Steamers Leaving Port To-Day.

AS ADVERTISED IN THE DAILY CRESCENT.

Sunday, June 14, 1868.

Texas.....J. C. HARRIS, Talbott.....8 AM
Texas.....JOSEPHINE, Lewis—Cars.....7½ AM
Mobile.....MAIL BOAT—Cars.....4 PM

Monday, June 15, 1868.

Louisville.....ROBT. E. LEE, Cannon.....5 PM
Lafourche.....NINA SIMMES, Greathouse.....10 AM
Mobile.....MAIL BOAT—Cars.....4 PM

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Democratic State Central Committee—This Committee will meet at Hawkins's Club Rooms, on MONDAY NIGHT, June 15th, at half-past 7 o'clock.
By order of the President.
W. M. SMALLWOOD, secretary.

Hall Louisiana Lodge No. 102, F. and A. M., New Orleans June 13, 1868—The officers and members of this Lodge are requested to attend a Special Meeting at their Lodge Room, on SUNDAY, 14th inst., at 10 A. M. Punctual attendance is requested.
By order. ARTHUR WAUGH, Secretary.

Important to Travelers—New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad Company—General Passenger Department, New Orleans, June 12, 1868—Interested parties having maliciously stated that passengers going to points North and East, via the New Orleans Jackson and Great Northern Railroad, were subject to detention, would state that such is not the case. We are making the same time to all the principal points, and carry the great through mail as heretofore. For information and particulars apply at the ticket office, under the City Hotel, corner of Camp and Common streets, or at the depot, Calliope street.
T. S. WILLIAMS, General Superintendent.
ED. WARE, General Ticket Agent.

Crescent City Bank, New Orleans, June 4, 1868—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Bank, held on the 3d inst., it was
Resolved That a meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank be convened at the Banking House, No. 30 Camp street, on WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of July next, to take into consideration an increase of the Capital Stock of this Bank.
CHS. FAURIE, JR., Cashier.

Early and Happy Marriage.—The True Principles which guide to a happy Marriage and domestic felicity. Essays for Young Men, sent in sealed letter envelopes free of charge. Address Howard Association, Box P, Philadelphia, Pa.

American House, Boston, Mass.—The very important and extensive improvements which have recently been made in this popular Hotel, the largest in New England, enable the proprietors to offer to Tourists, Families and the Traveling Public accommodations and conveniences superior to any other Hotel in the city. During the past summer additions have been made of numerous suits of apartments, with bathing rooms, water closets, etc., attached; one of Tufts's magnificent passenger elevators, the best ever constructed, conveys guests to the upper story of the house in one minute; the entries have been newly and richly carpeted, and the entire house thoroughly repenished and refurnished, making it, in all its appointments, equal to any hotel in the country.
Telegraph Office, Billiard Halls and Cafe on the first floor.
LEWIS RICE & SON, Proprietors.

Last Notice to Tax Payers in the First District from Canal to Felicity streets—You are again notified that if your State Licenses and State Taxes are not paid on or before the fifth day of May they will be put in suit at your expense, as the time for payment expired on the first day of March.
THOS. ASKEW,
State Tax Collector, First District.
New Orleans, April 28, 1868.

Office of DeBow's Review, 114 Poydras street, New Orleans—Communications or business letters may be addressed to W. M. BURWELL,
Editor DeBow's Review.

Lafayette Water Works Company, March 18, 1868—The undersigned, Commissioners appointed under the act granting the charter of the Company, will open books for subscription to the capital stock of the same on MONDAY NEXT, the 23d instant, at No. 69 Canal street, between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., every day.
H. T. [illegible]SDALE,
J. H. [illegible]ELPS,
G. W. [illegible]URES.

Books of Subscription to the Capital Stock of the New Orleans Steamship Line will be found at the following named places:
Office of the Factors' and Traders' Insurance Company, 39 Carondelet street.
Commercial Insurance Company, corner Camp and Gravier streets.
Sun Mutual Insurance Company, corner Camp and Commercial Place.
Marshall Smith's office, 31 Carondelet street.
Shropshire & Hathorn, Poydras street.
McCloskey & Mason, Gravier street.

