The New Orleans Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1868.

[From the Savannah Advertiser.]

Bishop Elliott.

In their deep and dark bereavement
See a stricken people bow,
Who will pour the healing balm
Upon their wounded spirits now?
Called from earth and earthly labor
With his armor girded on,
To endoring rest in Heaven
Has our Christian leader gone.

'Twas thy voice, oh, faithful shepherd,
Lured us from the path of sin
Back into the fold of safety—
Softly bade us "enter in;"
Told us where the foe was lurking;
How that wily foe to meet—
How to bring each lingering doubt
And cast it at the Saviour's feet.

'Twas thy voice that cheered the pilgrim
On his path to heaven above,
That whispered to the contrite sinner
Of a dear Redeemer's love.
'Twas thy voice (and oh the mourner
Felt its accents sweetest then)
Declared that "they who sleep in Jesus
Shall with Jesus live again."

'Twas thy hand which led the weary
Where the greenest pastures grow—
Brought the thirsty, fainting spirit
Where refreshing waters flow.
Done thy work—thy mission ended—
Set thy sun ere close of day;
As bright its last expiring beam,
As was its first effulgent ray.

Spared the bitter pain of parting,
Sinking not by slow decay,
On the Saviour's arm relining,
Thy pure spirit passed away.
"Christian leader"—"faithful shepherd"
It shall be our fervent prayer
And thou shared our earthly sorrow,
We in Heaven thy bliss may share.

New Versions of the Bible.

It is not yet generally known to the public that Prof. H. B. Hackett, of the Baptist Theological Institution at Newton, has resigned his position there in order to go to New York to revise the Old Testament, under the auspices of the American Bible Union. The final revision of the New Testament was published by the Union about a year ago, and now the Old Testament is to come for revision under the critical eye of a scholar made competent by learning and taste and by the task of his daily life for this important work. We also understand that Prof. Noyes, of Cambridge, is expected to put to press, in the course of the summer, his translation of the New Testament, to be placed by the side of his well-known and much esteemed translations of the prophetical and practical portions of the Old Testament. Prof. Noyes has a high reputation as a Hebrew scholar; it is not so generally known that he is equally at home in the Greek language; and his forthcoming version of the books of our Christian faith is looked forward to with interest by those who are aware that he has long been engaged upon that labor of love.

We shall leave to the theological journals all critical estimates of the merits of different versions of the Scriptures, by claiming a layman's privilege of believing that the time is now ripe for a more intelligible, a more tasteful, and a more accurate rendering of the holy books of our common faith than we possess in the authorized English version. No Christian will dispute the proposition that the word of God deserves the very best dress in which it can be clothed; and no scholar will dispute the proposition that in the common version it has not such a dress. The blocking out of the whole text, whether narrative or poetry, into verses of about equal length, instead of dividing the prose into natural paragraphs and the poetry into its appropriate parallelisms, is as offensive to the eye as it is to a just taste; and it is one reason why young persons conceive a distaste for the Bible, that it is presented to them in so unsightly and repulsive a garb. An epistle or a poem is not like a card of gingerbread that can be cut into so many exact pieces, each equal to the other; the words of the ancient law-givers and historians are not so sententious and disconnected that they can be chopped, and then arranged like so many popular proverbs. Paragraphs for the prose and parallelisms for the poetry, with the numerals on the margin for the sake of convenience of reference, are the only arrangement at all consistent with the dignity of the books, or a proper apprehension of their contents. In an increasing number of churches attempts are being made to read the psalms responsively; but if the common version is used, the pastor is obliged to read one verse, and the pews to respond by reading the next verse, instead of the natural order so agreeable to the nature of Hebrew poetry, namely, the pastor reading one line of the double parallelism, and the pews responding in the corresponding line. Arranged as Professor Noyes has arranged them in his admirable version, the reading of the psalms responsively could hardly fail to be a profitable and delightful part of the service of the sanctuary.

