The New Orleans Crescent.

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SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 15, 1868.

Count Ernest Von Klettenberg.

Count Ernest, of Klettenberg, rode once on a Sunday morning to a great drinking match at Etrick. Many knights were invited thither to drink for a prize; the reward offered was a gold chain. The old, well-proved knight continued drinking for many hours, until the victory should be decided; and one here, another there, fell under the influence of the monstrous bumpers, and were laid on the floor as poor weaklings, amid the loud scornful laugh of their companions. At length only Ernest, of Klettenberg, could keep on his feet, who seizing triumphantly the gold chain which lay on the table, hung it around his neck. To show himself to the people as victor, he tottered out of the hall, and ordered his horse to be brought. Four esquires lifted him into the saddle, and he rode, amid the cries of the multitude, on his way home to Klettenberg. As he passed through the suburbs he heard vespers being sung in the church of St. Nicholas. Count Ernest, in his drunken frenzy, rode through the open door through the congregation, straight up to the altar. The song of devotion passed first into dumb astonishment, and then into a wild scream. But not long did Count Ernest enjoy his outrage. For, as the spurred horse trod on the steps of the altar, lo! its four shoes fell off, and it sank down together with its rider. In perpetual remembrance of this event, the four horse shoes were nailed to the church door, where they remained for ages, an object of wonder, on account of their size and of that awful catastrophe.

[Traditions of the Harz.

"Ho, bring me a horse," Count Ernest cried,
"The better the day, the less the sin!
To the nobles' drinking match I'll ride,
And the golden chain I'll win."

Bright shone the sun on that Sabbath morn,
And sweet on the wings of the balmy air
To his ears the sound of bells was borne,
That called the people to prayer.

And as he rode down the village street,
Under the lindens that met o'erhead,
He passed a crowd of worshipers neat,
And thus to himself he said:

"To the dolts who toil in shop and field
Well may the priest chant a pious mass,
To Bacchus slone the knee I'll yield,
Where his brimming beakers pass.

"When was the drinker could vie with me?
The better the day, the less the sin!
I, lord of this drinking match will be,
And this golden prize will win."

Right in the middle of Etrick town,
Known every where for its rare old wine,
Stands the antique hostel, high and brown—
"*Zum Schwarzen Adler*" its sign.

Over the door of the honored inn,
Between two towering poplar trees,
Swings the double eagle, black and grim,
And creaks in the morning breeze.

Within the door, as Count Ernest passed,
"The more the sin the better the day!"
As though two trumpets had blown a blast,
He heard the grim eagle say.

Little he heeded the warning there,
"The better the day, the less the sin!"
He said, as he climbed the broad stone stair
To the grand hall of the inn.

Writ on the walls of the paneled hall,
Each portrait under and battle scene,
Was a line that told the story all,
And heraldic shields between.

Why did the count, as he stepped within,
Read, in each line that he knew so well,
"The better the day, the more the sin!"
Let his startled conscience tell.

He rubbed his eyes, and he turned away
To join the revelers in the hall,
At table, whereon the gold chain lay,
But staggered as like to fall;

For, lo! as he looked, he saw the chain
Entwist and twine till he read once more,
In its glittering folds, the warning plain,
That thrice had been given before.

He snatched it up—and he flung it down—
What devil possessed that golden chain?
It writhed and writhed till it settled down
In the self-same words again.

A deadly pallor his face o'erspread,
Like stone he stood—they rushed to his side;
"Count Ernest von Klettenberg, art thou dead,
Or art thou alive?" they cried.

"Fee! here is the red, red wine, good count.
'Tis the oldest and best in the inn;
Its rose to thy ashen cheek will mount—
Come, now shall the match begin?"

They soothed his fears, his color returned
With every draught of the blood-red wine,
He drank the deeper that memory burned
With the impress of that line.

All day they drank, till the sun withdrew
His last soft beam from the quiet land;
Of the many who came were left but few—
Count Ernest alone could stand.

Among the slumberers on the floor,
Not one to dispute his right was there;
He seized the chain, passed out at the door,
And reeled down the broad stone stair.

Four stalwart men set him on his steed,
One touch of the spur, a tightened rein,
He dashed down the street with lightning speed,
On his neck the golden chain.

Better thou never had'st seen this day,
Or touched, Count Ernest, the sparkling bowl,
For all the masses the priests may say
Cannot save thy sinful soul!

Nearing the church of St. Nicholas,
He heard the tones of its solemn bell,
And the voices in the evening mass
Upborne on the organ swell.

