New Orleans Daily Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL
—OF—
THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1866.

The Dying Officer.

BY MISS SUE W. SPOONER.

[From the Lynchburg Republican.]

The pale moon rose on the brow of night,
And her silver light was beaming
On the battle-field where the swords of the brave,
'Mid pools of blood were gleaming.
'Mid banners torn and broken shells,
A manly form was lying,
And his dark eye flashed as he turned his head
To gaze on the dead and dying.

"Men of the South!" burst from his lips,
"I feel I am dying now,
I feel the chilly dew of death
Steal o'er my throbbing brow.
You've followed your leader bravely boys,
Through this dark and fearful day,
Mid deadly fire and blinding smoke,
You have gallantly trod your way.

You are avenged—look o'er the field,
The vandal fee lies low;
Yes! those who thought to conquer us,
Are we turing in their gore.
The memory of the absent ones,
Comes sadly now I know,
To hearts that yearn in deadly pangs,
To greet the loved once more.

Where the Mississippi waters dash;
I, too, have left a wife,
And bright eyed boy, whose happiness
Is dear to me as life.
Oh! Lula, darling, I would give
All that this world possessed,
To fold once more thy lovely form
To this torn and bleeding breast.

Methinks I see thee sadly know,
In thy beauteous womanhood,
Standing beside the homestead door,
Where we have often stood,
Watching for his return,
In the sunset's dying glow,
Whose voice upon thy ear, alas!
Will fall again no more.

Our blood must flow, or all that's dear
Must ever in bondage be;
Sons of the South! say, will ye die
For these and liberty?"

A shout for freedom faintly rose,
On the dewy air of eve'n,
And ere it ceased, a spirit pure
Was borne from earth to heaven.
The voice was hushed, the dark eye closed,
The brave in death was sleeping,
While stars of a Southern sky looked down
Like sentinel angels weeping.

University, Va., Aug. 18.

Our Young Men

[From the Baton Rouge Gazette.]

An old and esteemed friend has placed at our disposal a couple of letters received from two of his sons, who are planting in Rapides parish. He points with a just sense of pride to those sons who have started out into the world with little other capital than that derived from an honest name, and a native will and ambition to overcome difficulties and carve out their own road to fortune. Their efforts, as will be seen from extracts taken from their letters, which we publish below, have been attended with proud success. They have set an example which it is to be hoped, will be extensively emulated by many others of their day and generation. The young gentlemen referred to, we may as well state, are the sons of Mr. Moses L. Bauer, of this parish. They went to Rapides last fall and set about getting a place, which they succeeded in doing, and at once commenced cultivating cotton, corn and sugar. Sickness and other obstacles being overcome, they have managed to realize pretty fair crops, and to establish a more promising basis for their next year's operations. Says one of them (Joseph), writing under date of October 12th:

"We are very busy now preparatory to grinding; are pulling corn and picking cotton; will finish both to-morrow. Will commence putting down seed cane on Monday, and expect to put down enough to plant 250 acres. I think we will start the mill on Monday week. Mr. Compton has been grinding all this week. Cane is very green, but is yielding more sugar than was anticipated. I think Sam will make about one hundred and twenty or forty hogsheads, and twenty-seven or twenty-eight bales of cotton; but expenses are quite high. Major C. started for the city yesterday to make arrangements for Sam, with a merchant who is willing to advance for us. We have not closed with the major yet, but it is about settled. Our debts will amount to about $25,000 before the year is over, but we will work on a margin of about $20,000, should the next prove a tolerably good crop year. The major is very kind and says his influence is at our favor, and sells us all the stock on credit, (twenty-five mules.)"

The other son (Samuel) writes in substance pretty much the same as his brother, adding the statement that they will also make about 2,500 bushels of corn, and that they would have made seventy or eighty bales of cotton but for the ravages of the worm; also, that the cane is rather short because of the drought there in August. The brothers have made their entire crop with twenty-seven working hands. "We are all working very hard," says Samuel, "and intend to make something, if close attention will effect it."

