yet."

"Enough, Florence," he replied, with calm, sorrowful dignity. "Ah, child, had you known it, you would never have trifled with my heart as you have done."

A strong, yet not unkindly grasp was laid upon his shoulder.

"Right, Owen," said my father, who had entered unobserved, "she is a child. Think no more of this weakness, John, my good fellow. Had it been otherwise, I scarcely could have given my daughter to a man, however estimable, who has no home to offer her. Flora, shake hands with Mr. Owen, and go to your room."

John left Eldoun the next morning. I did not see him again.

* * * * * *

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Who has not felt the truth of these inspired words? Within one short year after the events above narrated my father was a ruined man. The failure of a bank, wherein all his funds had for years been deposited, reduced us at once from a degree of comparative affluence to the verge of necessity. My father's temperament was not well calculated to withstand these reverses; he was seized with a kind of mental paralysis, which rendered him totally unable to pursue his calling as a physician; and in this extremity we judged it the wisest course to comply with the urgent entreaty of a sister of his, long settled in Australia, that we would go out and try our fortune in a new world; hoping that the voyage might also be beneficial in restoring my dear father's mind to its wonted healthy tone. My mother's family provided the necessary funds for my passage and outfit—not wholly ungrudgingly, it must be confessed, for few and far between are the "brothers born for adversity;" and it was a matter of great thankfulness to my mother and myself that our sweet Alice was exempted from our trials, being the happy little wife of Wilfred Anderson, now established as junior partner in a firm of eminent solicitors in the neighboring county town, of which his father was the head. Nevertheless, it was with a heavy heart that I prepared to quit Eldoun, the scene of all my past happy life; and when the last bustle and excitement of packing were over, when we turned away for the last time from the door of that house we had all our lives called "home," and sought shelter under the roof of a kind friend, who had urged us to spend our last remaining days in England with her, my fortitude gave way, and, like the patriarch of old, I "sought where to weep, and I entered into my chamber, and wept there."

I was recalled to myself by a message, requesting my presence down stairs. Hastily drying my tears, I obeyed the summons, and descended to the parlor. My parents were both there, and with them a gentleman whom, in the darkening gloom, I failed to recognise—only for an instant, however. One clasp of that friendly hand, and my heart sprang up, an unspoken welcome to John Owen.

It needed not many preliminary words to explain to me the object of his coming. The new

New Orleans D[illegible]y Crescent

[illegible] and reached him in a dis- of my father's trou[illegible] where he had, through the tant part of Owen's father, obtained a curacy on influence of Wing Cambridge. Full of sympathy the latter's misfortunes, he had lost no time in for ou[illegible] to Eldoun, to proffer consolation and hastening to implore me once more—true and adamant heart!—to share his lot, now more prosperous than my own. As yet, he was ignorant of our intended emigration.

"It cannot be, John," I answered, trying to speak firmly. "God bless you for your generous offer; but it cannot be! My place is with my honored parents now; and I could never bear to see them set sail for that distant land alone."

"But must they go?" asked poor John, entreatingly. "Can nothing be done for them here?"

"No, my good friend," replied my mother, steadfastly. "All is arranged now; our passage is taken, and we must follow the destiny which is leading us on. But, Flora, my poor child," she added, regretfully, "I grieve to stand in the way of her prospect of happiness. Perhaps, even now—"

"Mother," I interrupted, laying my hand upon her arm, "do not try to shake my resolution. I must go with you and papa. And believe me, Mr. Owen, that is now my true and only reason for turning a deaf ear to your pleadings. I am wiser, if sadder, than I was a year ago."

"Is it indeed so?" said John. "Do you love me at last, my Florence? Then I can bear all, even this bitter disappointment; and, believe me, my darling, that the very act which destroys my hopes raises you higher than ever in my estimation. Farewell, Florence! May Heaven bless your good work, and prosper you all!"

He turned to my father and mother, and warmly shook their hands. Then he paused before leaving the room.

"One kiss, Florence," said he; "It is the last time."

What could I do but yield? For one instant he strained me to his heart, the next he had left me, and the wind moaned sadly round the gables and the night fell darkly round.