But form is usually less important than the substance. No Bible reader who has access to other versions will be disposed to deny that there are many infelicities, much that is unintelligible, and something of downward inaccuracy, in the language of our common versions. This could not be otherwise considering its history. Our translation is commonly called King James's. But King James's translation took the versions that were then old, and merely revised and improved them; so that our version really goes back much further, indeed to a time when the Hebrew was not well understood in England; and the translators, baffled in their Hebrew, often had recourse to the Latin vulgate, which they understood better, and consequently many errors have crept into the English version through that Latin version. Moreover the English language itself had not been fully developed at that time. The word "its," for example, is not to be found in our English Bibles. The old English form "*his*" is used instead; and there is many a dark verse that would be instantly lighted up by the simple substitution of "*its*" for "*his*." We are so accustomed to associate a masculine antecedent with the word "*his*," that we think at once of some person, and try to make out who it is, when the reference perhaps is to the last inanimate object named. We could specify, if this were the place to do it, many passages in which an awkward rendering of a single verse spoils the unity of a beautiful psalm, or the point of an eloquent address. What is the use of stumbling from generation to generation over an unintelligible passage, when a correct rendering of it would remove all difficulty and bring out order and beauty.

We welcome, therefore, all successful attempts to bring out in a tasteful way the true sense of our sacred books. We have no fear that these attempts will lessen the reverence due to these books; our fear is rather, that due reverence will not be given to them if they are suffered to remain in an antiquated, awkward and inadequate dress. The more competent persons who try their hand at a faithful rendering into good English of the Old and New Testaments, the better; because some of them may succeed in accomplishing just that which needs to be accomplished. No one need be deterred by the wretched failure of Rev. Dr. Sawyer, who, with a perfectly upright purpose, lacked, nevertheless, the learning and taste requisite for the task. Prof. Hackett cannot crown a useful life more worthily than by an effort to put into our hands the whole Old Testament rendered into good, strong, pure English; and Prof. Noyes will increase the sense of obligation which many believers of all denominations feel towards him on account of what he has done to illustrate the Old Testament, by giving them a version of the New Testament correspondingly good. It is perhaps a pity that the English speaking world cannot unite in an enterprise like that which honors the candor of the sects in France. Catholics, Protestants and Jews have united in an effort to obtain as perfect a French version of the Scriptures as is possible to be had, have appointed a joint commission of scholars for that end, and expect to have, in consequence, a common version for all religions, and that, too, the very best.

[Springfield Republican.

A SPUNKY AMERICAN IN A PARIS COURT.—Packer, the wealthy young American, who was recently sentenced to a week's imprisonment by the Paris police court for participating in the demonstration of the students at the Odeon, had quite an altercation with the police judge. "Mr. Packer," said the latter, "you are charged with kicking a policeman." "I kicked him after he kicked me." "That can not be true, French policemen do not kick anybody." "I have seen them doing worse things," said Packer. "Nobody will believe that." "I do not care if you do not believe it, but the general impression is that the present police of Paris is the most brutal, meddlesome and inefficient in the world." "Silence, defendant. We can not permit this. The court will send you to prison for a week." "That is what I expected, though I am entirely innocent. This is a great country!" Two *Sergents de ville* thereupon took him down stairs.

Artemus Ward.

Mrs. Browne, the venerable mother of the late lamented Charles F. Browne, Esq., ("Artemus Ward") the greatest of American humorists, is now in this city visiting the family of the proprietor of the Democrat. Within a few years past Mrs. Browne has lost a husband and all of her children, and has now but very few relations living, being nearly alone in the world, though by no means friendless. She never tires of talking of her "dearest son," and those who were as intimate with him as we were, will readily see, on acquaintance with his mother, that the great source of his wit and humor was a maternal one. We have several hundreds of the unpublished letters of Artemus, which although mostly of a private nature, are many of them equal if not superior to those already made public. Mrs. Browne has also a large number of his letters and other unpublished manuscripts, all of which we propose to give to the world, ere long, in book form. Artemus was our friend, dear and intimate. We understood him, and appreciated him. His first attempts at lecturing were made at our suggestion and under our auspices. In showman parlance we "brought him out," and it is not too much to claim that our money and perhaps business tact had quite as much to do with his pecuniary, if not his literary success, as did his immortal genius. He died in England, leaving a large amount of property to his mother and for various charitable purposes. This property, we understand, is very liable, from present appearances, to be diverted from the purposes and uses for which it was intended, and to disappear, if not dishonestly, at any rate mysteriously, to say the least. For the sake of a mother dependent upon it, and for the good names of those who have professed to be the friends of our friend, we hope that this is not so. But it is a duty which we owe to him, and for his sake, to those he loved best, to probe the matter to the bottom, and we intend to do it thoroughly. We know that the whole literary world will aid us, and forever hold in utter detestation the men who seek to rob the mother of Artemus Ward of even a penny, and if such a man exists his name shall be made eternally infamous. Let us have a report at once from the English executors. Why have not the frequent and urgent letters of Mrs. Browne been answered? Where is the property left by Artemus Ward? Let the answers be prompt and explicit, and, if possible, satisfactory.—[Biddeford (Maine) Democrat.