We can point, happily, to numerous such instances of enterprise and industry among the young men of the South, who, thrown upon their individual resources, are becoming the architects of their own fortunes and good name. Would that we could single out many more, however. There are yet too many lingering around our towns and villages, who seem to be either too lazy or too proud to learn or follow some honest manuel occupation whereby they might lead more honorable and useful lives, than such as drag them down to a level of mere animal sloth, or something worse. They consume without producing anything beneficial to themselves or society, and thus become burdens to the communities wherein they are found.

The necessities of the times more than ever demand that the young men of the land should rise above all low or negative ambition. In the young men of industry, self-reliance and energy, are centered the hopes and confidence of the people. In them is to be sought and found that only guidance to safety and that property which unfortunately for the country has been too often sought for in ever-changing and ever-scheming politicians.

Horace Greeley is an unfailing resource with the press, when in want of a bit of fun. The latest slap at him is by the New York World, which, under the caption "Horace Greeley as a Hen," discourses thus:

Horace Greeley long ago brought his turnip patch into literature. He has now introduced his poultry yard into politics. He literally cackles over the legislative nominations of his party for the current year; but being just as irrational in his capacity of hen as he usually has been in his capacity of human being, he cackles over that which would be a cause of sorrow and silence to every rooster and to every rooster's mate of principle and spirit. What barnyard bird of common intelligence would preclaim to the world the fact of her laying an addled egg? Yet this Horace Greeley does; not hesitating to speak of two-thirds and more of the last year's Republican legislators of New York as "bad eggs." There is a story of a child who wept bitterly at the notion of becoming an angel after death. "She did not want," she said, "to lose all her nice clothes and wear feathers like a hen!" It would be well for H. G. to imitate this infant, and content himself with his role of animal implume; not, indeed, that his taste in the toilet has ever reached much popular commendation, but because for a hen which, out of eighty-nine eggs, lays sixty-four bad ones, the veriest dinghill cock might well refuse to crow.

It is possible that the Prussians may be naturally a vonacious race; at any rate, while staying in an enemy's country, and at some one else's expense, they show no disposition to stint themselves. The little town of Aschaffenburg has just had the gratification of paying the following little bills: For the dinners of Gen. Vogel von Falkenstine on the 15th and 16th of July, 1274fl. 24kr.; for those of Gen. von Manteuffel, on the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th, 1478fl. 48kr.; for Gen. von Fleis, on the 20th and 21st, 296fl. 15kr.; and Gen. Manteuffel again on his return, for two dinners, 493fl. 27kr.; making a total, for the honor of feeding these Prussian generals for a week, of 3416fl. 17kr. (1422dl.,) or an average of above 200fl. each dinner. Gen. Vogel von Falkenstine has, in consequence of his exaction, received the nickname of "der raub Vogel!"—the bird of prey.

General Grant's pay is $18,678 per year, and Lieutenant-General Sherman's $13,515. Each is allowed forty horses. A major-general gets $3800 per year, and is allotted five horses. The pay of a brigadier is $2240.50.

Count Bismarck.

ACCOUNT OF AN AFTERNOON SPENT WITH HIM BY AN AMERICAN.

[Correspondence of the New York Tribune.]

BERLIN, September 13, 1866.—I am tempted write you about a man who is both well and ill to known in America—I mean Count Bismarck. It has happened that I have seen him three times, and once, at least in a way in which I suppose few other Americans have seen him. There is much that I should like to tell about himgthat would be of interest to all readers, and which yet, for conscience sake, I must forbear to say. To put private matters into print is an offense which I do not mean to commit for any temptation. If I do, on some points, speak freely of Count Bismarck, and repeat some things that I heard from his lips, it is because Count Bismarck is a historical character, is in public life, and the public curiosity about him may may properly be to some extent gratified. If I wanted a precedent for doing this I might find it in Emerson's "English Traits," with his sketches of Landor, Carlyle, Wordsworth and the rest. If Mr. Emerson could put them into a book, which will last forever, I may surely take an equal liberty in a newspaper letter, which today is, and to morrow is cast into the oven.