What frenzy possessed his daring soul?
He spurred his steed through the open door—
The hymn was hushed, and the organ roll,
But the bell tolled as before.

Down the central aisle he urged his steed,
Where shone the altar, ablaze with light—
A reckless rider, a shrinking steed,
And the people dumb with fright.

When lo! as he reached the altar stair,
Wide opened the marble floor in twain,
And swallowed both steed and rider were,
Nor ever were seen again.

Four shoes of a horse, found on the floor,
All that was left in the church, they say,
Beneath these words are nailed to the door:
"Keep holy the Sabbath day."

H.

PREMIUM PHOTOGRAPHS.—A visit to Mr. W. W. Washburn's gallery, 113 Canal street, and a calm criticism of his display of pictures, will convince the artist, much less the uncultivated eye, as to the justice of the award to him of the first premium at the recent fair, as a testimonial of his skill as a photographer. In the artistic execution of his science Mr. Washburn has few equals, and his prices are in accordance with the hard times in money matters. If you want a likeness of yourself worth preserving, go to 113 Canal street and give Mr. Washburn a sitting, and we are sure that your every expectation will be realized.

STEALING.—Several of our citizens have lately had their hen-houses broken open and robbed, while enjoying "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Wednesday night one of these midnight thieves visited the premises of a colored man named Henry, and attempted to break into his hen-house. The noise aroused Henry, who went out with his rifle; the thief ran and he fired, hitting him, we learn, in the leg, when he caught and brought him to his house. It proved to be a boy about fifteen years of age. He gave the boy a good thrashing and told him to go to his "anxious mammy." One of the colored lookers on advised the young thief to hasten home, as the "old folks" wanted chicken for their breakfast.

[Planters' Banner.

Insure your life in the Globe Mutual Insurance Company of New York, a company that is reliable and its premiums liberal. J. C. Shipley, agent, 17 Carondelet street, New Orleans.

SUMMER IS COMING.—Ballejo has just received a large lot of Scotch ale, London porter and lager beer.

Fifty dollars! Sloat elliptic sewing machine triumphant. Highest premium Louisiana State Fair. For sale at 87 Canal street.

Written for the Sunday Crescent.]

BARTRELLE.

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.

The road or route into which the column now debouched was entirely without habitations. It ran through a light forest, across hills and valleys; and aside from the faintly traced foot-path, there was no guide to the point they were endeavoring to reach. This path they pursued in single file and in utter silence. Now and then a glimpse of the scouts could be caught at the far end of a long stretch, skirting the bushes or stooping behind the cover to reconnoitre the way in advance.

Close by the side of Bartrelle rode the boy; his face was turned in earnest scrutiny to that of the captain. Emotions strange and powerful were visible on his finely cut features. There was on them a deep, passionate anxiety, which would have arrested at once the attention of the beholder.

Bartrelle became aware at last that he was being watched by the young man with an intentness that ordinary curiosity would not alone have prompted. It was by that intuitive consciousness which all of us have at some period of our lives experienced, but which in itself is indescribable. Turning suddenly on the youth, he encountered this profoundly searching and anxious gaze fixed full upon him. The boy did not blush nor turn his head away. There was a mourful, yearning tenderness about it that went directly to the heart of the observer. It was such a look as a mother might bestow on her only born, ensnared by danger and yielding to a deadly peril; such a gaze as sometimes rests for a burning moment above the face of the departed, as the sorrowing soul gives out the requiem of the broken hearted.

Bartrelle could stand that look no longer, but bending in his saddle until his chestnut curls mingled with the jetty locks that gleamed on the boy's temple, he asked in a low thrilling whisper,

"Is Zera sad to-night?"

"Could I be glad, when you are in peril? Oh, Richard! how my heart has throbbed for this meeting, and to find you thus menaced," she replied in the same low, cautious tone.

"Why, Zera, this is nothing—it is mere child's play. If I have to encounter no greater danger than this midnight march through the woods, I shall esteem myself more than fortunate. Come, dash away that care-worn look and tell me all the news—how came you here?" and Bartrelle looked at her with a half roguish smile that chased her fears away.

"It is too long a story to repeat to you here. You must wait for our halting place, and I will tell you every thing. But how did you penetrate my disguise? I thought you would not know me."

"No fear of that; I knew you the first moment I saw you; but of course I did not betray your identity. The men think you are some friend whom I have been long expecting.'

"I observed as much," she said.

"But tell me Zera," and Bartrelle's utterance came quick and short, as one whose heart leaps and quivers eagerly for the answer, "how is Laura?—is she well?—when did you see her last?—what said she? Did you tell her you were coming to see me and sent she no word?"