Mechanics and Traders Bank, New Orleans, August 1, 1867—In conformity with Sections 36 and 37 of the General Free Banking Law, of the State of Louisiana, notice is hereby given that all the circulating notes issued by this Bank must be presented for redemption within one year from this date, at the Banking House, or at the State Auditor's Office otherwise the funds deposited with the State Auditor will be claimed, in accordance with the above by the Commissioners of the Free Banking Law.
J. CRZEAT, Cashier.

Gray's Hair Dye—This Splendid and harmless article is warranted to color a natural brown or black, and is sold by all druggists.

A similar character was the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, and the marked leaning in the same direction of recent editorial feelers in the Albany Argus. The Pendleton men acknowledge that there is something going on that does not look right, but thus far they are puzzled to "get the hang of it."

The city hotels are anticipating a rich harvest from the coming crowd. The New England delegation are negotiating for the Astor House as their headquarters. The Southern delegates will quarter at the New York and Southern hotels farther up Broadway. The Pendleton delegation expect to occupy the Metropolitan. Gov. Seymour's friends, with those of Gen. Hancock, will quarter at the St. Nicholas.

The committee of arrangements, it may be added, have engaged the Academy of Music, (adjoining Tammany Hall), together with the Circus building on the other side of the street, at the corner of Irving Place and fifteenth street, for the purpose of holding a series of great public meetings nightly, while the convention is in session.

Murder in Choctaw County.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD ASSASSINATED—MURDER BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

The Mobile Register of Friday says:

By a gentleman just from Butler we learn that on Tuesday last our friend N. E. Thomas, editor of the Choctaw Herald, was murdered in a most cowardly manner by Joshua Morse, the attorney general elect of the scalawag oligarchy which the so-called Congress at Washington has just voted to recognize as the lawful government of what was the State of Alabama. He was assisted by Wm. Gilmore, a less eminent member of the gang of renegade white men, but well enough known.

Mr. Thomas has not been backward in expressing his opinion of these creatures, and it seems that they took the occasion of the absence of most of his friends on a fishing excursion, or something of the sort, to visit him at his office and provoke a difficulty. Gilmore made the commencement and brought on an altercation, which resulted in Thomas firing a pistol at him. Morse, who had kept in the background, appears by this time to have provided himself with a double-barrel gun, with which he fired twice upon Thomas, lodging thirty-eight buckshot in his body, causing his death within half an hour. Both the assassins immediately fled, and it is understood that they have made their way to Atlanta, to shelter themselves under the protection of Gen. Meade from the vengeance of the people of Butler, among whom and throughout the neighborhood, where Mr. Thomas, being highly and deservedly esteemed, there is much excitement.

We also learn that Mr. Pierce, overseer of the plantation of Mrs. McCormick, formerly Mrs. Lewis, was found dead on the road, having been shot and his head shockingly beaten with a club. No trace of his murderer has been found, but public opinion connects the deed with a difficulty he recently had with a man named Davis.

The Chesterfield of Thieves.

[From the Alta California, May 6.]

A few mornings later, a wealthy member of the medical faculty who resides in the immediate vicinity, discovered, on rising in the morning, that the lower part of his house was all open, and that somebody who had no legal right to be there had been through it. There was nothing missing, save a fancy plated candelabra from the mantle, which was found wrapped in a cloth and thrown into the neighboring premises, and a fancy Japanese cabinet. Next day the front door bell was rung, and on going to the door the servant found the cabinet wrapped in a cloth covered with sand and dust, standing on the doorstep. On the top of the cabinet was a letter written in a faultless hand, and grammatically worded, as follows. We copy *verbatim:*

"SAN FRANCISCO, May 1, 1868.