Anybody may see Bismarck who will go to the chamber of deputies here on a day when a matter of importance is debated. The crown ministers of the king sit behind a long, raised desk, facing the president, and Bismarck is at the right. The benches are partly upholstered with scarlet throughout the room, the light is dim, and the diplomatic gallery from which I looked down just the side of the hall, so that it is not easy to scan closely this famous face. You can see, however, that the portraits of him are bad, and then, hoping for a better view at another time, may betake yourself to noticing what goes on in the parliament. Here are three hundred, more or less, of the men whom Prussia has thought fittest to represent her in a critical period of her history. Elderly men and middle-aged are most numerous. The president, Herr Von Forckenbeck, who employed the distinction of having his name spelt three ways, and all wrong, in one paragraph of the Paris papers that announced his election, is one of the youngest in the assembly in looks, and likewise one of the strongest, with his forehead built out over his eyes and going up high and square. What proportion of scholars who are such professedly, there may be here, I do not know, but the body has a general air of culture, thoughtfulness and good sense.

The debate is not so interesting to me as it would be if I knew German, but a diplomatic friend at my side gives me the drift of it, and there is a language neither English or German, written on the faces of men, which, if you choose to study it, will tell you much. There are two good speeches, both from Liberals, and both on the side of the ministry. The two Liberals, who are such in every good sense of the word, were Simson and Dr. Loewe, of whom the latter is a physician of large practice and high repute, who in 1848 was president of the German Parliament at Frankfort. This House is something like ours in its inattention to a speaker of no weight, and one or two men who have already spoken can not get its ear at all, although each speaker makes a set business of his harangue by going into a tribune and reading from a manuscript. Dr. Loewe speaks in a compact, sincere public way, like one for a man who has opinions, and is heard with great attention. Herr Simson is gray, with a face in which benevolence and firmness are equally marked, and besides being a leader, has a reputation as an orator—or as a German friend classically puts it, a Rhetor. He got frequent applause. Bismarck pays close heed to his speech, and from time to time makes a note in a big bound on a big sheet of paper. Though Simson speaks in the matter for the ministry, he is not a partisan, and he boldly demands that the government to which he gives a support shall abandon henceforth all attempts at unconstitutional legislation. Bismarck looks as if he thought that might depend on circumstances—as, for that matter, the king in his speech-speech explicitly declared it would. The count sits with his right arm on the railing of the desk, and occupies himself in adjusting the full mustache which falls over his mouth.

The hands are noticeably well shaped, white and flexible, and when official papers are brought in, the long fingers extricate them from the large stiff envelopes with a deft and elegant grace, and you decidedly like to see the pains which the great minister takes to avoid disturbing the speaker who just at the moment is talking very Liberal politics. There was an expectation that Bismarck himself would speak, but we waited in vain, and came away without hearing him. Next day I saw the count by appointment for a few minutes in the ante-chamber of the House, and again in the evening at his residence. If this were a private letter, to be read only in that little room that leads out of the great room on the left, I should tell you just how I chanced to see the count, and about his house, and how he looked and talked, and what on the whole, I came to think of this celebrated person. Probably that would give you a better notion of the man than any formal letter that was written with the fear of your types before my eyes. If you please, Mr. G., we will put the public aside, and you be the public if you prefer. To you, I don't mind saying that I think it a piece of good fortune to have had this interview. The Prussian prime minister is the busiest man in Europe, and ten minutes of his time are worth much. When a kind friend who knows Count Bismarck well, gave me a cordial letter of introduction, I thought it probable that I might get five minutes speech of him, with a good chance to look into his face. Instead of which, nearly two hours were granted me, and without any questioning on my part—for there is an etiquette in Europe about such matters—Count Bismarck was good enough to touch on many points of Prussian and European policy, and of his own history and personal relation to the events of the last four years.

