New Orleans Daily Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

—OF—

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1866.

An accident occurred to our press yesterday morning before we had entirely finished printing our edition, which compelled us to appeal to the kindness of our neighbors. We take pleasure in acknowledging the courtesy of our contemporaries of the Commercial, upon whose press the remainder of our edition was printed. Our own press is again in working order, having been repaired yesterday.

Jefferson Davis in Prison.—The review of Dr. Craven's book—sixteen columns in length—in which so many interesting details of Mr. Davis's prison life are given, which we published in the Daily Crescent of Monday, will be republished in full the next edition of our weekly. We were unable to supply the demand for the daily containing it, and we therefore have determined to republish it in the weekly. Orders for copies of the weekly, if left at our counting room at any time before Thursday evening, will be registered and filled.

New Paper.—The Carroll Record is the name of a new weekly just started at Floyd, Carroll parish, the first number of which we have received. The Record is ably edited by Messrs. Edward and S. J. Delony.

The "Old Guard" for July—a monthly political magazine, and the soundest publication in the North on questions of politics—has been received by us. It contains a portrait of General Wade Hampton, and is filled with excellent original articles. C. Chauncey Burr, editor. Price three dollars a year.

New Music.—"In Memory of the Confederate Dead" is the title of a piece of music sent us by the music house of McCarrell & Meininger, Louisville, Ky. The title page contains likenesses of Generals Sidney Johnson, Polk, Stonewall Jackson, Morgan, Stuart, Rains and A. P. Hill.

Meetings this Evening.—An adjourned meeting of the subscribers to the capital stock of the new insurance company will be held at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, at 5½ o'clock.

A special meeting of Dudley Lodge, F. and A. M., will be held in their lodge room, Grand Lodge Hall, at 5 o'clock, on business of importance.

The Orleans Dramatic Association.—We learn that Gen. Harry T. Hays has consented to act as treasurer of the above association on the occasion of their entertainment at the New Opera House, next Thursday night, for the benefit of the "Ladies' Southern Benevolent Association of Louisiana." The pieces to be performed are "Hamlet," and the recitation of "Shamus O'Brien." We cannot but congratulate the association upon their good fortune in getting Gen. Hays interested in their performance, for the weight of his influence will add largely to the success of the occasion.

Anti-Neutrality.—A large meeting of Fenians and sympathizers was held at the court house in Troy, New York, on the evening of the 18th inst. The room could not contain the assemblage, which accordingly thronged the streets. Alderman Kesselbaugh presided, and among the vice presidents were General Wool, General Allen, ex Mayor McDonald, Judge Robinson, David L. Seymour, Thomas B. Carroll, and George C. Burdett. A series of resolutions were offered by General Darius Allen, and adopted, denouncing the course taken by the American government against the Fenians as treacherous, as betraying its power at the feet of a hostile monarchy, and false alike to American rights and Irish freedom, and appealing to Congress to repeal the neutrality laws. Speeches were made by Messrs. Henry A. Miller, James Lansing, Professor Baer, Thomas B. Carroll and James Brennan, the latter of whom declared the undertaking for the independence of Ireland had not been abandoned.

Speculation in Missouri.—The Southwest Branch Railroad, running from Franklin thirty-eight miles west of St. Louis, of which seventy-six miles is in running order and stocked, and about thirty-five miles more is partially graded, was lately sold to Gen. Fremont and two others for $1,100,000. The purchase included over a million acres of land granted by the United States, and a valuable lead mine. Some St. Louis papers estimate the value of the whole at about $8,000,000, and indicate that the sale was not honestly made.

The Presbyterian Churches of Baltimore.—The congregation of the Franklin square Presbyterian church, in Baltimore, have voted to sustain their pastor, Mr. Lefevre, in separating from the general assembly of the Old School Presbyterian church, on account of its recent action with regard to the Louisville Presbytery. Rev. Dr. Backus has addressed the First Presbyterian church, defending the assembly from the charges brought against it.

Population of Baltimore.—The Baltimore Sun estimates the population of that city at the present time at three hundred thousand. It founds its figures on the census of representative wards made up for the purpose of equalizing the school tax.

Iron Bridges for Tennessee.—A Baltimore iron company is furnishing iron bridges for a Tennessee railroad. Six spans of one hundred and sixty feet each have already been cast, and orders have been received for fifteen more. They are shipped by way of this city.

A Startling Prediction.—In Germany, the Augsburg Gazette is publishing a series of letters by one of the most illustrious German physicians, which are producing a considerable sensation. The writer confirms that there exist at the present moment in Germany such germs of disease, that if war should break out it would inevitably lead, in consequence of the conglomeration of large masses of men, obliged to suffer from fatigue and insufficiency of food, to the most terrible epidemic of cholera ever witnessed.