"What a multitude of questions? Why I can't remember the half of them," was the laughing reply. "But stop; don't frown. Laura is well; I saw her but a few days since, and have a letter for you from her; but stop; you can't have it now—you must curb your impatience until we get to camp;" and the now reassured youth clapped his hands and laughed at Bartrelle's perplexed and dissatisfied look.

But he had not long to wait. The horses and men were tired with their long, fatiguing march. Alas! their powers of endurance were nearly at an end. They had been for nearly twenty-four hours without food or rest, for it was nearly daybreak now, and they could hold out but little longer. One by one the horses began to lag, until the greater number of them followed, with tottering steps, hundreds of yards in the rear. It was in vain to contend against nature. The men, too, absolutely needed repose.

So orders were given to halt, and the men glided from their saddles and immediately commenced arranging the camp and picketing their steeds.

The ground they occupied was on the crest of a hill, and a little rivulet glided along its base. Tall, thick trees covered the ground and afforded them shelter. It was such a place as a wearied, exhausted troup would have preferred to all others. Pickets were stationed and guards set, and the tired men and exhausted horses sought refreshment and repose.

CHAPTER XII.

"A purple land, where law secures not life."
BYRON.

"And, so you have read your letter?"

"Yes, and am very grateful for your kindness in bringing it," and Bartrelle looked up into the face that bent above him, and his gratitude spoke in his eyes.

The light, boyish figure was clad in a suit of iron gray cloth of the finest and most costly texture, and made in a style of the most fashionable and finest workmanship. The closely fitting, elegant pantaloons were fastened at the waist by a belt of white patent leather, adorned by a large, curiously wrought gold buckle. In the belt were placed a silver-mounted Colt's revolver and a long, keen-bladed Spanish knife. His roundabout bore on its sleeves and collar a golden braid, nearly half an inch in width, fantastically curved and twisted into a beautiful network of embroidery, and which gave to the garment a picturesque and novel appearance, half civil, half military, at once attractive and becoming. On his head he wore a light, white cassimere cap, without ornament, if we may except the curiously worked golden filagree that clasped it as a band. Nicely finished, beautiful patent leather boots covered the small, girlish feet.

The *tout ensemble* of this young Arab of the camp made one recall the description Scott has given to the young firebrand of Rokeby's train, Redmond O'Neil:

"A form more active light and strong,
No'er shot the ranks of war along."

Bartrelle surveyed the lad from head to foot with an amused and quizzical smile, which brought a blush, quick and feverish to the brow of the youth.

We must find another name for you, Zera; the one you bear but ill comports with that masculine attire. What do you say to Taylor? You would pass very well for Laura's brother and my cousin," remarked Bartrelle, anxious to relieve Zera from the consciousness of the look which a moment before had so sensibly affected her. "As the son of my uncle, I can keep you always near me; if, indeed, you still refuse to listen to my entreaties and return to St. Louis."

"No, no! that is out of the question. I will not leave you. For good or for evil, we remain together. I will be your orderly, scout, spy, any and everything; but I will not leave you. As to the name, it is best to represent me as your young cousin; and, indeed, Laura and I had already fixed upon that before I left;" as he thus spoke, the countenance of the youth glowed with animation, and his passionate utterance came from the lips low and stern, as of one who had taken his resolution, and whatever the result might be, was determined not to be driven from it.

But whatever the motives that prompted him to this resolution they were unknown to all, but those most deeply interested. The tie that bound these two beings together was a mystery. None save themselves and Bartrelle's relatives knew it. Standing here by his side dressed in male attire there was a strange resemblance between them.

The one was blond, fair and eminently Saxon in his complexion, with light chestnut hair and blue eyes; and the other it was true was dark, brunette, almost olive in the tint inherited in the far off clime from which she had strayed. But the contour of features were the same—the same cast of head—the same proud flexible lips; and but for that dark Eastern beauty contrasting so pointedly with the pure Saxon type beside it, even a casual observer would have pronounced them nearly related.

The same dreamy, melancholy look, had stolen to the faces of each, as now with their eyes resting on the ground both seemed given up to profound abstraction. Perhaps the thoughts of both were straying far away to that land beyond the sea, where the father of Bartrelle had horribly perished in his early manhood, and where the scent of the nut-groves and the olives mingle with the breezes that blew around the house that had cradled the strange youth's infancy.

From this transient abstraction they were both aroused by a soldier who approached Bartrelle, and said—

"Captain, the scouts have returned and wish to report!"

"Let them come here then," and the man retired to carry to his comrades the message of their chief.

"Who are they?" questioned the youth.