* * *

It was a glorious evening in July. All around spoke peace to the tried and tired spirit, and filled it with the ineffable calm which sometimes comes through the medium of quiet and beautiful scenery to the heart which, amid all its worldly cares, has not lost the freshness of its love for holy nature. Tears rose unbidden to my eyes as I gazed on the dreamy loveliness of the landscape which lay before me, bathed in the golden light of sunset—tears that were not all sorrowful; and memories of the old dear days at Eldoun for a time dispelled the recollection of many a heavy and scathing trial which had come to me during the last seven years. Ah, me! I was only five-and-twenty, yet my youth-time seemed very far away—so much had come and gone in that seven years. The first long voyage, the Australian experiences, which had promised brightly at first, until a malignant fever swept away my father, aunt and uncle in a few days; the sorrowful leaving of our dead in their lonely burial places in the bush; and the subsequent return of my widowed mother and myself—a second Naomi and Ruth—to the old country, still called home, though offering now no certain home to either of us; all this outline, filled with a crowd of attendant details, seemed to compress a life's history into the space I have mentioned.

And now my dear mother had found a home with her own kindred, and the same refuge had been offered to me; but my nature rose in proud rebellion against a life of dependence on others. Consequently I had sought and obtained a situation as governess. My new abode was in a picturesque part of Devonshire, and something in its bowery lanes and sunny fields reminded me irresistibly of my girlhood's home. I was a much better walker than were my little pupils, and on the evening I have mentioned I was on my way to a distant village church (it was Sunday) it order to be present at the evening service. Rising from the seat I had temporarily occupied on a fallen tree, I pursued my road, and in due time arrived at the sacred edifice. I entered, and was shown into a large, old fashioned, square pew. The officiating clergyman was a young man, a perfect stranger, of course, to me. I listened, earnestly at first, but gradually with distracted thoughts, as the service proceeded, until a new consciousness suddenly aroused my whole attention. The introductory words which precede the sermon were pronounced in a different voice—a clear, full voice, which ran through every cord of my memory like a strain of music.

I had been sitting in a corner of the pew with my face turned away from the pulpit, and now I did not move. No look was needed to assure me whose voice it was that was speaking, in the old eloquent tones, those words of comfort and counsel. Like a flood of light, there came upon my spirit the joy and confidence of earlier years. I never for an instant thought that there could be change in that noble, generous nature; and when at last the pastor's voice ceased, I turned and gazed with loving reverence on the face (homely, perhaps, in the eyes of others, but more attractive than all in the world beside to me), of my true and dear friend, John Owen.

As I turned, our eyes met. In spite of my altered appearance, my faded cheek, my heavy black dress, I saw that his recognition of me was instantaneous. I left the church, but lingered in the churchyard, for I was sure that he would join me there. And I was right.

* * * * * *

Not many weeks after, the Rev. John Owen, rector of Woodleigh, one of the richest livings in the country, was calling at Harleston hall, and took occasion to say to my employer, a most kind and ladylike woman, "Mrs. Bartram, I am going to request you to release Miss Gilbart from her engagement with you. I have established a claim upon her, to which no impediment is alleged, and this is my third time of asking." One month later I was his wife.

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ALMOST A WEDDING.—On Tuesday night a number of guests assembled on Sixtieth street to witness the marriage ceremony. The wedding feast was spread—the priest came with his cross and prayer book—the groomsmen assembled in their white kids and paper shirt collars—the bridesmaids were present with their satin flounces and globular waterfalls—the bride, blushing like Aurora, was arrayed in snowy robes, orange wreaths and glittering jewels—the wedding ring was ready, and everything was prepared to launch the young couple upon the hymenial stream, amid rejoicings, flowers, kisses, tears, tremors and congratulations. Only one thing was needed to make the affair complete, and that was the presence of the bridegroom. Without him the wedding would be like the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out.

In fact, he was an indispensable character, and without his presence the whole affair must fall through or prove a failure. But, important as was his presence, the appointed bridegroom came not. Hours passed. The priest became disgusted and left—the uncle of the bride grew red in the face—the groomsmen looked sour—the bridesmaids languished—and the bride grew nervous and pale. Still the laggard lingered. Midnight approached. The hoarse clarion of the ancient Shanghai in the yard announced the approach of the "wee sma' hours," and still no bridegroom appeared. The supper got cold—the uncle was in a towering passion—the bridesmaids wept—the groomsmen went to bed. A committee was sent to look for the recusant lover, and, after visiting the marble drug store and not finding him there, they went to his room and found him fast asleep. He was aroused from his slumber, and hurried off to the bride's home. When he arrived there the guests were gone. He gave as an excuse, that, feeling unwell, he had taken a dose of morphine, and had overslept himself, but was now willing to face the music, and go through the trying ordeal. By this time the native pride of the fair bride had become aroused, and the sleepy gentleman was informed that the wedding was indefinitely postponed. The bridegroom returned to his pestle and mortar, and the young lady remains at home a fair ungathered flower. It was a near approach to a wedding, but "a miss is as good as a mile."