The Fenian Leaders.—It is reported that the Canadian government has demanded the extradition of Sweeny, Spear, O'Neill, Mahan, O'Conlor and Meehan, together with other prominent Fenian officers.

Naval Prizes Captured.—The records of the fourth auditor's office show that during the war the naval force of the United States captured over fifteen hundred prizes, some of which were worth as high as two hundred thousand dollars. Besides these, important captures of corn, rice and cotton were made. It is stated that the navy has netted over twenty millions of dollars as its share in these prizes.

We suppose the auditor did not waste his time in computing what the army "netted," justly considering the amount incalculable.

Southern Industries.—A bucket factory has been established in Murfreesboro, Tenn. The company propose to turn out from one hundred and fifty to two hundred buckets a day.

Arrival of the Morning Star.—The U. S. mail steamship Morning Star, Horatio Nelson commanding, from New York the 16th inst., with a full cargo of assorted merchandize, arrived at her wharf last night. The following is a list of her passengers:

Mrs Rev J K Guthrie and son, F D Bunner, F Fischer, Dr Wm McKesey, S W Crawford, Alex Jones, Mr Marmeier and lady, S Muenzer, J Kern, R Goodbody, G Digers, M Feeny, F Gomez and friend, D Pera and wife, J Bacon, J H Vinz, Miss S J Dodner, Miss A Pratt, A Stickinbr, M Rutterfur, M M Dutell, A Wilson, J Eulenan, Max Eiberling, Bold Karth, J Crowdon and chr, Wm Biking, W Webber, O Kepler, J Peck, J Gemmilie, and others in the steerage.

HISTORY TO ORDER.

Much has been said in recent years about "making history." McDowell made history at Manassas; McClellan on the Chickahominy; Pope at the second Manassas; Banks at Mansfield; Burnside at Fredericksburg; Butler at Dutch Gap; Hooker at Chancellorsville, and Rosecrans at Chickamauga. The chief object of the colossal preparations of the North, as might have been inferred from the perusal of the papers of the day, was to "make history," regardless of expense. It was a sufficient palliation for a serious check or a disastrous defeat, that the discomfited army, whatever else it may have failed to do, had certainly succeeded in making history; and the names even of unsuccessful leaders were commended for their achievements in adding to the vast volumes of the public archives.

When we consider that no pains nor expense were spared in this persistent purpose of making history, it is with the more surprise that we learn the recent action in Congress. We notice that its proceedings reveal a purpose of furnishing history to order, at the cheap rate of twenty-five hundred dollars a year! "Are my deserts no more?" might exclaim, with the dusky prince of Morocco, each of those two heroes of Massachusetts—the chivalrous knight of Mansfield and he who was so securely "bottled up" on the peninsula! "Are our achievements to be recorded at so slight a cost to the treasury? Will the genius which can be purchased for that paltry sum suffice to glorify our shortcomings, and blazon us forth as the true heroes of the war? And will an incredulous world put implicit faith in the narrations of a pen which is controlled in its movements by the annual stipend which barely suffices to keep it in motion? Alas, they might well exclaim, "it is true we have made history, but who will credit its record when made to radical order at only twenty-five hundred dollars a year?"

It is certainly praiseworthy in any government to preserve faithfully the records on which its history is based. They should, as nearly as possible, be placed in an imperishable form, so that future generations may judge intelligently of the actors of to-day, and profit by their wisdom or their errors. But when a country has been torn by civil convulsions, and the successful party makes indecent haste to put forth, under the sanction of its authority, a narrative of events which will be tinged with the colors of partizanship, it speaks little for their confidence in the justice of their own course.

It is not from the partial accounts of a hired pen that posterity will form its judgment of the struggle through which the country has passed; and of that not less momentous struggle which is now agitating the land. The ephemeral works, styled "histories," which are now being put forth, will furnish material for the future historian; but, colored as they are by the prejudices and passions of the hour, they will be viewed by future generations as curious evidences of the degree of blindness with which the intemperateness of political passion may cloud the perceptions of the intellect. What a caricature on history would that be considered, even a quarter of a century hence, which was written under the inspiration of the present radicals of Congress, and sent forth in annual installments at the rate of twenty-five hundred dollars, paid to the partizan who would undertake to assume the paternity of such a foundling?