"They are the same I sent out this morning to examine the fords and ascertain if our change of route had been discovered. If every thing goes well—that is, if we are not interrupted—we will reach head-quarters to-night."

"I am anxious to get there too," continued Bartrelle, "for from what I learn I think the General designs to make an advance and I would not miss being with him then for anything conceivable. Have you heard within a day or two whether a junction has been formed with the troops under McCulloch?"

"Yes, I so understood; but know nothing of its truth."

"Then there will be a battle very soon. The General with such forces as this will give him command of, will not remain inactive very long. But here comes Jones and Graham. Well, what news do you bring? Are the roads safe?"

"Yes, captain, I think we've put 'em off the track this time. We went nigh about ten miles and havn't seen a sign. I reckon the thing can be did; leastways we can't discover why it can't."

"That will do then; get your breakfast as soon as you can, and we will resume the march. I am very anxious to reach head-quarters to-night."

The men retired and soon active preparations were going on to break up the camp. Bustle and noise usurped the place of ease and quietude. Horses were saddled and bridled, and accoutrements prepared for the march. Those who preferred sleep to refreshment were hastily aroused and ordered to get their breakfast. It was difficult to tell where another could be obtained. Perhaps for sometime their last meal was eaten. Danger and death beset them on every side, and peril by shot and flood was as familiar in their wild, adventurous life, as the air they breathed. But such thoughts as these rarely entered their minds. In present enjoyment, these men of toil and danger, little recked what was reserved for to-morrow. And yet with all this, a soldier's life is charming. Attractions are around it, to which all the perils to which it is incident, cannot destroy. The love of excitement and adventure is inherent in the American heart. Our natures would stagnate without it. It is this irrepressible instinct which levels our wildernesses, peoples our prairies, and gives to the world the hardy pioneers whose deeds of adventurous daring have thrown around the story of our Western land a combination of romance and chivalry as brilliant, though rough and unrefined, as can be found in the annals of the Crusade, or the wild legends of the Rhine.

In less time than it has taken us to write these incidents the squadron was got ready to move. The shrill note of the bugle sounded "boot and saddle," and the long column resumed the march. The same precautions as on the night before were still observed in the advance.

It was a long and toilsome journey they had before them, but not one to which they were unaccustomed. Along the road there were no signs of the enemy, and this of itself was somewhat dispiriting to the soldiers. Indeed, the prospect of a fight would have cheered them up, and relieved to no inconsiderable extent the monotony of their journey. The fatigues of the previous night would have been forgotten in an instant or remembered only as the counterpart of an excitement whose zest had already become so indispensable to them. Unlike Agis and Cleomines, these brave required no barbarous sacrifices to keep up their courage—they erected no temple to the godess of Fear; but in the righteousness of the cause they felt to be just, they were willing and anxious to encounter all opposers.

But before their journey was ended they were destined to experience all of the excitement which a long chase and a severe struggle was capable of affording them.

[To be Continued.]

GENUINE IMPORTED CIGARS.—It is so universally known by the good people of our State and city that Mr. Jose Domingo does only an importing business, that had it not been for the card published in another column, we should have thought it useless to mention the fact. He imports directly from Havana all his stock, which consists of the finest brands manufactured. Being one of the oldest and heaviest importers in the city, he is able to extend liberal advantages to the trade. His wholesale depot is 44 Canal street, and retail store St. Charles Hotel.

Abyssinian Expedition—A Despondent View of its Progress and Prospects.

[From the London Times, February 17.]