"*Madame*—I called, uninvited, at your residence this morning. Having spent the previous portion of the night convivially, all my ideas were confused, and to my chagrin, day dawned as I entered your dining-room. This is the reason that I did not explore your sleeping apartments for money, watches, *et cetera*, and I took your gem of Japanese art from pique at my disappointment, and hid it under the sidewalk in the sand, as people were gazing curiously at it.

"If I had got to business at 1 A. M., your house and that of your neighbors adjoining would have been stripped by 3 A. M.; as it is, I have furnished another illustration of the folly of attending to business after pleasure.

"Seeing the well selected books on your shelves, the Bible on your *etagere*, the portrait of the immortal Webster on your mantle, I judge that you are neither a foreigner nor a Democrat, hence I return your property, and pledge my honor never to annoy you more.

"I come to California firmly resolved to be honest, in a strange land; hunger and cold forced me back into my old career; but when I have got out of my present scrape, I will cut my throat rather than steal again.

"If you are pious, pray for me; for I have a mother whose gray hairs would go down in sorrow to the grave, if she knew of my miserable fate. Yours, ISHMAEL."

Byron as Judged by his Mistress.

COUNTESS GUICCIOLI'S LONG EXPECTED BOOK.

[From the London Athenæum.]

A greater proof could be given of the renewed zest which is being felt with respect to Byron, the man, his character,* and his works, than this publication of 1000 pages sent forth to gratify the sharpened European curiosity. For a time, the poet and his productions almost ceased to affect the pulse of the people.

When we say that this is the long promised work of the Counteess Guiccioli, we should add that it is published anonymously. There is no responsibility assumed by anybody. The respectability of the publishers is the only guarantee (privately conveyed) of the book being a genuine and authentic work by the celebrated countess (if we are to call a dowager-marchioness, the widow of the eccentric French Marquis de Boissy, who had made one joke—an affected hatred of perfidious Albion!) But the lady herself never speaks in her own person; never, indeed, speaks at all. She is delicately suggested now and then in notes, and she once appears in full, in reference to a remark by Byron, that if he could have married, the Countess Guiccioli, he might have secured the happiness he had missed in this world, which was never likely to regain. Be this as it may, the object of the countess to prove her hero to be in fact, as man and as poet. She leaves a few facts, not that she believes in them, but for the effect. "*Quelques ombres,*" as she says, "*font le paysage plus beau et plus éclatant.*"

An Italian lady begins by thinking it a pity Byron was born English. She contends that he was English in blood, genius, tastes, mind, and only in external appearance; whereas, a thorough young Englishman of his day than he was in most of these matters, especially in nature, look, and bearing, never existed. The Countess cites Byron's own opinion on one of points: "My ancestors are not Saxons," he says, "they are Normans. My blood is all mine."

But the Countess Guiccioli should maintain her fancy in love as being one of Byron's characteristics may, perhaps, excite a smile; but, all considered, and a good many have to be taken into consideration, it is, perhaps natural that she should thus uphold the fidelity of a lover to whom Jove must have laughed heartily, at really found lovers' perjuries so risible as to need aid to have done. But Madame la Comtesse was not always the key to the solution of her moods, nor the necessary knowledge where to find them. The love-passages between Byron and Caroline Lamb are told at some length, but not the ill told; and the author not only affirms that Byron had no great deal of love for Lady Caroline, but "he suffered too much in having to bear a part as she imposed upon him, and therefore induced to bring her back to reason and a sense of duty, and thought he had succeeded."

Now, among the many useful habits of Lady Morgan's life may be reckoned that of not preserving every letter, by whomsoever addressed to her, but every inclosure, albeit the latter desired that it might be returned. The piquant part of Lady Morgan's Memoirs is that in which the whole of the love affairs of the Lady Caroline and the bachelor poet and husband, when in the brightest flush of his fame, are, for the first time, narrated in full. The narrative is made by word of mouth, as in letters added by Lady Caroline to Lady Morgan, as in letters inclosed, written by Byron to the former highly impressionable lady. No novel, demanners of the day, has anything in it startling, amusing, yet depressing, than the portion of the fine, half mad, angelic, demoniac Caroline as she told it to Lady Morgan, and once jotted it down, for the sake of possession in her journal. Its vivacity is charming in itself, still more so when contrasted with the monotonous character of the countess's pages.