If Congress desire in reality the completion of a work which shall merit the name of history, let it freely open the archives of the country to eminent writers in England and in France, who are free from the prejudices and passions which pervade American minds on the subject of the recent war. Let it select from amongst men whose character will insure perfect impartiality, a true historian of the greatest conflict of modern times. Let it reward his genius by the most ample compensation, and let it thus put forth a work by which the present as well as the future generations may profit. Let it, by such an act, say to the world, "Behold in the archives of our government the record of our official actions. It is open to your inspection, and in that record you may see our sincerity, our consistency, our patriotism, and our regard for the sacred rights guaranteed by our Constitution. Read and judge; and justify before the tribunal of the world, and the judgment of posterity, the actions which are recorded in our name." If the radicals must write as well as make history, we commend the above suggestion as more worthy the dignity of an American Congress, than to put forth a narrative to order, which can excite only the derision of the present generation and the amazement of posterity.

WHAT IS LOYALTY.

A recent article in the New York News contained the following paragraph:

It is of no avail now to insist that the right of secession is one of the attributes of the political system under which exist the United States of America. That question has been submitted to the arbitrament of arms; and, so far as the mere hideousness of physical force can determine it, it has, for the time being, been determined. The South accepts the result, in respect to its present practical application; but that acceptance does not imply any abandonment, in thought, of the principle upon which the secession movement was founded.

Referring to this, the New York Tribune wants to know whether an "ex-rebel in now swearing allegiance to the Union," swears to be "faithful only till his State shall see fit again to secede;" and this, the Tribune declares to be an eminently practical question—one, the decision of which is of "momentous, vital import."

In reply to this "eminently practical" question we will say that the amnesty oath, or oath of allegiance, or whatever it may be called, which has been so generally taken in the South, is understood to mean precisely what its terms convey—precisely what it would be understood to mean, under similar circumstances, in any other country in the world.

It certainly is not understood to mean that the people who take it not only confess, but swear that they were entirely wrong in their recent struggle for independence, and that their adversaries were entirely right; that the principles or political dogmas in which they believed previous to the war are unsound and untrue, and that the principles and dogmas asserted by the Republican party are sound and true; that the South was all wrong and the North all right; that the States have, rightfully, no powers, and that the federal government is, rightfully, supreme; and that everybody in the South, from Jefferson Davis down, was a traitor to his country. We take it that oaths of allegiance mean pretty much in this country what such oaths mean in other countries. When the English Jacobites swore allegiance to the house of Hanover, they did not mean that Charles Edward was not, after all, in their opinion the legitimate king of England; when the Hungarians swore allegiance to Francis Joseph last year, they did not mean that they had been traitors in '48, and that the crown of Hungary had really no independent rights; when a Pole swears allegiance to Russia he does not mean to swear that the Czar has a moral right to govern Poland. Such oaths do not involve any expression or any recantation of opinion. They are simply the formal recognition of existing and insuperable facts, which it is useless to deny in words as to contest in arms.

But the Tribune, which belongs to the great party of "moral ideas," and "natural rights," seems to think that it is the bounden duty of every Southern man to swear that the "moral ideas" of the Republican party, are established truths, and that the political principles of Southern statesmen are false and pernicious heresies. It thinks likewise, apparently, that there is, somewhere, a "natural right" to impose this oath of allegiance on the Southern people. Now the people of the South, relying on their "natural right" to life, liberty and property, might have declined to take any oath at all, and might have dared the radicals to carry to its consequences their doctrine that the so-called "rebels" were traitors and criminals. Here would have been a conflict of opinion on the question of "natural rights." Would the Tribune have settled it by advising a summary decapitation of all the "rebels" between the Potomac and the Rio Grande? But the Southern people, while they could have reasonably asserted their "natural right" to life and liberty and property, knew very well that when they lost their cause, they lost also the power to defend themselves. They took the oath of allegiance because it was tendered to them by the President as a consideration for the remission of penalties which whether justly or unjustly imposed, might take a very practical and unpleasant form if pressed on them by the conquering power. They received something, for which they gave what was considered an equivalent; namely, the promise of future obedience to the federal authority within the Union. As long as they keep that promise it is none of the Tribune's business what they think about the merits of the recent controversy. It is said that everybody, in the course of his life, is bound to eat a peck of dirt. Distributed through the average life of man, the process may not be so very repugnant even to the fastidious palate; but we do not know of any one that would consent to eat a peck a-day even to gratify the great party of "God and humanity." "Loyalty" may require it; but the stomach would revolt at it.

A RADICAL POEM.

When the radicals have a new notion, some thrifty and notorious rhymester seizes upon it, plunges it into the fires of his genius, blows it up to white heat with the "swelling bellows" of his zeal, draws it forth glowing with fervent heat and shedding abundant cinders, lays it on the anvil of versification and never ceases his hammering, manling and thumping until he has shaped it to his taste, when he plunges it into the dirty cooling tub of the press, and listens with delighted ears to the transient "fizz" and sputter which the artificial heat makes in the filthy fluid.