The Silver Wedding of an Ex-King.

The Vienna correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, in describing the festivities which celebrated the silver wedding of the ex-king of Hanover, on the 19th of February, says:

The feast, to which some 2000 Hanoverians were invited to honor the ex-king's 25th wedding day anniversary, was a very splendid affair indeed for Vienna, the supper alone, although merely a cold collation, costing the royal exile 15,000 florins. On Sunday and Monday a number of special trains conveyed the royal guests from their Northern Fatherland to the Kaiserstadt; the principal streets of Vienna were filled by groups of strangers, the men wearing white and yellow, or white and green favors, the women trimmed *de mème;* and on Monday a pilgrimage of the wanderers en masse to Heitzing came off with great éclat. The scene in front of the Hanoverian villa was affecting in the extreme. When the ex-reigning family appeared on the balcony, the loyal Hanoverians shouted. When they came out into the grounds the assembled multitude crowded round them, covering their hands with kisses; presently the ex-king was moved to tears; and his worshippers, falling on their knees, broke out into sobs and prayers for his speedy restoration. This episode, though only a prelude to the much more thrilling business of last night, was a decided success.

The final preparations for the commemorative banquet were made at the Kur Salon, in the Stradt Park, a handsome building recently erected near the spot where, ten years ago, the old Kursaal used to stand, on what was then Wasserglacis. In the largest room of this building the famous Hanoverian treasure was displayed in three huge trophies, built of gold and silver salvers richly chased, wine coolers, goblets, drinking horns, christening vases, claret jugs, all of the precious metals; whilst at intervals on the long supper tables, were gorgeous epergnes and center pieces, some of them triumphs of art. I cannot forbear mentioning one in particular, the "Uppstallshum," or triple oak of East Friesland—a silver tree about two feet in height, bearing on its branches no less than 92,000 silver leaves, each leaf perfect in itself, and so exquisitely light to all seeming, that one can fancy a single breath would set them all waving and rustling. The invitations were issued for half-past seven, but long ere that hour, the majority of the Hanoverians had crowded the Kur Salon, and busied themselves with the arrangement of the gifts they brought to the ex-king, for the silver wedding. Many of these were curiously characteristic of German *naïveté*. Amongst other household ornamental articles were 1527 embroidered and worsted work sofa cushions—a store sufficient to stock the *salons* of a grand ducal capital or *residenz*—countless carpets, bell-ropes, and kettle holders, and innumerable knick-knacks for work-tables. Such homely contributions formed the background to a goodly array of silver candlesticks, napkin-rings, epergnes, and other valuables, set out on a raised dais opposite the principal supper-table, just under a gallery in which a small orchestra was stationed. But few Viennese were present, and these mere sight-lovers—persons of no official or high social station. At 9 o'clock precisely the royal hosts appeared, and were received in profound silence, till the band had played the Hanoverian national hymn, which happens also to be the Prussian as well as the English one, "God Save the Queen." As soon as the last note of this musical irony had sounded, the assemblage broke out cheering, which, however, was speedily hushed. The king and crown prince were in uniform, the former wearing the Langensalza medal; the ex-queen in yellow silk trimmed with costly lace, a wreath of white flowers and diamonds on her head, necklace of brilliants and opals, and a diamond clasp on her shoulder; the Princesses Frederica and Mary in white tulle studded with gold suns, wreaths of opals and diamonds, necklaces of brilliants and rubies, and gold girdles. For about an hour the royal personages moved about the apartments talking to everybody, the ex-king led by an aid-de-camp. Several of the guests were honored by a royal embrace, and his majesty was heard to say, in reply to the royal assurances of a Hanoverian gentlemen, with whom he was conversing, "Certainly, certainly. I know they would all have come if they could—the two million Hanoverians." At ten o'clock he advanced, surrounded by his family and "court," into the middle of the great room (supper was over by this time,) and, raising a silver goblet high in his right hand, delivered a speech in German.