[St. Louis Democrat.

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SCANDAL IN ST. LOUIS.—A St. Louis letter to the Cincinnati Commercial contains the following story of an exciting social scandal in the former city:

The social world has been considerably excited during the past week by the revelations concerning the troubles of a bride, whose marriage was probably the most brilliant that has occurred in St. Louis during the past four years. She was of wealthy parentage, and the bridal arrangements were of real magnificence. The papers were filled with descriptions of the wedding. The affair excited the greatest flutter among the elite in particular, as the bridegroom had served for four years in the Confederate army. He was young and of good family. Altogether, it was the social sensation of the season. Recently it has transpired the parties only lived together a brief time, and although a dozen versions of the story are given, yet they all agree in this, that the husband struck the young bride, and was finally caught in the act of choking her. These details, with all the minor incidents, have formed the gossip of the social circle of the city for several days, and not one word has been heard in justification of the cruelty alleged on the side of the husband. Too much whisky was at the bottom.

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DRINKING STANDING.—Some travelers have said that one of the greatest promoters of intemperance, and of ruin to health and character in America, is the universal habit of "drinking standing." It is the custom of rum shops; it belongs to a bar. Some of our clubs wisely forbid it. When men drink in this way, there is no mild stimulation, no conversation, seldom wine, or perhaps beer. There can be no music or the presence of women or families: there is simply pouring hurriedly down the most concentrated and dangerous form of stimulant, without wit, talk, or society in any form. If animals drank we should call such a habit brutish drinking. It is a custom dangerous to health and destructive to morals; it belongs exclusively to America and England, where the worst intoxication prevails. When people take their stimulants over a table, in the open air, listening to music, or with their wives and sisters and children, there will seldom be much of degrading intoxication.

[N. Y. Times.

MEDICAL.

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DR. SAMUEL GILBERT, so celebrated as having had, for the last twenty-five years, in the treatment of

CHRONIC DISEASES,

the most lucrative Medical Practice in the South, has at last consented to allow several of his most esteemed remedies to be prepared and sold as proprietary medicines. This resolution has been engendered by the repeated solicitations of those who have experienced the benefit of his remarkable professional skill, and by the impossibility of giving especial attention to each of the written applications made to him for prescriptions by those whose pecuniary circumstances, or business habits preclude the possibility of applying in person to him.

The Public

May rest assured that the manufacturers spare neither pains nor expense in the preparation of these remedies. They are made of the very best medicines known, in a highly concentrated form, upon strictly scientific principles.

Dr. Samuel Gilbert's General Alterative

Acts directly upon the Glands and Mucous Membranes—stimulating them to additional activity in their natural functions of eliminating from the Circulating Fluids the usual Effete (and in disease, Morbid) Matters, and expelling them through the Skin, Kidneys, Liver, and Alimentary Canal from the System. It is, therefore, adapted for the relief of Chronic Diseases affecting those organs, and of the mucous membranes lining them, such as

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JAUNDICE, GOITRE,
CHRONIC INFLAMATION OF
BLADDER AND UTERUS, ETC.

It is particularly useful in

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And maladies arising from long continued use of Calomel, Blue Mass, Corrosive Sublimate, Fowler's Solution, Donovan's Solution, and other preparations of Mercury and Arsenic.

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Is a most excellent preparation for the cure of that class of maladies usually termed

DISEASES OF THE SKIN,

and which are popularly know as

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6½	..	Steam Train.	7	..	..
7½	..	..	8½	..	..
9	..	..	9½	..	..
10½	..	..	11½	..	..
12	o'clock M.	..	1	o'clock P. M.	..
2	o'clock P. M.	..	2½	..	..
3	..	..	3½	..	..
4	..	..	4½	..	..
5	..	..	5½	..	..
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This syrup is employed with the greatest success, in place of Cod Liver Oil, to which it is infinitely superior. It cures diseases of the chest, scrofula, lymphatic disorders, green sickness, muscular atony and loss of appetite. It regenerates the constitution by purifying the blood, and is, in a word, the most powerful depurative known. It never fatigues the stomach and bowels, and is administered with the greatest efficacy to young children subject to humors or obstruction of the gland. At last, it is very efficacious in the diseases of the skin.