Your thorough-bred Northern poetaster is always ready to celebrate any event with a song, a homily, a sonnet or a ditty—for a consideration. No matter to him whether it is the launch of a wealthy builder's new steamer, a dinner to a foreign lord, the presentation of a new play, the death of some notorious personage, the winning of a battle, the birth of a silver-spoon baby, the dedication of a meeting house, a school examination, the presentation of a flag, a college commencement, a wedding, a clam bake, a picnic, or a funeral. He is always ready with his accommodating rhymes which he deacons out for the psalmody of a most unmusical public. He indulges in all forms of metrical composition, sometimes uttering his inspirations in the monotonous single-jingle of alternate couplets—sometimes going up into the regions of mazy, doubled-and-twisted cross barred stanzas never dreamed of by Spencer or Dante.

Among the recent effusions in verse is a piece entitled, "The Death of Slavery." It was written by William Cullen Bryant, and is by much the worst of all the multitude of indifferent poems by that author. It is redolent with opinm, dotage, night-mare, Schiedam Schnapps and rheumatism—the weak effort of age to imitate the partial successes of youth. Yet we can afford to read a portion of it in order to be reminded on what manner of stuff Northern minds are fed, and what manner of sentiment towards us is assiduously cultivated among them.

The exhausted poet saddles his bare-boned Pegasus and trots him to the string thus:

O, Thou great Wrong, that, through the slow-paced years,
Didst hold thy millions fettered, and cities wield
The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,
And took with stony eye on human tears!
Thy cruel reign is o'er;
Thy bondmen crouch no more
In terror at the curtaus of thine eye;
For He who marks the bounds of guilty power,
Long suffering, hath heard the captives cry
And touched the shackles at the appointed hour
And lo! they fell, and he whose limbs they galled
Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

This last rhyme in it but no reason—it is neither poetry nor truth. All this about fetters, scourges, crouching bondmen and shackled limbs is unmitigated nonsense. Mr. Bryant knows that the "disenthralled" negroes are suffering greatly from the effects of vandalism, and much more for the want of guidance, control and protection. The "native manhood" is going to the graveyard fast. The numbers of the "poor negroes gone masterless" are lessening far more rapidly than they ever increased, a sufficient commentary on the wicked haste and violence with which their status was changed.

The ancient hockey rises in his stirrups, and the well spurred Pegasus swings and reels along in a sickly canter as follows:

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent
The tangled fetters rend the hands of bondage
Our rivers roll exulting, and the banks
Send up hosannas to the firmament.
Fields, where the bondman's tread
No more shall groan
Seem now to bask in a serener day;
The meadow birds sing sweeter, and the air
Of heaven with more caressing softness play,
Welcoming man to liberty like them.
A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
For the great land and all its coasts are free.

The "shout of joy" is purely imaginary. The "redeemed" are in very low spirits. Gloomy discontent among freedmen is growing. Their "hamlets" are rotting down over sick, naked and hungry children. For the want of intelligent "trenching," the soil threatens them with famine. Little do the negroes know or feel of the poet's "glory"—little heart have they to listen to the warbling of "meadow birds."

With a few thrusts of the rowels and a vigorous use of the whip, the winged Rosinante bears his antique rider around the quarter turn as follows:

Within that land west thou authroned of late,
And they by whom the nation's laws were made,
And they who filled its judgment seats, obeyed
Thy mandate, right as the will of fate.
Fierce men, at thy right hand,
With gesture of command,
Gave forth the word that none might dare gainsay
And grave and reverend ones, who loved thee not,
Shrank from thy presence, and in blank dismay,
Cloaked down, scattered, the rebellious thought,
While meaner upwards, mingled with thy train,
Proved, from the book of God, thy right to reign.

This may be classed as poetry in a mere Northern latitude, but here it sounds like a lame effort to put a mean abolitionist stump speech into rhyme.

The jaded steed thus hammers along down the back stretch, evidently a little excited:

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to shore,
The wrath of God overtook thee in thy pride:
Thou still art a ghastly shadow; by thy side
Thy once strong arms hang servitless evermore,
And they who quailed not now
Before thy waving bow
Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,
And scoff at the pale, powerless thing thou art,
And they who raised in thine imperial name,
Subdued, and standing sullenly apart,
Scowl at the hands that overthrew thy reign,
And shattered at a blow the prisoner's chain.
Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst not spare
Life's tendrest ties, but cruelly didst part
Husband and wife, and from the mother's heart
Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and prayer;
Thy inner hair became
The haunt of guilty shame;
Thy hath dropped blood; the murderer, at thy side,
Showed his red hands, nor feared the vengeance due.
Then didst scow earth with crimes; and, far and wide,
A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,
Until the measure of thy sins at last
Was full, and then the avenging bolt was cast.