Need I say that all present cheered with the full strength of their voices, the ex-king setting the example at top pitch of his voice? The silver goblet was passed around, refilled a hundred times with champagne; meanwhile the royal host wept copiously, and many followed his example. The rest of the night was spent in conversation, the royal family remaining among their adorers till half-past 1 A. M., and as they drove off at that hour to Heitzing, the cheers followed their carriage as it disappeared up the Ringstrasse, might have been heard on the Stephansplatz, and I dare say were.

In justice to the Austrians, who are heartily disgusted with the whole affair, I wish to state distinctly that neither the imperial family, the army, the municipality of Vienna, nor the official world took any part whatever in the festivities above described.

Rossini's Birthday Festival.

Rossini, still living in good health at Paris, has a birthday but once in four years. On the 29th of February he celebrated his nineteenth birthday (his age is seventy-six) by a leap year dinner party, at which there were interesting ceremonies, described by a correspondent as follows:

"Four large tables were covered with bouquets of the most gigantic size, with telegrams from everywhere, letters from people who never knew him—all rejoicing in the great master completing his seventy-sixth year. Smoked Belgian tongues and English jewels, as well as Italian fruit, etc., were amongst the offerings. The large dining-table, at which fourteen guests sat down, was in itself an exhibition of the rarest delicacies, sent from the south and north of Europe. On one end an immense cake, built up four feet high with spun sugar, oranges and flowers, a brilliant heart at the top with the inscription: '*Bonheur santé*. 1868,' sent by the Baroness Rothschild. On the other end, a cake with Rossini's bust in sugar, surrounded by figures representing his most popular operas, and flowers and garlands leading down to a most cleverly contrived lake, on which a swan (of Pessaro) stretched its graceful neck, and which was sent by the princess of B.

"The dinner, which always begins with maccaroni, carefully chosen by the master himself, who knows as well the secrets of gastronomy as of harmony, and which went through the unavoidable *entrees* to the *entremets*, until at last it reaches the *faisan truffé de rigueur, arrose* with the best wines the richest proprietors of all Europe (including sovereigns) send him continually, was as lively as may be expected—Gustave Doré, who prepares himself for English hospitality, contriving some remembrances from his new English grammar; Madame Faure, who speaks English wonderfully well, chaffing him mercilessly; Madame Alboni, by the by, promising to come to England to thank her old friends for their kind remembrance, when, perhaps, she may be induced to give a proof of her voice being still in the most marvelous condition; and so on. But even the best dinner comes at last to the dessert, and at that moment M. Berryer rose and said:

"'*My dear Rossini*—I am desirous to wish you good health. I obey from the bottom of my heart your friends, who, happy in admiring you, are proud of the opportunity afforded them of loving you, and who aspire only to preserve your friendship. We celebrate this day, when you were given to the world for the honor of man, and for an illustration of his power. You have capped the great works of your predecessors by your own, and we can hope no more from the future than that it will robe itself with the flowers and leaves of your crown. You may count added years without fearing them. They will be ever young with the memory of the eternal youth of your genius and of your triumphs.'