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This new ferruginous medicine contains the elements of the blood and bones, and iron in a liquid state. It is different from all hitherto offered to the public, is liquid, colorless and tasteless. It speedily cures chlorosis, pains in the stomach, difficult digestion, dysmenorrhœa and anemia.

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Ferruginous Syrup of Peruvian Bark.

In solving a problem hitherto declared unsolvable by all savants, i. e. the COMBINING OF IRON WITH BARK, called Ferruginous Syrup of Peruvian Bark, Messrs. GRIMAULT & CO., Chemists to H. I. H. Prince Napoleon, at Paris, have discovered a medicine of unexceptional merit, and the most highly competent persons now agree in recognizing its great medical value.

The following important document has been received from Germany, a country recognised to possess the first chemists in the world. It is from Professor Kletzinski, Chemical Analyzer to the Law Courts, who testifies in the following terms to the value of the Syrup of Bark, (Medical Gazette of Vienna, Oct. 11, 1865:)

"Mr. GRIMAULT has succeeded in the happiest manner in combining relative qualities of different parts of his PURE AND EXCELLENT MEDICINES; the more so as the iron thus disguised, in addition to its agreeable flavor, is much more rapidly absorbed than any other ferruginous medicine. Mr. GRIMAULT'S FERRUGINOUS SYRUP is therefore one of the best pharmaceutical preparations—a truly scientifical ferruginous medicine, which has solved the therapeutic problem long sought after, of giving iron and bark in a simple and agreeable form, free from defect and satisfactory to all parties.

[Signed] VINCENT KLETZINSKI,
Chemical Analyzer to the Law Courts, Hospital Chemist
I. & R. DU WIEDEN,
Professors of Chemistry."

Let us now see in what terms the French Ambassador at Vienna replies to Messrs. Grimault & Co., as regards the high estimation in which Mr. Kletzinski is held:

"FRENCH EMBASSY AT VIENNA,
Vienna, August 23, 1865.

"GENTLEMEN—In reply to the letter you addressed to his Excellency, the Ambassador, I have the honor to inform you that Professor Kletzinski is a man of high standing at Vienna, that he is personally much thought of and passes for one of the best chemists in Germany.

PIERRET,
Consul and attaché to the Embassy.

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In New Orleans, DUCONGE, DELOCHE & GUILLOT'S.
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"Grimault's Iodized Syrup of Horse Radish is not in a free elementary and caustic state, but in the state of iodhydric acid, and of organic combination similar to the iodine contained in Cod Liver Oil.

(Signed) VINCENT KLETZINSKI,
Chemical Analyzer to the Law Courts at Vienna, Hospital Chemist.
I. and R. DU WIEDEN,
Professors of Chemistry.

FRENCH EMBASSY AT VIENNA,
Vienna, August 23, 1865.

Messrs. Grimault & Co., Chemists at Paris:

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PIERRET.
Consul and Attaché to the Embassy.

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THEODORE PELLE,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Liquors and Wines,

48 TCHOUPITOULAS STREET,

New Orleans,

EDWARD CONERY,

WHOLESALE GROCER,

Commission and Forwarding Merchant,

AND DEALER IN

WESTERN PRODUCE, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC WINES

LIQUORS, ETC., ETC.

CORNER COMMON AND FRONT STREETS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FORCHEIMER BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

—AND—

Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Liquors

(Agent for Pine Apple Whisky)

54 TCHOUPITOULAS STREET, NEW ORLEANS

LEDIG & DAMMRON,

(C. LEDIG, H. DAMMRON.)

Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in General Provisions, Cigars, Tobacco,

WINES, LIQUORS, ETC.,

No. 87 POYDRAS STREET, NEAR NEW LEVEE,

New Orleans.

ISAACSON, SEIXAS & CO.,
(ALF. H. ISAACSON—HENRY O. SEIXAS.

Wholesale Dealers in

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

—AND—

Importers of Fine Wines and Liquors,

26 COMMON STREET,

New Orleans, Louisiana.

The undersigned having made arrangements with Messrs. ISAACSON, SEIXAS & CO., respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends. Orders for Groceries, as also consignments of Produce will have his personal attention.

C. W. SQUIRES,