All attempts at personal description I might as well leave unwritten, for, as a rule, there is nothing gives one so meager a notion of a man's personal appearance as an inventory of his features—except a photograph. There are a few small photographs of Bismarck, none good, and a big lithograph that is smooth and softened into a simpering prettiness, as unlike the original as possible. You are at once reminded of Grant, well's fierce demand that he should be painted as he was: "If you leave out a single wart or wrinkle I will not give you a shilling." Cromwell's face certainly was not a beautiful one, and Lely, if he pr were, might be expected to say Bismarck's face is a far better one than any of the pictures make it. Not regular at all, scored with deep lines, brows and eyebrows heavy, gray eyes, full, large and well apart, with cavernous dark circles underneath, mouth much hidden under the mustache, the jaw not square but strong, the head of prodigious breadth at the temples, and rising dome shaped high in the air. The pictures do not show it fully, because the brow is wide and high, but the head is something like that of Pericles, for whom the wits of Athens were never tired of inventing nick-names to describe its bulbous shape. The cranioloogists, if I be happy to find them, in illustration of their theories; there is no denying that both Pericles and Bismarck were men in whom revolution was a prominent trait. It is shown in every line of this face, not less than by the greatarch of the skull. The countenance is genial as well as resolute; the mouth breaks readily into a smile, and the eyes grow kind when you with them welcome, and have sunlight in them. Head and face are carried erect, rather more than six feet from the ground, on broad, square shoulders; chest of great depth; rest of the figure muscular and elastic.

The diplomatist is a soldier as well, and the military bearing is conspicuous. Over all is the air of good birth and breeding which is natural to one whose ancestry goes back 600 years. We so much abuse the word "gentleman" in America, that I hate to use it, but it belongs to Count Bismarck, without regard to his title, or station, or fame. No collection of details suffice to convey any notion of the sense of power with which one is impressed at first, and which is never lost. Most celebrated persons whom one meets do not quite come up to their reputation. They are capable of doing great things, but the men themselves are not very great. At the risk of seeming to say too much, I shall venture to say of Count Bismarck that he is more than he does, and that here is a man who is superior without effort, and rules over others by a prominent natural endowment, and not by help of position or good luck, or by knowing how to use the talents of others, which latter is a faculty which creates many a military reputation especially.

Notwithstanding all which, the opinion we have in America that Bismarck is king in Prussia, and that the other is king only in name, is a wrong opinion. The royal authority is a positive fact in this country, and would be so with even a weak king on the throne.

But a ruling monarch, though not a man of great intellect, is a man of strong will, has a mind of his own on all public matters, and will not, if he can help it, be led blindly about, nor submit himself readily to the guidance of any one. He requires to be persuaded, and will do no public act till he sees, or thinks, he sees, it is in accordance with his own views. There is no country in Europe where the two millions of Ninety rule are more potent, and no king who abides more firmly by his own convictions, based upon hereditary opinions. In the divine-right and Grace of God theories he believes profoundly. There was nothing from which he more shrank than a war with Austria, which was to him the natural ally of Prussia and the representative of monarchism in Europe. It was step by step that he advanced to the collision which his pride as a king and his judgment as a politician both told him was against his interests. But William is soldier as well as king, and when affairs came to such a crisis that he deemed his honor as an officer pledged to war, then, and then only, was war possible. It has been, one may suppose, not the easiest part of Count Bismarck's task for the last four years, to conduct along his own path, which led inevitably, though not visibly, to war with Austria, such a man as King William.

Much was said about the king, which I must omit. The very interesting narrative which Count Bismarck gave of the circumstances attending his accession to office four years ago, and of his interview with the king—these also must be passed over. I will only add that while the minister president evidently finds his abilities often tasked to persuade the king into his views of foreign and home policy, Count Bismarck, as a Prussian, is animated by a sentiment of loyalty perfectly genuine. He may speak of the king at times with some freedom, but he will always serve him faithfully. "You, as a Republican," said Count Bismarck, "can not understand the feeling with which, when called to the ministry, I proffered my services to the king. For four or five years my ancestors had served his. That I should tell him when I thought him wrong, was not less necessary than that so long as I continued minister I should obey. When it became impossible to obey, it was possible to resign." There is a contrast here which will not fail to suggest itself. On one side the ministry conducting the king step by step along the path he would not tread for one instant could he but see whither it led; on the other, the subject professing and sincerely feeling the utmost loyalty to his sovereign. This is none the less human nature because it happens to be a contradiction. It is true, also, that loyalty to the crown is a national sentiment among Prussians, and that the throne of the Hohenzollerns stands firmer to day than that of any royal house in Europe. I have heard from Liberals expressions of attachment to the king, as king, which would surprise those who are accustomed to think of Liberalism and Republicanism as one.