It seems to have been Mr. Bryant's aim, in these two dozen ponderous lines, to condense the utmost amount of falsity with the maximum of solemn stupidity. Surely our poet knows that we were all, black and white, getting on passably well here in the South before the war. If our power and prosperity are reduced to a "ghastly, nerveless, quailing, towering, scorned, pale, powerless shadow," we know the perverted hearts that planned the mischief, and the accursed hands that executed it.

Now the well cudgled steed, with drooping wings and bloody flanks, goes reeling and panting slowly around the home turn as follows:

Go then, accused of God, and take thy place
With baleful memories of the elder time,
With many a wasting pest, and nameless crime,
And bloody war that blasted the human race;
With the Black Death, whose way
Through wailing cities lay,
Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built
The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that taught
To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt—
Death at the stake to those that held them not.
Go, the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom
Of the Tartarean night, part to yield their room.

The parting of the foul phantoms (dead) to make room for dead slavery would somewhat puzzle a painter attempting to picture the scene on canvass.

Pegasus comes thumping and wheezing down the home stretch in manner and form as hereinafter set forth, foaming, bleeding and staggering to the end of his mile; time ten minutes and forty seconds.

I see the better years that hasten by,
Carry thee back into that shadowy past,
Where in the dusty spaces, void and vast,
The graves of those whom thou has murdered lie.
The slave-pen, through whose door
Thy victims pass no more,
Is there, and there shall the grim block remain
At which the slave was sold; while at thy feet
Scourges and engines of restraint and pain
Mouldering and vast by thine eternal seat
There, 'mid the symbols that proclaim thy crimes,
Dwell there, a warning to the coming times.

It is not presumption to say that the aged rhymer saw nothing of the kind. In all of these verses there is no living image of a thing seen in the actual vision of a poet's fancy. It is altogether a thing of words. Yet, it will serve to show the spirit which prevails among the people who encourage, read and praise such productions.

The Soldier Beneevolent Associations.

Subjoined, over the signature of "Confederate," will be found an interesting communication on the subject of a federation of the various organizations now in existence here, for the purpose of assisting those Confederate soldiers who may need aid, and of bringing back for honorable sepulture those who lost their lives while in service.

The writer takes for his text the project embraced in the resolutions presented by Colonel F. C. Zacharie, at a meeting of the Louisiana brigade successively commanded by Generals Adams and Gibson, and unanimously adopted. The idea, suggested by those resolutions, was a general convention of all associations formed or being formed for the purposes mentioned, with a view of concerting a system by which rivalry in the raising of funds may be avoided and economy and equity in their distribution secured. Our correspondent succinctly and clearly sets forth advantages which may be realized from the proposed conference, and his appeal to a more "catholic spirit," comes persuasively from a gallant soldier, who, on many a field, and in many a march, found that worthy comrades were not confined to his own regiment, brigade or division:

SOLDIER RELIEF ASSOCIATIONS.

Editor Crescent—On examining the proceedings of the various relief societies, as published in the public prints, I have been much surprised to see that they have taken no action on the invitation extended by the resolutions of Gibson's (late Adams's) brigade, for the assembling of a general convention. The proposal seems to me to recommend itself to the good sense of every reflecting man, and that concert of action would add much to the promotion of the objects which we all have in view. The ground of opposition assumed by some, that it is contemplated thereby to extinguish and completely abandon the present associations, as a means of benefiting those organizations which are weak in numbers and money, at the expense of the more fortunate, is founded in error. The resolutions, to my mind, indicate no such intention, and did they even plainly express such an idea, they as clearly set forth that all proceedings of the convention must be submitted to and ratified by the present organizations. If I understand them aright, they simply propose a meeting of delegates from the various societies, for the purpose of canvassing and recommending measures that will advance the common interests of all concerned. Suppose, for instance, that this convention, on its assembling, should recommend that, in view of our present political status, and by advice of the friends of the South at Washington, the perpetuation of the organizations under the names they held in the Confederate army, that the wearing of distinctive badges and the celebration of funeral obsequies in public or military manner over our dead being impolitic, and serving but to place weapons in the hands of our and the President's unscrupulous enemies, the facts to be perverted by them at the North with fatal effect, that they be abandoned. This is an extreme view. But what would follow? No single recommendation, although voted for by every delegate from a particular society, would avail, unless concurred in and ratified by that and the remainder of the associations.

Having said thus much on the objections to the assembling of the convention, let me suggest a few questions which could well engage the attention of that body, should it assemble, and upon which any action would reach wants now felt by all:

1st. The incorporation under our law of the society, as a legal body, capable of appearing in court, and of accepting donations under cover of corporate name.