"I leave you to judge the uproarious reception this speech met with—a tribute from one of the greatest orators living, spoken with all his heart, his piercing eye penetrating his hearers, he himself a man of 79 years. Of course there was not wanting the necessary emotion; and, as the company got rather serious, Gustave Doré, taking the sugar heart with '*Bonheur santé*,' from the cake, asked, in a timid inquiring murmur: '*Y-a-t-il en Angleterre du bonheur 'sans the?*'" Of course this pun set everyone laughing, and the evening guests beginning to arrive in large numbers, the party retired to the drawing-room."

How the Lake Tides—Extraordinary Falling of the Waters of Lake Michigan—The Lowest Stage Known in Thirty Years.

[From the Chicago Times.]

The water in Lake Michigan is said to be five inches lower than has been known before for eighteen years, and thirty inches lower than it was six years ago. This calls to mind some curious facts in regard to the rise and fall of the lakes, and which, for years, has engaged the attention of scientific men. While the lakes are subject to the same tidal influences which produce the oceanic tides; and while these influences must be felt, practically, owing to the comparatively small area of the lakes, there is no tidal ebb and flow of their waters, it being so slight as to be imperceptible.

But for a period extending over fifty years, other curious phenomena have been noticed, and, as yet, have not been satisfactorily explained. It has been ascertained that, with considerable regularity, there is a periodical ebb and flow in the lake, the water rising gradually from seven to nine years, and subsiding in the same manner, while at long intervals, the waters reach an unusually high and low stage, exactly corresponding with the rise and fall of the waters of the sea at the spring tides. Through a long period of years, this regularity has been noticed, but it is not yet incontrovertibly established that it is in obedience to some undiscovered law, and though very improbable, this succession of the high and low stages—if the term be admissible in this connection—may have been the result of accident.

Another noticeable fact is that in the spring, at a period when the discharge into the lakes is the greatest, and when they are least affected by evaporation, the water is invariably the lowest. In the fall, after the subsidence of the spring freshets, and when under the full effect of the summer's drought and after the evaporation has been the greatest, it is found that instead of any abatement in the volume of water in their basins, there has been a gradual rise during the entire summer. These are the facts, and although they have engaged the attention of scientific men, no solution has yet been reached. It has become apparent that the lakes are not affected by freshets, droughts, or evaporation. But whether these phenomena are the effect of subterranean channels and outlets, a sort of mystic connection which brings the lakes within the influence of inter-oceanic currents, is still an unsolved problem.

Theaters of Olden Times.

AUDIENCES SEATED UPON THE STAGE—PLAY HOUSE CUSTOMS OF THE PAST.

For a long time the spectators who were admitted to seats upon the stage seriously incommoded the actors and affronted the less privileged portion of the audience. In an early "Spectator," Steele, describing a visit to the Haymarket Theater, makes mention of his surprise at seeing a "well dressed young fellow in a full-bottomed wig appear in the midst of the sea, and, without any visible concern, take snuff." The fine gentleman in Garrick's little comedy of "Lethe" describes to Æsop his manner of spending his evenings: "I dress and go generally behind the scenes of both play houses—not, you may imagine, to be diverted with the play, but to intrigue and show myself. I stand upon the stage, talk loud and stare about, which confounds the actors and disturbs the audience, upon which the galleries, who hate the appearance of one of us, begin to hiss and cry, 'Off, off!' while I, undaunted, stamp my foot so, loll with my shoulder thus, take snuff with my right hand, and smile scornfully thus. This exasperates the savages, and they attack us with volleys of sucked oranges and half-eaten pippins!" "And you retire?" Æsop inquires. "Without doubt," replies the fine gentleman, "if I am sober; for oranges will stain silk, and an apple disfigure the features."

It was a long custom in the London theaters, on special occasions or particular benefits, to accommodate an overflowing house by means of benches erected across the stage, rising one above the other, until sometimes the spectators were perched up higher than the trees of the scenery, and hats and bonnets were beheld fastened to the clouds. The playbill of Garrick's benefit in 1742 contains an announcement that "The stage will be formed into an amphitheater, where servants will be allowed to keep places." In the following year it was stated: "The stage will be formed into side boxes, and seven rows of the pit will be railed into boxes." The entrances were oftentimes on these occasions so choked up by the spectators that the players could hardly come upon the scene; "and," says the authority, "the feats of Bosworth Field, amidst drums, trumpets, battle-axes, and spears, were enacted between two audiences, while Richard spoke his tent soliloquy and his dying lines upon a carpet no bigger than a tablecloth."