That Count Bismarck's opinions on constitutional government are not likely to find favor among those of us in America who believe in a government founded on ideas, I am very sure; but such as they are I give them. In respect to Prussian affairs, the question was considered in some detail, but the general statement is, at least, compact and lucid. "In a government by written constitution there is no such thing as an absolute right on either side. A right absolute in terms must be subject to limitation in practice when its exercise comes in collision with another right equally perfect in theory, as most often be the case. Both are rights, but their co-enjoyment may prove quite impossible; then one must give way, and the welfare of the State must determine which. Be sure that in a parliamentary constitutional government, if you adopt the maxim *fiat justitia pereat mundus*, it is the *pereat mundus* that will always come upon you."

The conversation touched briefly on American topics. "In our relations with the United States I never had a doubt. The Tory party in Prussia, to which I am supposed to belong, at the outbreak of your war, besought the king to recognize the South. I opposed it indexibly. To me it was clear that the North only could be the true ally of Prussia; with the South we had nothing in common. The government of Prussia never wavered in its friendship for years. [The sentence was uttered proudly, and the burning eyes flashed brighter then even.] It is a traditional policy with us. Frederick the Great was, I think, the first European sovereign to recognize your independence. I am heartily glad to know that America understands and reciprocates the friendly feeling we have steadily maintained."

And here follows a curious statement—a fact not known to me before, and I think unpublished in America. "At the beginning of your war," said Count Bismarck, "Austria was stronger than we on the water, and Italy was not sure to us. It was proposed to me that the leading Southern naval officers should join us with 5000 men and suitable vessels. They were not to come at all as the Confederate navy, but as individuals, and the most eminent officers among them were included in the offer. I consulted your minister to know whether an acceptance of this offer would be offensive to the American government. Mr. Wright was in doubt, and wrote to Washington. He received instructions to oppose the scheme, and I at once declined having anything to do with it. Sentence made the proposal."

Berlin has a store of anecdotes about Bismarck from his youth up, illustrating his extraordinary personal courage and strength. In respect to the attempted assassination, I heard some details on better authority than gossip. The story which the English papers sent us that Count Bismarck wore armor was not true. He was walking along the Linden—the place was afterwards shown to me—when he heard a shot fired near him, to which he paid no attention. A second shot within a few feet caused him to turn round, and he realized the situation. I suppose no man was ever less at a loss what to do in such an emergency; and indeed it is evident enough that nothing but quickness and resolution saved the count's life at that moment. The assassin was only a yard or two off, his finger on the trigger for the third shot; Bismarck sprang upon him, seized him by the shoulders, and, as the pistol exploded for the third time, violently whirled him half round, so that the shot just grazed his, and so for two more shots he held his victim up by the force of his grasp, he jerked him from side to side and finally threw him on the pavement.

It all happened in three seconds—the police came, the man was carried off, and Bismarck went his way. There is a point in which they show you one of the bullet's deep mark. At Konigsgratz, in that crucial hour, when the attack of Prince Frederick Charles had been repulsed, and the crown prince had not yet arrived upon the field, they say all men despondent, save Bismarck alone. The Prussian army was very near defeated; it was known then and now, but Bismarck, say those who were about him, through those two hours of intensest suspense and anxiety, were light-hearted and confident as ever. We have nothing to do with the matter, but I mention as a thing whispered in military circles, that Prince Frederick Charles is believed to have attacked two hours sooner than he was ordered in the hope to finish the battle and win the victory before the crown prince could come up.