2d. The erection or lease of suitable buildings for a soldiers' home in the suburbs of the city, easy of access to our physicians, many of whom have offered their gratuitous services to those needing them, and a pleasant residence for those of the disabled who are willing to avail themselves of it.

3d. A general pension system for those incapacitated for labor, who cannot, on account of family or other reasons, be benefitted by the former institution.

4th. A system of general contribution for the promotion of these objects.

These are general objects, upon which every one can unite in a generous and zealous emulation; and when it is stated, as we see in the newspapers, that there are in the State of Alabama alone sixty thousand widows and orphans dependent on the charity of the federal government for their daily rations, the importance of instant and united action will be readily appreciated. The legislature of Alabama has already voted $300,000 for their relief, and her sister States have not been less munificent, if we except our own State, where paltry contribution of $20,000 has unfortunately been invested at Mandeville, a point so remote from this city as to preclude ready relief from the body of our scientific medical men and other material assistance, as well as depriving them of a ready market for the productions of their light labor. Can not the same catholic spirit which led us to mingle our blood upon the fields of the war, still serve to bind us together "with hooks of steel" in this holy undertaking? Our enemies, who have met us in battle, have the chivalry which is begotten by the profession of arms, and can not object to the spirit of comradeship which leads us to help to bear the burdens of our maimed and helpless heroes. Shall a false *esprit du corps*, a narrow sectarian contracted charity, limited to the ranks of our immediate associates, restrain us from the higher walks of an enlarged benevolence? Confederate.

The Prussian Bugbear.—A foreign letter, speaking of matters connected with the impending war, says:

These Prussian guns are well known in America—that is, as well known as anything can be which is kept so profound a secret. The explosive material which is used in manufacturing the cartridge is a compound of ingredients known only to one man, the inventor; and so determined is the government that the secret shall not escape, that that man is guarded night and day by a squad of twelve soldiers, every letter which he writes is inspected, and he is not allowed to communicate orally with any person, except in the presence of his guard. The same man has applied his invention to a different purpose than that of a cartridge, inflammable at the touch of a needle. He makes a kind of shell, not much larger than a bullet, which explodes after it enters the body of a man, tearing the limb to pieces with resistless force. These two secrets are supposed to make the Prussian army invincible.

The National Intelligencer, speaking of the brutal prize fight which occurred in the neighborhood of Washington on the 20th, says:

As a type of the lawlessness of the times, which should be brought sternly before the public, we have decided not to suppress an account of the "prize fight," so called, which took place yesterday a few miles below the city, on the Virginia bank of the Potomac. When things have arrived at that pitch among us that such transactions are remitted to the lower Potomac by reason of its notoriety at the North as being a region without the Union, and unguarded by usual law, then a question arises in just minds whether or not a state of political affairs giving vitality to such prurient ideas with the violent elements in human nature, should not arrest special attention. It is not to be disguised that political and social mischiefs are rife; that their seeds are scattered far and wide, and are springing up in most detestable forms.

Silk Culture.—The San Francisco (Cal.) Bulletin remarks:

Our readers scarcely need be told that recent attempts at silk culture in California have been uniformly successful. The climate is all that could be desired for the purpose; the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of the mulberry tree; Chinese labor, which is exactly adapted to that business, is abundant and cheap, and it is by no means improbable that our State may become the Italy or France of the United States, in point of silk culture.

The recent triumph of the Democracy in Massac county, Ill., was a splendid one. The Democrats gained more than 700 votes over the vote of 1864. The column moves on.

Foreign Items.

A new journal has appeared in Paris under the name of the Creditors' Moniteur, in which will be inscribed the names of all persons, no matter what their station, convicted of what tradesmen call "bad pay." The bad, the good, the uncertain, the slow, the sure paymasters of Paris, will each have a column in the Moniteur. Fifty of the first tailors and linen drapers have clubbed together for the publication. The only question remaining is the legality of the proceeding, and a deputation has waited on Jules Favre for his professional consideration. The uncertainty of the French law of libel renders the experiment a dangerous one, and Favre, with all his experience, was unable to solve the difficulty at once, but was compelled to ask for time to consider the question before answering it definitely.

A curious trial has just taken place in Berlin. On the occasion of the baptism of Prince Frederick Charles's son, then five weeks old, the Kreuz Zeitung published an article relating the part which each personage took in the solemnity. In reply the Bourse Gazette spoke more especially of "the conduct of the baby," demanding if it had been equal to the occasion so ably described by the other journal. The Gazette was in consequence seized; the tribunal admitted the plea of the public minister against the liberal newspaper for "an insult committed against a member of the royal family." The defendant demanded that doctors should be summoned to attend and decide if an infant five weeks old, although a prince, could be considered as a personage, and as having pursued any "conduct." The tribunal finally pronounced an acquittal, though blaming the defendant for his disregard of propriety.