The last intelligence from Abyssinia is not likely to gratify the public at home. The cost of the expedition is exceeding in magnitude all estimates of the probable charge; little progress is reported from the scene of war; our expected allies have been driven from the field; our enemy is said to have recovered possession of his stronghold, and the Egyptian forces are pursuing a course which must almost necessarily create trouble in one way or another. None of these difficulties, it is true, can be described as unforeseen, but it is hard to contemplate without dismay the prospects of certain cost which are opened before us. It is now actually stated, and with some appearance of authority, that the expense of freight and transport alone between Bombay and Abyssinia, exclusive of the charge for coal, amounts to £392,000 a month. In other words, we are spending money at the rate of nearly £5,000,000 a year on this one exigency of the campaign. All the expenditures incurred in this country and Bombay, or in India itself, or in Abyssinia itself, remains still to be added. These £5,000,000 go for freight alone between the Indian and Abyssinian coasts, and though the work of the expedition has been six months in hand, our army has only just made its first march from the base of our operations at Senafe. * * * After all, too, as must again be remarked, we are but at the beginning of our work. The army has but just commenced its march upon Magdala in quest of King Theodore and his captives. Our principal work hitherto has been to establish a base of operations at a distance of sixty miles from the sea coast, and there accumulate a sufficient supply of provisions and munitions for the campaign. This in itself has been a most arduous task; but as regards the immediate object of the expedition, it amounts to nothing but the removal of an obstacle in the way of our first advance. If we could have made this advance from Zoulla—that is to say, directly from our own ships and storehouses on the coast—we should have saved three months of time, toil and outlay, but that could not be done. Between Zoulla and Senafe there is a mountain defile which may at any moment become absolutely impassable to man or beast. In other words, communication between a base of operations established at Zoulla and an army moving on the highlands above could not be insured. Consequently, Zoulla could not be taken as a base, and Senafe was necessarily substituted. As to the Abyssinian expedition, therefore, or the Abyssinian war, we are only at this moment preparing to discover what it may mean or cost, and the last information, as far as it goes, is somewhat unfavorable to our prospects. Our enemy, King Theodore, appears to be stronger than was represented; our probable allies, such as Menelek, appear to be weaker. That our force will enable us to dispense with such auxiliaries, and to deal with Theodore wherever we may find him, is doubtless to be assumed; but the way to Magdala is long, the road is unknown, and the movement of the Egyptians may deprive us of the support we have hitherto experienced at the hands of the native population. In the meantime a fabulous expenditure of money is going on, so that what with the prolongation of the campaign on the one hand, and the multiplication of its charges on the other, the prospects of the British taxpayer are decidedly unsatisfactory

"Loafing and Laboring."

LECTURE BY EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

A philosopher has epigrammatically divided human beings into two classes, benefactors and malefactors. It would, perhaps, be more proper to divide them into loafers and laborers. The world is constantly losing by the idler sauntering into the worker's place. How often is it our experience to see the wrong man in the right place, or vice versa. How often a work well begun is spoiled by the imbecility of him who is placed to superintend it. Woe to the nation that has its profligates, imbeciles and loafers in its places of trust. Life without serious work is life deprived of all vigor. And no man can be a curse to others without being so to himself. The causes of loaferism are, feebleness of will and want of personality. It is pitiful that so few appreciate the value of strong will. Man has been defined as an intelligence served by authors. It would be more correct to say he is an intelligent will, served by authors. What dehumanizes a man, and makes him a loafer, is the lack of will—a willingness to float along upon the tide. The only really deplorable fall is the fall from being a worker to being an idler. Yet how few realize it. Even many working people dream continually of the day when they shall be able to live without work. By how many is heaven considered an eternity of pious laziness, as if laziness were not the everlasting curse, above as well as below.

But man, being essentially an attribute of God, must find his pleasures as well as his duty in activity. It is medicine to both body and mind. Guizot, the French statesman, after the failure of his hopes of revolution, in 1848, had said that he resolved to drown his griefs in hard work. And the resolution had been apparent in the work he had done since. Not that the result of every man's work would be stores of knowledge or of celebrity, but the true and best reward would be a renovated and purer character. The saddest failures of life are those which fail to put forth power and will. Nor are those the worst signs, which, though in failure, show that an effort has been made. The United States, of all other countries, should spurn and ignore the loafer. Her mission is to educate men for work, not for a failure to work. Whatever else be said, let it never be said that we are a loafing nation. India is a loafing nation, and her religion may be said to be loafing spiritualized. So that a handful of British soldiers hold her in subjection. Turkey is a loafing nation, and we all know her position in the European political world. Spain is a loafing nation, her quiet broken only by an occasional insurrection.

In strong contrast are the laboring nations. Compare Holland and Belgium with those above mentioned. Holland has been redeemed from the sea. Her territory is less than half that of South Carolina. Her population is about 3,000,000, and she has a revenue of $45,000,000. Belgium has been transformed into the garden of Europe. Now look at the other side. The Turkish empire embraces 600,000 square miles of territory, with millions of population, and the richest of soils and climate, yet it cannot support so much people as Holland and Belgium. There is little danger that we shall ever become a loafing nation. Our great danger seems from our extent of territory. Our prospects for development are such that we shall no doubt in the future support not only ourselves, but a large portion of the rest of the world. The older countries cannot support their population, and find an outlet only in emigration. Were it not for the labor and inventive genius of her population England could not support 20,000,000 of people crowded into a space as small as the State of Wisconsin. In ancient times the names of Watt, Cartwright and their compeers, would have been deified; now they are put away with very brief paragraphs by the historian. We even seem to agree with the aristocrat who approved the fact, saying that brains were more plenty than capital and ought to be cheaper. The inventions mentioned have added to the mechanical power of England to an extent equal to that of 300,000,000 of men. The result has been that England came out of the costliest war in history—from 1793 to 1815—richer than when she went in. She spent the enormous sum of $5,000,000,000, and yet war could not waste means so fast as her industry could produce them. The revenue of Victoria is $350,000,000, yet it presses less heavily than the taxes of most any other nation. There is much misapprehension as to the supposed misery of the poorer classes in England. It does not come entirely from low wages. Morals have much to do with it. They spend for articles that harm them the enormous sum of £70,000, a sum equal to the revenues of the nation. But such is the progress of labor and invention in this country, that we may hope, ere long, to do all our dirty work by machinery, perhaps even our dirty work of politics. We lose $15,000,000 a year in the mining for gold, owing to the defects and blunders of the worker's operations.