Tate Wilkinson relates that he had seen Mrs. Cibber, as Juliet, prostrating herself on an old couch covered with black cloth to represent the tomb of the Capulets, with at least 200 persons behind her, and that when Quin returned to the stage for one night to play Falstaff for Ryan's benefit, notwithstanding the impatience of the audience to see their old favorite, it was several minutes before he could force his way to the stage through the numbers that hedged him in.

But this arrangement, however remunerative to the actor whose benefit was so liberally patronized, was very unsatisfactory to those among the spectators who came to the theater for entertainment, and with an eye to scenic illusion. Moreover, bickerings and jealousies ensued between the audiences before and behind the curtain. Thereupon arose a practice, especially favored by the less popular comedians, of inserting at the bottom of their advertisements and play bills, by way of an additional attraction, a notice in the following terms: "N. B.—There will be no building on the stage." Thus, on the occasion of Mrs. Bellany's benefit, in 1753, the bills of the night announced, "No part of the pit will be railed into boxes, nor any building on the stage."

NO PLACE FOR BRIDAL PARTIES.—A Berlin (Connecticut) correspondent of the La Crosse Democrat, who has been visiting the Shakers, thus writes:

It is a rule that no man and woman shall sleep together under the same roof. Some time since a newly married couple, on a little bridal trip, visited the Shakers. The evening was spent in talk, bed time came, and the couple were invited to sleep. They passed out of the office, up stairs, and there saw two sober-faced Shakers, a "brother" and "sister," each with a candle.

"Man to the left," said the brother, and into a room he escorted the bridegroom.

"Woman to the right," as quickly said the sister, and into a separate room the bride was ushered—the new made man and wife separating without even a "good night kiss." The bridal party only remained one night!

The Shakers love each other, but not in the worldly acceptation of the term. Their love seems more of a high, religious regard. The sisters often kiss each other, but are never kissed or caressed by the brothers, nor do they bestow on them such attentions. The relations seem more like that of a large family of brothers and sisters, who are on their sober dignity, keeping the house in perfect order, waiting the coming of a loved parent, whom each one was willing to meet, sure of a welcome.

They study economy, and but little is wasted. In house or barn attention is paid to saving, though all are well fed. The cattle are sleek and clean. The people live well.

☞ G. D. A. B. F. A.

In the darkest days of the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise, a friend of Cyrus W. Field bought ten thousand dollars of stock for a ten dollar bill. This investor came to Mr. Field to ask him whether his purchase was worth anything. Mr. Field offered to take the stock at a considerable advance. "Well, but what do you advise me to do, Mr. Field?" "Take your stock home," was the reply; "lock it up in your safe, and never look at it, nor think of it, till you come to me for your dividends on it." That man is now receiving, on his investment of ten dollars, eight hundred dollars per annum in gold.

Statement of the Banks in New Orleans, on the 1st April, 1868.

MOVEMENT OF THE BANKS.

BANKS. | CAPITAL OF THE BRANCHES. | REAL ESTATE. | PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS. | LOANS ON CAPITAL: On Stocks. | Long Loans, Mort. Other Discounts on pages, Pledges, &c. | Other Discounts on Capital. | DEAD WEIGHT: PROTESTED PAPER. | OTHER ASSETS NOT AVAILABLE WITHIN NINETY DAYS. | TOTAL: ASSETS. | Liabilities other than the movement. | CAPITAL PAID IN. | TOTAL MOVEMENT and DEAD WEIGHT: Assets. | Liabilities exclusive of Capital.

BANKS. | CIRCULATION. | DEPOSITS. | CASH LIABILITIES DUE TO: Foreign and Dom. Banks, less Exch. | Local Banks, Balances. | OTHER CASH LIABILITIES. | TOTAL. | SPECIE. | CURRENT FUNDS. | Loans on Deposits payable in full at maturity. | CASH ASSETS: Foreign and Dom. Banks, less Exch. | Local Banks, Balances. | OTHER CASH ASSETS (INCLUD.). | TOTAL. | STATE, PARISH AND M. E. BONDS AND COTTON ACCOUNT.