The Paris Moniteur publishes a report from the minister of war to the Emperor, proposing modifications in the situation of ninety-eight fortified towns in France; the changes, he observes, have been rendered advisable by the development of railway communications in the empire. The minister proposes to divide these towns into four classes; in the first, consisting of eighteen, the military buildings only will be preserved; in the second, nine in number, the fortresses will be retained under military jurisdiction; in the third, thirty-seven, the zone beyond the external limit of the fortifications will be abandoned; and in the fourth class, consisting of thirty-four, the territory outside the defensive works, but subject to military servitude, will be decreased in extent. The Emperor has approved the modifications.

Dr. Lambotte, professor of natural history at the University of Brussels, has introduced a novel and agreeable method of studying botany and geology simultaneously. He has organized a class, consisting of his own pupils and members of the Linnean Society, and he proposes to make three excursions for the purpose of studying the influence of the geological constitution of the soil upon the vegetation at the three principal periods of the year, namely, summer, autumn and winter. The neighborhood around Namur is the ground chosen for exploration.

A certain spot in Seaford bay, Newhaven, England, has long been dreaded by the local fishermen, in consequence of their dredging nets having been repeatedly injured by some obstructions at the bottom. Last month the nets of a trawler were caught by this object, and after twelve hours' work, the crew succeeded in bringing up an ancient anchor of curious shape, encrusted several inches in thickness with live oysters, shells, seaweed, and an immense quantity of oyster spat.

In a note in the Journal de Chimie Medicale, M. E. Georges describes the results of his experience with petroleum ether. In certain women it produces violent giddiness, especially in those accustomed to a close atmosphere. This action is due to a peculiar principle which can be removed, and which acts principally on the brain and heart. Mr. Georges thinks that the low price and great volatility of this compound ought to render it extremely valuable for various purposes.

The eleventh census of France is in progress. The results are looked for with much interest, owing to the fact that, since 1801—the date of the last census—the country has been in an eminently prosperous condition. Of all the European nations, France shows the slowest rate of increase in population. The 27,000,000 of 1801 had only increased by 2,000,000 in 1861. During the same period, Great Britain increased from 10,000,000 to 21,000,000.

A singular case has just come before the French tribunals. A young girl, eleven years of age, attempted successively the life of her mother and sister, for the sole purpose of drinking their blood. The child has been examined by competent physicians, and proved to be attacked by the strange mania of anthropophagi. Her extreme youth leads the physicians to hope that her cure may be accomplished.

Last April there were sixty-five attempts at suicide in Vienna. Forty-seven were by men, fifteen by women, and three by children from nine to fourteen years of age. Twenty-two persons hanged themselves, fifteen drowned themselves, eleven took poison, and seven died of self-inflicted stabs.

The mausoleum in Hyde Park, London, erected in memory of Prince Albert, is partly finished. It is one hundred and sixty feet in height, and is to be surmounted by a statue of the Prince, upon which Marochetti is now engaged. The work has been going on for two years, and will occupy two more.

Fourpenny bank notes, to the amount of many millions of florins, have just been issued by the Austrian government to meet the requirements of daily life; and an immense increase of the paper money of higher denominations is daily expected.

It is said that the Dowager Lady Truro has bequeathed to the Princess Mary of Cambridge the whole of her fortune and her house in Eton square, which will be the future residence of the princess and her intended husband.

A microscopic marvel, from the La Carpenter collection, a cherry stone, upon which is carved a charge of cavalry, was sold last month by auction, at the Hotel Drouet, in Paris, for $200.

The International Social Science Association will meet at Florence, Italy, on the 23d of September next—if the war does not prevent.

The number of persons admitted to the British Museum shows a continual decrease. In 1465 the number was 570,000, or nearly 170,000 fewer than in 1859. The decrease in the number of visits to the reading room within the same period has not been less extraordinary.

A parliamentary return shows that 45,980 seamen's money orders for sums amounting together to £264,622 were paid at ports in the United Kingdom last year. These orders are now granted not only at home ports, but also at seven continental ports.

Mr. Peabody is now at Georgetown, Mass., and the Herald, published in the adjacent city of Newburyport, makes the following statement:

George Peabody is so annoyed by beggars that he is obliged to render himself as inaccessible as the Grand Lama. So great has been the "run on the bank" that the rule has been adopted by his sister not to have the bell answered at all, so that every one not sufficiently intimate to enter without ringing, no matter what their business, or with whom, must wait for a more convenient season. A large part of the applications are from churches, agents of missionary societies, associations for furnishing the ladies of Central Africa with furs and warming pans, and the Digger Indians with Buckle's History of Civilization and Newton's Principia. But many are modest personal requests for small sums from a hundred to three thousand dollars to pay off a mortgage, to buy a house, lot or small farm, to set up a store or a peddler's cart, or any imaginable thing for which money ever was or ever could be needed, so that if Mr. Peabody gave to all he would soon be a poor man, and have to start anew in the world.