Count Bismarck's endurance is another of his extraordinary qualities. Berthier says of Napoleon that during a campaign he allowed himself but four hour's sleep out of the twenty-four. In the campaign of Koniggratz Bismarck slept but eight hours in three days. Before it ended he was for a year scarcely less demand upon his energies, and how it is since and now I have above indicated. A man cannot stand this forever; the deep lines in Bismarck's face, (lines, perhaps if burned it with hot iron), the bloodshot eyes and occasional attacks of neuralgia, show that the wear and tear are made inroads every day upon his iron constitution. As I conclude this letter—much later, owing to circumstances, than I began it—the session of Parliament is at an end, and though negotiations are still in progress, Count Bismarck has left Berlin for a month's rest.

I trust he may return with fresh strength. No man's life is more necessary to Germany and to Europe. It ought to be understood in America that the hopes of Liberalism in Germany—at least all near hopes—hang upon its once most dreaded enemy. I do not offer this as my opinion; I but repeat the declarations made to me by the most support Liberals in Germany. There was no dissenting voice among them. When, the day after this conversation, Count Bismarck was confined to his room, and he was reported dangerously ill, there was extreme solicitude on the part of the Liberals. "If Bismarck dies, what becomes of our party and of Germany?" said they. Their support is given to him in Parliament almost without restriction, and where there is a difference between the government and the Liberals, it arises not from a distrust of Bismarck, but from a dread of his removal, and of putting unchecked power over the finances into the hands of the junker or tory ministry which would succeed him. I can not doubt that Bismarck deserves the confidence thus reposed in him. From my interview with him I brought away the conviction that he is a man of absolute sincerity. He his policy right or wrong, he believes in it, and in himself, and he has got all hearts in the State to what time pleased his ear. G. W. S.

ROMANCE.—Some months since one of our counter-jumpers (a fine young man) fell in with a bonnie lass—pleasing and pretty—the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of our immediate neighborhood. After a courtship of several months, Ind and lassie became engaged. But the lassie "parient" objected. Time rolled on. The loves went hither and thither. About a month since our lad was informed by lassie the stern "parient" had selected a partner for her from among her "country cousins," and had informed her that on Wednesday (the one just passed) she must unite her destiny with that of the "cousin." The lovers, therefore, decided to elope on the evening previous to said Wednesday.

Our lad threw up his situation; the evening came; he was on hand with horse and buggy to convey the loved one to Delaware, and thence to the ears. The ladder was raised, as also her window, when, lo! the bubble burst. The sunshine of happiness was gone for every. The watchdog was aroused. Our lad was compelled to beat a hasty retreat amid the execrations of the enraged "parient," who had awakened to the reality without. Lassie penciled a note pledging faithfulness, and, ere she could be placed under closer surveillance, cast it to our disappointed. Scrawled what would have been.

The next day came, and the "parient" exercised such control, by threats, over his daughter, that, ere sunset she was the wife of the unloved "cousin."—[Cincinnati Commercial.

A GLADSTONE STATUE.—A statue of Mr. Gladstone is to be erected in Liverpool.

PARTNERSHIP—DISSOLUTION

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE—THE SUBscribers have formed a copartnership in the city under the firm of Jones, Lassiter & Co., for the purpose of transacting an Auction and general Commission Business, at No. 51 Carondelet street, and respectfully offer their services for the sale of Real Estate, Stock, damaged Cargoes, Manufactures' Goods, Repossessing Sales, etc.
SAMUEL JONES,
L. B. LASSITER,
F. B. LOPEZ.
November 1st, 1866.

DISSOLUTION—THE FIRM OF WOLF & PRETTO has been dissolved by the death of David Pretto. The undersigned has been appointed by the Court to liquidate the business of said Partnership, and will hereafter continue the same in his own name, at No. 60 Camp street, and in Bank Place.
GEORGE G. WOLF.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE—THE UNDERsigned formed a Copartnership on the 1st of July last, under the name and styled HALL, YOUNG & CO., for the transaction of a general Saddlery and Harness business, at Nos. 87 and 89 Common street.
R. A. HALL,
JOHN YOUNG, JR.
New Orleans, Oct. 25, 1866.