Here see the flighty woman who claimed Rogers and Spenser for her lovers, as and mad to see the new poet, some part of "Childe Harold" had just exalted her into the dream of paradisaical intoxication—if there be anything. "He has a club foot and bites his nails," said Rogers; "but the women were all raving about their heads at him." and Lady Westmorland took Caroline up to fling hers, heart and all, in the same direction. On beholding him Caroline, however, the eccentric aspirant murmured, "Mad—bad—and dangerous to know!" and turned away. The words were really as applicable to herself as to the young poet, who was shortly "suffocated by the women." Subsequently, Lord Byron called on Lady Caroline. "Rogers and Moore," she told Lady Morgan, "were standing by me; I was on the sofa. I had just come in from riding. I was filthy and heated. When Lord Byron was announced, I flew out of the room to wash myself. When I returned, Rogers said, 'Lord Byron, you are a happy man. Lady Caroline has been sitting here in all her dirt with us, but, when you were announced, she flew to beautify herself.' Such was the beginning; and for nine months following it, Lord Byron "almost lived at Melbourne House," which was the "center of all gaiety, at least in appearance." Byron swept all the habitués away, made the lady happy by his homage, and her mother miserable till the connection was broken off, and Lady Caroline agreed to withdraw to the paternal mansion in Ireland. It was on the occasion of her departure that Lord Byron wrote a letter (in which the following passages occur) to Lady Caroline, who communicated it to Lady Morgan: the preservation of which document by the latter lady furnishes us with evidence how inaccurately the Countess Guiccioli holds the threads of this somewhat disheveled romance, when she comes to the conclusion that "my lord" did not much care for the love-stricken married lady, and that he exerted himself to induce her to resume the path of reason and duty. The letter breathes words that burn, assurances of love made in a tone the most likely to lead a woman of fierce passions and tender affections, like Lady Caroline, to utter ruin and disgrace:

"*My Dearest Caroline*—If tears which you saw, and know I am not apt to shed—if the agitation in which I parted from you—agitation which you must have perceived through the whole of this most nervous affair, did not commence until the moment of leaving you approached—if all I have said and done, and am still but too ready to say and do, have not sufficiently proved what my real feelings are, and must ever be toward you, my love, I have no other proof to offer. God knows, I wish you happy; and when I quit you, or rather you from a sense of duty to your husband and mother, quit me, you shall acknowledge the truth of what I again promise and vow, that no other in word or deed shall ever hold the place in my affections which is, and shall be, most sacred to you, till I am nothing. * * I shall have a pride, a melancholy pleasure, in suffering what you yourself can scarcely conceive, for you do not know me. * * Do you think now I am cold and stern and willful? will ever others think so? Will your mother ever—that mother to whom we must indeed sacrifice much more—much more on my part than she shall ever know or can imagine? 'Promise not to love you?' ah, Caroline, it is past promising. But I shall attribute all concessions to the proper motive and never cease to feel all that you have already witnessed, and more than can ever be known but to my own heart—perhaps to yours. May God protect, forgive and bless you ever and ever, more than ever.

"Your most attached BYRON."

"P. S.— * * Is there anything in earth or heaven that would have made me so happy as to have made you mine long ago? and not less now than then, but more than ever at this time. You know I would with pleasure give up all here and beyond the grave for you, and in refraining from this must my motives be misunderstood? I care not who knows this."

And this outpouring of what is called "heart" is made to a married woman, who writes to Lady Morgan, by way of comment, "William," (her husband, afterward Lord Melbourne) "loved me so much, that he forgave me all, and only implored me to remain;" and of whom she says at another time, "He cared nothing for my morals. I might flirt and go about with what men I pleased. He was privy to my affair with Lord Byron, and laughed at it. His indolence rendered him insensible to everything." Soon after, the lover, whose passion was never to die, married, broke away from his wife (not bearing all the blame itself), and thenceforth cast what he called his love, like Israel's incense, upon every shrine.