We may take it for granted, whatever the laws, and whatever the state of society, that a certain portion of wealth will not be devoted to the reproduction of wealth—that is, some will always be rich, and some poorer. Shall not a man do what he will with his own? The answer to this depends upon the answer we give to the question: What is happiness? Too much wealth goes for money, dogs, horses; for houses which render good the Frenchman's malediction on the genius of architecture. Much better would it be to devote it to pictures and sculpture, and products of the fine arts, to articles which have a reflex action upon both the owner and those about him.

What we call accomplishments are only to be attained by true prolonged labor. The antithesis between laboring and loafing extends into every possible department of politics, war, business, society, the arts. Take generalship, Napoleon was a prodigious worker, though the rapidity with which he worked seemed like genius. His "intuitive glance," as it is called, came only from prodigious toil. His advice to the students of the polytechnic school: "Do not waste even half an hour," was but his own practice put into a maxim.

Some remarks may not be out of place on moral loafing and laboring. Moral loafing is not unknown to many who admit the beauty of moral sentiments. They seem to like to harmonize their opinions with noble sentiments, but they do not put their thought into their creed. If, for instance, they enter into a philanthropical enterprise, they begin to be consumed with a sympathy for the criminal. John Randolph once lamented that they were in his region getting so full of the "asses milk of human kindness" that they would soon speak of Judas Iscariot as an "unfortunate man."

Coleridge once wondered if Clarkson, in the midst of his labor for the slave, would find time to attend to his own soul. The poet did not seem to know that there was no surer way of saving one's soul than by laboring for the temporal salvation of others.

Finally, we must remember that labor reacts upon the will and increases its power. Every man would have enough and to spare, if every man would turn laborer. The vices and crimes, and miseries of society would disappear. Persons who consume and do not produce, may perhaps be said to exist, but not in truth to live. To be, is in deed and in truth, to do. This land of strong arms and stout hearts, of boundless hopes, where the most amazing marvels have been produced. Such a land can never be the home of the loafer. Let him, if such there be, go to Delhi, or to Constantinople, or, if he choose, to Paris; let only the laborer make this free land his home.

Mexican Indians.

The San Antonio Express publishes some facts which show how the Indians manage to make their murderous raids upon our frontier and escape to Mexico with impunity:

Mr. Villeman, a citizen of Medina county, has just returned from a trip to Santa Rosa, State of Coahuila, Mexico, where the Kickapoo Indians have their village and permanent abiding place. A few months back Mr. Villeman lost his entire mulada of trained mules, and getting the trail followed them three hundred miles to the above named point. On his arrival he applied to the alcalde for permission to examine the stock in possession of the Indians. Armed with his permit and accompanied by a special officer he visited the village and found his stock, which with other animals were corraled awaiting the arrival of Mexican purchasers from the interior. On making his business known the chief swore at Mr. Villeman roundly, berated him from coming after his mules, that he had been at so much trouble to obtain, and took an oath that he would get them again.

Mr. Villeman recovered his stock by proving property. The Indians compelled him to shear off the hair over dim brands and put him to much trouble. Mr. Villeman recognized brands of all his neighbors, including those of Judge Noonan, of the western judicial district. After business the Indians entered into a friendly conversation, explaining why they shot Mr. Barnes, on the Hondo, and gave other, to them, pleasing reminiscences of the raids into Texas.

The above statements, or their substance, are sworn to, and copies forwarded to proper authorities. These Indians have been indicted before a Grand Jury in Medina county, Texas, by Judge Noonan, commissioner for the execution of the extradition treaty between the two republics.

They are a part of the organized system of thieving carried on in this State by villains who find a safe refuge in Mexico, and are tacitly recognized and encouraged by influential interests in that country.