COPARTNERSHIP—L. PICK AND SIMON WILKOWSKI have this day entered into a Copartnership under the style of L. PICK & CO., to carry on the Mercantile Business, No. 37 Magazine street.
L. PICK,
S. WILKOWSKI.
New Orleans, October 23d, 1866.

COPARTNERSHIP—ON THE FIRST INSTANT, C. H. OGLESBY was admitted a member of the firm of W. R. GREENE & BROS.
The style of the firm will hereafter be
GREENE, OGLESBY & CO.

NOTICE—THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE FORMED A copartnership under the style of SMITH & RELF, for the purpose of carrying on the Coal business.
JOHN E. SMITH,
J. MILTON RELF,
Offices, corner Carondelet and Gravier streets.

NOTICE.....NOTICE.
The Copartnership of CHALMERS & BOON was dissolved by mutual consent on the 30th June.
A. H. CHALMERS is alone authorized to liquidate the affairs of the concern.
A. H. CHALMERS.
U. S. BOON.

THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between the undersigned, under the name of W. CORPREW & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. W. CORPREW will continue the business under the same name and style.
W. CORPREW.
J. N. WHITE.
New Orleans, October 4, 1866.

COPARTNERSHIP—COPARTNERSHIP
The undersigned have formed a Copartnership, under the styles of McCOMBS & HARDY, for the transaction of a General Provision and Grocery Business, at No. 33 Natchez street.
W. McCOMBS.
September 1, 1866. P. A. HARDY.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE FORMED A Copartnership under the style of SZYMANSKI & CO., for the purpose of storing and compressing Cotton in the Szymanski New Cotton Press, corner of Hevia and Levee streets, Third District.
M. SZYMANSKI.
E. T. PARKER.
All orders left in our box at No. 48 Union street, at the office of Messrs. Williams, Nixon & Co., will be promptly attended to.
New Orleans, Sept. 1st, 1866.

NOTICE—HAVING WITHDRAWN FROM BUSiness, my son H. W. KLOPPENBURG succeeds me, and will continue the business in his name, the undersigned is not liable to contracts made by partners in commerce.
H. KLOPPENBURG.
New Orleans, June 28, 1866.

SCHOOLS—FOR BOYS.

LAVENDER'S COLLEGE—
N. E. CORNER BAMPART AND HENRILLE.
MR. LAVENDER respectfully announces to his friends and the public that his Classes were resumed in September at the above address.
Parents are invited to inspect the well ventilated Class Rooms and Dormitories.
For terms and Prospectus apply at College from 12 M. to 1 P. M., and from 4 to 5 P. M.

DOLBEAR COMMERCIAL COLLEGE—
CORNER CAMP AND COMMON STS.,
—IN THE—
Spacious and Elegant "Story Building."
In consistently its session under eight able Professors. It will be founded in 1852, and is chartered by the State. Its former students may be found as Principals or Book-keepers in a large portion of the old houses of this city, and over the Southern States. Ladies or Gentlemen can attend the COMMERCIAL COURSE, or Book-keeping, Penmanship, Mathematics, English, French or Spanish. A business education that enables one to earn $2000 or $3000 annually, is the best fortune parents can give their sons. We have ample arrangements for 100 students. Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call.
RUFUS DOLBEAR, President.

A LIMERT LYON'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS
CHATAWA, PIKE CO., MISS.
New Orleans and Jackson Railroad.
Circulars may be obtained on application to ROBERT PITKIN, No. 13 and 15 Camp street, New Orleans.

SCHOOLS—YOUNG LADIES.

ST. CHARLES INSTITUTE—
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,
104 Bourbon Street,
Opposite the Opera House.
Mme. Mace begs to announce that her Institute will open for the session of 1866-7, on MONDAY, September 3d, 1866, when she hopes to see the pleasant return of her pupils and to impressible to their respective parents all advantages of the extensive and superior course designed for them.
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New Orleans, August 15, 1866.

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