Following the countess up and down her book is not unlike following an *ignis fatuus*, so irregular are her movements. She analyses the portraits of her idol, treats of his religion, goes back to his childhood and early friendships, exalts him as father, brother and son, praises the qualities of his heart, makes note of his benevolence and humanity, is ecstatic on the virtues of his soul, lands again his constancy, his courage, his strength of mind, his modesty, and gets back again to the virtues of his soul, for which one chapter alone does not suffice. Then, having dwelt long on a generosity which was elevated to the hight of heroism, she justifies him in long chapters against the various charges connected with vices and defects; and from which we are urged to pronounce him not guilty of irritability, instability, misanthropy, pride and vanity; or, if guilty, then with extenuating circumstances.

Having got thus far, we are hurried back to the old tale of his marriage and its consequences, from which we are taken to dissertations on his exquisite gayety, his equally exquisite melancholy, and finally the peer and poet's irresistible affinities for the truth. In short, the volumes are rather a panegyric than a biography. The writer's own experiences of Byron in his social character are not given, and there is scarcely an anecdote that is new in the two volumes. Extracts from the works of cotemporaries who knew him well are plentiful, but they are all from cotemporary works in which he was praised. There is nothing taken from such testimony as Leigh Hunt gave in his reminiscences, for which Moore, so to speak, skinned Hunt alive in verses which for severity, and in part for injustice, have perhaps never been equaled. Yet Moore forgot that silence may be as damnable as words. Moore himself cast the heaviest reproof against Byron when he consented to the suppression of Byron's autobiography; and every one concluded that Mr. Chaworth had been murdered, in the famous duel, by Lord Byron, 1765, as he remained silent on being asked if he had been fairly dealt with by his adversary. The countess herself is fain to confess that her book may be looked upon just now as a eulogium, and nothing more, but she is satisfied that by and by it must be accepted as a justification.

The countess is bold in denying her hero's besetting sin of affectation. He would dine, in company, on hard biscuit and soda-water, or mashed potato drenched with vinegar, just to be thought "stern" in his diet; but he was sipping on choice viands when the other guests were going to bed, and he wrote verses easily after supping heavily. There was a spirit of fun mixed up with his affectation, as, for instance, when he traveled in Italy with Rogers, and contrived to take him through all the beautiful parts when it was dark. Byron loved the beautiful, nevertheless, just as he admired Shakspeare, although he deprecated him, as Sheridan affected to do; and we do not believe that he had no feeling for the fine arts because he happened to say to Hobhouse, who was boring him for his opinion of the Parthenon, as they stood gazing at it, "Well, it's very like the Mansion House." As for those who profess to find in the construction of his verse a proof that he had no ear for music, we refer them to "Yet are thy skies as blue," which so impressed Campbell, and then leave them to their delusions; and in his pious fondness for his "poor dear mother," we shall always have implicit confidence, although he did gently prick her arm with a pin when, in his childhood, he sat with her in the pew at Aberdeen, and was weary of the service.

Finally, Byron chose to paint his own portrait, with his own pencil, after his own manner; and his natural disposition was for burlesque and caricature. People followed his own fashion and their natural disposition by accepting the worst view of him, and turning his venial errors into crimes. He had one foot shorter than the other, and people who thought his poetry profane called him club-footed, and charitably made some reference to Satan.

*Lord Byron, Judged by the Witnesses of his Life. (Lord Byron, *Jugé par les Témoins de sa Vie*, Paris.)

The Fair of the Queen of Prussia.

[Translated for the Cincinnati Commercial from the Hausfreund.]