Mr. Villeman returned safe with his mules.

Talmudic Maxims.

Professor Stowe, in his paper on the Talmud, read before the New England Historical Genealogical Society, at its recent meeting, gave some interesting specimens of the maxims and proverbs contained in that wonderful collection. We transfer a few of the pithiest:

If you speak in the night, speak softly; if you speak in the day time, look around you before you speak.

What business is it of yours to search into the mysteries of God?

If you want a leader, look for a man who has a nose. (The Jews, by the way, had a great repugnance to pug noses.)

In the pot in which you cook, you will yourself be cooked.

The camel aspired after horns, and the Lord took away his ears.

(In defense of early marriage.) If I had married at fourteen, I could have said to the devil, "There, you have a sharp stick in your eye."

The man is fire, the woman tow,
And the devil comes the coals to blow.

(The professor read it, "blow the coals," but a good couplet it made by a slight change in position.)

While the rabbi was fasting, the dogs stole his dinner.

Of the field that we reap permaturely, even the straw is good for nothing.

Great is the value of labor, and it honors those who devote themselves to it.

The speculator puts his money on a stag's horns.

Wo to him who builds a big door and has no house behind it.

While Noah was planting his vineyard the devil came to him and said, "What are you doing here?" Noah replied, "Planting a vineyard." "What is the use of a vineyard?" inquired the devil; said Noah, "Its fruit, whether fresh or dry (grapes or raisins) is sweet and good; and its wine gladdens the heart." "Let us work it on shares," says the devil. "Agreed," says Noah. Now what does the devil do? He brings a lamb, a lion, a hog and a monkey, sacrifices them, and mingles the blood with the soil. Therefore, if a man eats only of the fruit of the vineyard, he is as innocent and nice as a lamb; if he drinks wine he thinks himself a lion when he is not, and falls into mischief; if he drinks habitually he becomes as selfish and as unmannerly as a hog; if he gets drunk, he jabbers and jumps about, and is silly and nasty like a monkey.

We hope every citizen of Bossier parish will take it upon himself to make the radical thieves who pollute our society feel their own littleness and filthiness. They should be taught that they are obnoxious, and that their presence is disagreeable, offensive and distasteful. They should be socially ostracised, and publicly ignored and avoided. Let the lash of public scorn be freely applied and visited upon them in every condition we find them. The radical curs should be taught they live by our grace—that we consent or permit their presence in our community as an act of courtesy for which they ought to be thankful. Such instruction would be wholesome to them. The degraded skunks would then respect us for tolerating them at all. They should always be made to feel uneasy—that the tenure of life is uncertain—depending on their keeping their filthy carcases out of decent society. Fight on every inch of ground—it is the only antidote.

[Bossier Banner.

Cropping operations went on rapidly during the fine weather we have been enjoying for the past fifteen days. Planters are so busily engaged that we seldom see them in town.

We understand that some of the negroes, lately imported from Mississippi, are becoming dissatisfied and are endeavoring to break off their contracts. Half starved when they came, now that their bodies are filled with substantial food they are getting contrary, and begin to listen to ill advisers.—[Thibodaux Sentinel, 14th.

The little son of a Pittsfield (Mass.) clergyman, seeing his mother making biscuit on Sunday, for supper, asked her if it wasn't wicked to work on Sunday? Being answered in the affirmative, the three-year old rejoined, "Oo'll catch it when 'oo get to Heaven!"

OFFICIAL.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
New Orleans, Dec. 8, 1867.

WHEREAS James Nelligan has made application to cancel his official bond as auctioneer, in and for the parish of Orleans, to-wit:

1. A bond dated the 21st of December, 1860, in the sum of $10,000, signed by himself as principal and Patrick Irwin, Richard Murphy and Gerald Farrell, as securities.

2. A bond dated the 22d of June, 1865, for the same amount, with Patrick Irwin and Richard Murphy, as sureties; the said bonds being conditioned for the faithful performance by the said James Nelligan of his duties as auctioneer aforesaid.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the said bond to show cause in writing at the office of the Secretary of State, within ninety days after the last publication hereof, why the said bond should not be cancelled and annulled.

Given under my hand and seal of the State, of the above date, and the Independence of the United States the ninety-second.

(Signed) B. F. FLANDERS.
By the Governor:
J. H. HARDY, Secretary of State.

ETAT DE LA LOUISIANE,
DEPARTEMENT EXECUTIF,
Nouvelle-Orleans, le 8 decembre, 1867.