We hope Mr. Peabody did not bring over his plate, for, if he did, who can tell what the Massachusetts militia may feel called on to do under the orders of their famous military chieftain Ben. Butler!

A Novel Visitor.—About ten days ago, a mare belonging to a farmer named John Hall, living in Shelby county, foaled a young colt which has the pleasure of possessing only three legs, the left fore leg being missing. Its manner of hopping along is truly ridiculous. It is constantly looking around for the absent limb, spinning on the right leg as an axis, and making a regular Colt's revolver of itself.—(Louisville Courier.

In an affray at Memphis, on the 17th, a man named Reagan, whose parents live at Algiers, in this parish, was killed. The Argus gives the following account of the murder:

Reagan was wounded by three balls—one taking effect in the upper part of the abdomen, and coming out at the left side; one in the muscle of the left arm, above the elbow; and the other in the large bone of the right leg, just below the knee. Rogan received only one shot, which entered the right breast, just above the heart, and ranged toward the left side. He ran up Gayoso street to Shelby, and, turning to the left, ran over to the house of engine No. 2, nearly opposite the Gayoso House. He passed through the engine-house, and fell near the back door.

The members of the company carried him up stairs, and a doctor was sent for immediately, but too late; he expired in a few minutes, after speaking only once. One of his old comrades, who had been with him years in the old fire company, and had stood side by side with him in the storm of battle that raged at Shiloh, and two or three other places, and again had been with him when in Forrest's cavalry, he scoured over the plains of half a dozen States on fierce raids, as he saw the dim gathering over his old friend's eyes, raised him up, and gazing into the fading face, asked him if he would send any message to any one. The dying man rallied an instant, "Tell them I am better," he said strongly—then sank back, and his eyes closed forever.

There is something so sad in the death of a young man, thus, at midnight and among strangers comparatively. True he has been about here many years, but his parents live in Algiers, near New Orleans, and are said to be highly respectable. Rogan, though reckless and wild, had many warm personal friends in this city, particularly among the firemen and steamboatmen. Only a few minutes before his death, he had gone out of the engine house, without a thought of the dim entry and trouble that awaited him.

Policeman Reagan remains in a critical condition. Strong hopes are entertained of his recovery, though he may die at any time. Thus we bring to a close another bloody chapter.

Saratoga.—There lies upon the other side of the Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in song and in story. It has given to the world more than its share of genius. Its brave and generous sons have fought all battles successfully but their own, and its history, like its harp, moves to tears by the melancholy story of its politics.—(S. S. Times.

A family fête of great rarity has just been celebrated at Dinuit, Morlaix, in honor of M. Wiergik. Counting grandfather, great-grandfather, whose united ages amounted to just 200 years, the husband being 103 and the wife 97. They were married on the 25th of May, 1761, and celebrated the 70th anniversary of their union.

DIED:

On Monday, June 25, of hemorrhage of the lungs, WESLY WEIR, aged about 19 years.

☞ New Albany, Cincinnati and Louisville papers please copy.

On the 26th June, 1866, Sergeant DENIS McNAMARA, aged 36 years, a native of Co. Roscommon, Twenty first Louisiana Volunteers, son of Denis McNamara and Mary Brown, a native of County Galway, Ireland, and a resident of this city for the last eighteen years, and member of the Louisiana library for ten years, arrived to the west.

His friends and those of his family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral from the residence of his parents, No. 306 Magazine street, THIS EVENING, 27th inst., at 5 o'clock.

At Jefferson, Texas, on Sunday morning, June 17th, ANNA ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. C. Dever and Anna M. Ross.

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Would respectfully inform their friends and the public that although their store, No. 61 Gravier street, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 16th inst., thanks to the exertions of the Fire department, some time, No. 56 Gravier street, is still in full operation, and they will duly continue to manufacture

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Prospectus.

The FIRST NATIONAL CHEMICAL WORKS COMPANY OF LOUISIANA is organized for the purpose of distilling, for the Pine Wood by the new process, and for the sale of the products realized therefrom. There is produced from Four Cords, so distilled, say, 20 gallons Spirits Turpentine, 50 gallons Oil, 100 gallons Pyroligneous Acid, 3 gallons Alcohol, 15 barrels Pitch or Resin, 1 barrel Tar, 500 feet Illuminating Gas, superior to that made from coal, and 20 bushels Charcoal. This, now little thought of may amount to some, is nevertheless true; and we expect to exceed the qu