Fairs for benevolent purposes, which have been so long in vogue in England and America, were not introduced in the social circles of Berlin until about five years ago. At that time the ladies of the court and the *corps diplomatique* opened a fair for the benefit of the Catholic orphan asylums, in the large concert hall of the Royal Theater: next followed the famous fair which the Crown Princess Victoria opened in her apartments, in the palace of her husband, for the widows and orphans of the war of 1866, and which, to her utmost joy, netted, in course of a few days, the handsome sum of $80,000, which was sent to the trustees appointed for that purpose; and, recently, the fair arranged by Queen Augusta, for the benefit of the poor people of East Prussia. It is not the multitude of gifts contributed to these fairs, nor their value, but the arrangement of the whole, the place where and the persons by whom the gifts are sold, that form the chief attractions of these fairs and exert the charm that causes so many people to spend so much money for the benevolent purpose for which the fairs are held.

The utmost pains were taken to render the queen's fair as attractive as possible, and the most brilliant success crowned the praiseworthy undertaking.

Inasmuch as the apartments at the palace now inhabited by the king and queen were not sufficiently large for the purpose, the committee of ladies whom Queen Augusta had requested to assist her in getting up the fair, resolved to hold it in the famous picture-gallery of the old royal palace. No sooner had the queen announced that such a fair was to take place for the benefit of the East Prussians, and that contributions would be acceptable, than such a number of gifts poured in from all quarters, so valuable, so beautiful and tasteful, that the ladies stated joyfully that their expectations had been more than surpassed. Sixty ladies belonging to the circles of the highest aristocracy and the *haute finance*, offered their services as saleswomen; the leading merchants of the capital proposed to act as treasurers and to superintend all arrangements, and a most efficient organization was effected. Now the host of court upholsters, painters and decorators took the field; they worked day and night, and there arose, as if conjured up by a magician's wand, on the western wall of the royal picture-gallery, a row of canopied tents of purple-colored silk supported by gilded lances, and in whose rear appeared the magnificent treasures of the picture gallery, which imparted to the whole an aspect than which nothing more gorgeous and, withal, tasteful and artistic could be imagined.

But the long row of tents, of which there were no less than nineteen, was insufficient to hold all the gifts which had been contributed to the fair, and so there were thirty-four additional stands erected on the side of the windows, and the beautiful kiosk contributed by the painters of Berlin was removed to the refreshment room, and an ante-room was filled with the furniture and carpets which were to be sold for the benefit of the fair.

The display of the articles showed that not only Berlin and Prussia, but all Germany had sent gifts to the fair. All the branches of German art and industry, in all parts of the fatherland were represented, woolen and cotton goods, articles of fashion and trinkets, utensils made of all sorts of metals, China and glass, hardware, leather goods, works of art, articles of *virtu* in endless variety, were piled up on the stands. The ante-room, a very large hall, as we said before, contained the furniture and carpets; in the adjoining room were to be seen refreshment stands, where pretty girls officiated as barmaids, the queen sending every day to these stands enormous quantities of the choicest delicacies, generous wines and all sorts of beverages. Opposite these stands was the kiosk, which we have mentioned already—a semi-circular tent supported by slender gilded pillars, and in the background of which were to be seen five paintings—Borussia, painted by Menzel, in the middle, and on both sides, in four groups the other provinces of the kingdom hastening to the assistance of Borussia.

Adjoining this room was the picture gallery, with the tents and stand which we have already described. The row of purple baldachins richly decorated with gold, and contrasting charmingly with the splendid paintings behind them, the many beautiful and noble ladies trying to persuade the crowd to purchase, the incessant throng in the gorgeous rooms—all this presented a spectacle of the most impressive kind, especially upon those who called to mind the noble purpose for which these stirring scenes had been brought about. The wittiest ladies were placed in charge of the stands containing the least valuable goods, but their merry sallies always attracted the crowd, and they managed to sell as much as their sisters at their more valuable stands. There was, especially, one young lady whose amusing replies was a constant source of amusement for the bystanders, and who was more liberally patronized than any of her fair colleagues. She was never at a loss for a striking reply, and she managed to dispose of her stock of goods at enormous prices and with wonderful rapidity. An old gentleman, who was quite fascinated by her, took heart and asked her:

"Tell me if you sell kisses too."