ATTENDU que James Nelligan a faite un application pour le cancellement de son lien officiel comme encanteur dans et pour la paroisse d'Orleans, savoir:

1. Un bond date le 21 decembre, 1860, pour la somme de $10,000 signe par lui comme principal et Patrick Irwin, Richard Murphy et Gerald Farrell, comme securites.

2. Un bond date le 22d juin, 1865, pour une telle somme avec Patrick Irwin et Richard Murphy comme securites; les dits bonds étant conditionnés pour l'accomplissement fidèle des devoirs par ce dit James Nelligan, comme encanteur susdit—

Avis est par le présent donné à toutes les personnes intéressées d'avoir à faire connaître par écrit, au bureau du secretaire d'Etat, dans les quatre-vingt-dix jours qui suivront la derniere publication de cet avis, les raisons pour lesquelles les dits bonds ne seraît pas cancellé et annullé.

Donné sous ma signature et avec le sceau de l'Etat, et la date mentionné, et la quatre-vingt-douzieme année de l'independance des Etats-Unis.

(Signé) B. F. FLANDERS.
Par le gouverneur:
J. H. HARDY, Secretaire d'Etat.

TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

NATIONAL

TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

A new enterprise, to be known as the NATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY, has been organized, with valuable franchise s conferred by a recent act of Congress, for the purpose of establishing TRUST LINES OF TELEGRAPH on all the principal railroads and mail routes in the United States. The Stock is to be issued upon the same principle as that of the Merchants' Union Express Company, which recently commenced operations. The design is to interest the entire business community in the enterprise. This is done, not so much to dispose of the Stock as it is to secure, the business of the country through which the lines pass.

The Capital is to be

$10,000,000,

In 100,000 Shares, of the par value of

$100 PER SHARE,

But the actual amount to be paid in Cash is

$35 Per Share,

And this amount is to be paid as follows: One per cent. of the par at time of subscribing, and no more, until the entire capital has been subscribed, and then on calls to be made by the Board of Directors, instalments not to exceed five per cent. per month. When thirty-five per cent. of the par value of the shares has been paid, certificates of stock will be issued. This will give the Company a paid up

CASH CAPITAL OF $3,500,000,

Which will be sufficient to duplicate lines to all, or nearly all, be paying points reached by the present monopoly.

The present Telegraph Companies of the country have been consolidated into one huge monopoly, and are now earning over six millions of dollars per year, or over one hundred per cent. on the actual cost of their lines, their present capital having been watered over one thousand per cent.

The NATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY have a recognition from the United States Government of the importance of their enterprise, with a grant of the most valuable franchises ever conferred upon a Telegraph Company. No competing line has ever had the right now granted by Congress to this Company to construct and operate lines over every Railroad and Mail Route in the United States. The position of this Company differs from that of any company ever before organized. The question of the Right of Way is forever settled.

The Stockholders of this Company cannot be sold out or transferred to any other Company. The act of Congress under which this Company has been organized prohibits any transfer of the franchises granted.

Calls—How to be Made.

One per cent. of the Stock will be required on subscribing, and subsequent calls, not to exceed [illegible], will be made by the Board of Directors, from time to time, as may be necessary, to supply funds to construct and equip the lines; but no calls will be made after one per cent. is paid until the entire Capital Stock shall have been subscribed.

Actual Capital Require

The Company confidently believe that thirty per cent. of the Capital Stock will construct and fully equ

25,000 Miles of Wire,

Which will connect all the commercial centers and important places in the United States. This opinion rests upon the most reliable estimates and responsible offers to construct and equip the lines.

The NATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY organized under the laws of the State of New York, and franchises conferred by an act of Congress, approved July 24, 18[illegible]

President—GEORGE B. SENTER, of Cleveland, Ohio.
Vice-President—ROBERT SQUIRES, of New York City.
Treasurer—FREDERICK PRENTICE, of New York City.
Secretary—GEORGE B. WALTER, of New York City.

—COMPANY'S OFFICE—

Nos. 64 and 66 Broadway, New York.

A limited amount of the Capital Stock of this Company is allotted to this locality, and those having a opportunity, and subscribing, will be placed upon equal terms with its corporators, and will secure like interest in all franchises which have accrued, or may hereafter accrue, to the Company, from any and all sources.

Parties wishing to subscribe to the enterprise, will find the subscription list with

JULES CASSARD, Esq.,
Cashier City National Bank.

THOS. I. DIX, Esq.,
Cashier Merchants' Bank.

D. WEBSTER, Esq.,
General Agent of the Company,

At the office of

MESSRS R. G. DUN & CO.,
117 Poydras Street, corner Camp,
New Orleans, La.