GROCERIES, WINES, ETC.

DUPLESSIS & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
—AND DEALER IN—
WINES, LIQUORS, CORDIALS, ETC.,
No. 10 Conti street, corner of Clay,
Near the Levee,
[NEW BUILDINGS.]

CHAMPAGNE AGENCY.

The undersigned, having been appointed Sole Agent in the United States for the celebrated CHAMPAGNE WINES of Messrs Ratalle & Co., Chateau de Ludes, Versenay, France, begs to inform the public that he has just received an Invoice of several qualities, to which he would direct the attention of the Trade, Hotel Keepers, Club Houses and Connoisseurs.
A First Class Medal was awarded to this Wine at the Paris Exposition of last year for its superior quality.
It has been for many years favorably known in Europe, where its sale has been extensive. A stock will be constantly kept on hand at the Agency, in this city, where it will be offered for sale at a price more moderate than that usually asked for Wines of so fine a quality.
HUGH McCOLL,
Commission Merchant,
60 Carondelet street, New Orleans.

BERRY & HART—
(I. G. BERRY—PETER HART.)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN FANCY
—AND—
Staple Groceries,
No. 71 CAMP STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Country Orders Promptly attended to.
N. B.—Goods delivered to any part of the city free of drayage.

CROOKS & MARISTANY,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
LIQUORS, SPIRITS, WINES, CIGARS, ETC., ETC.,
No. 39 Tchoupitoulas street, and the Star Warehouse,
Notre Dame street, corner Commerce
Always on hand, a large stock of Bourbon, Monongahela, Rye and Rectified Whiskies, which we offer to the trade on liberal terms and at the lowest market rates.

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS.
WEIL & BROTHER,
IMPORTERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION
Merchants and Dealers,
—IN—
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC WINES AND LIQUORS,
Respectfully inform the public that they have removed their store to
No. 130 Gravier Street,
Between Camp and St. Charles streets, and have just received by late arrivals from Europe a complete stock of
PURE WINES, BRANDY AND LIQUORS,
And that having made contracts with the best distillers in the West, they will keep constantly on hand the choicest articles of
BOURBON AND RYE WHISKIES.
Their Goods being choice in every respect, they ask a share of the public patronage, and invite an inspection from buyers
WEIL & BRO., No. 130 Gravier street,
Between Camp and St. Charles streets.

JOHN ANDERSON & CO.,
JOHN ANDERSON, late of Shropshire, Anderson & Co.—F. I. GRIFFEN.)
Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants,
60 POYDRAS STREET, NEW ORLEANS.

A BOOK WITHOUT A NAME.

AGRICULTURAL.

RAMIE!.....RAMIE!
This new substitute for Cotton has been demonstrated to be peculiarly adapted to our climate, and to grow not only in our alluvial soil, but also on the uplands of Mississippi. That it is not subject to be destroyed by the caterpillar and other enemies of Cotton; that four crops a year may be cut and sent to the market, and each crop of more pounds to the acre than an ordinary yield of cotton; that its fibre is stronger and finer than flax or cotton; and that it is worth more than double in Europe than the best Sea Island Cotton; that it requires but little labor, and when once planted, will ratoon and propagate itself without further labor for a great many years—in fact, almost indefinitely. The subscriber has plants for exhibition, the result of his personal labor, and roots FRESH FROM THE GROUND, which are sure to live if properly planted. For sale at 137 Carondelet street.
F. JAMES KNAPP.

RICE MILLS.....RICE MILLS.
Having secured the services of Mr. PETER McKINLAY, the inventor of the most approved RICE POUNDER now in use, who has been for more than 30 years engaged in the construction, erection and management of Rice Machinery, we are now prepared, under his supervision, to construct all kinds of Machinery required in the preparation of Rice for the market, and to furnish all necessary drawings and specifications.
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