"Of course," replied the young lady.

"What is the price of your kisses?"

"A hundred dollars apiece, cash in advance."

"Here are a hundred dollars," said the aged adorer of the lady.

But instead of the kiss he expected, he saw, to his dismay, that the young lady kissed her little white hands with her charming lips to him, amid the loud cheers of the bystanders, and then took the hundred dollars as coolly as if she had sold something at a very low price.

No less fortunate was her fair neighbor, of whom the Turkish embassador bought a small bust of the queen, for which he paid her five hundred Fredericks d'or. Under those circumstances a third needed not to be very angry with Baron von Rothschild, who paid her—*one gold piece for her photograph.* Fifty-two thousand dollars were taken in in six days; the lottery yielded probably as much more. So crowded were the rooms every evening that oftentimes admittance had to be refused to large numbers of persons, and the repeated attempts to prevent the halls from being over-crowded by raising the price of admission failed entirely of its purpose.

The Shreveport Southwestern makes a forcible argument against the ultra-Southernism which repels immigrants from the North. "Every Northerner," it says, "who becomes a property-holder here, becomes *ab initio* one of ourselves. It is astonishing that we will continue forever to war against our own interest. Let us prove our Southernism by deeds, and not by words." The same paper counsels the abandonment of cotton culture, and the cultivation of the grape and sorghum.

Closing Scenes of the Anglo-African War.

THANKSGIVING AND FAREWELL TO MAGDALA—THEODORUS'S LAST COUNCIL—THE ROYAL FUNERAL—DESTRUCTION OF THE FORTRESS—A "TRAIL OF FIRE"—THE NEW DYNASTY AND AN AFRICAN CÆSAR—THEODORUS'S WIDOW ENTERTAINED AND PHOTOGRAPHED—"FALL IN" FOR HOME.

Correspondence New York Herald.]

CAMP ON TALANTA, April 19, 1868.

In reviewing the events of the past few days which have transpired, attended by such wonderful results, one cannot help but think that a higher power controlled the beings in and around Magdala. The prisoners have safely passed a most critical period, and they may well bow their heads in thankfulness that they are alive and free. Theodorus, the last day of his life, was almost devoured with rage at his own folly in permitting the prisoners to escape when his own death was, as he thought, determined upon. His counselors and generals upbraided him for his folly and chicken-heart. "Why not make the Feringhees food for the jackal as well as the people of your own race?" said the vindictive Ros Aytoo, his friend and privy counselor. "You have fed and kept them for four years in the best houses, with servants to attend them. Your own people you have slain with the greatest satisfaction. Why not the people whom the English Negus has come to claim? He will slay you like a dog, and your body he will cast to the dogs. Take fitting revenge while there is time."

Happily for the foreign captives in Theodorus's power, the king turned a deaf ear to his remonstrances, with the evident expectation that the safety and well-being of the captives would ultimately prove his own salvation. In this he was doomed to disappointment, for the "English Negus" considered his work but half accomplished with Theodorus still in power and Magdala as proud and defiant as ever in her apparent inaccessibility. The demand for their surrender, with assurances of honorable treatment for himself, was what Theodorus could not brook, and he did not even reply to it, though he still harbored thoughts of reconciliation; and, sanguine of his prowess, he hoped to rebuild his hitherto waning fortunes. Building up hopes, on Rassam's professions of friendship, to be pardoned past offences, he sent one thousand bullocks and five hundred sheep to the English camp, with a letter, in which he stated that the day being Good Friday all good Christians should eat, but that he took great pleasure in providing them with meat. These cattle were firmly refused by Sir Robert Napier, who stated that he could not accept anything from the king's hands until his demands had been complied with.

The rumor that Theodorus had fled to Gojam caused the English commander-in-chief to hasten operations, and the result was that before evening Magdala had fallen into his hands. Theodorus had died by his own hands and his army disarmed and disbanded, with no casualties on the English side. The cruelty and tyranny of Theodorus was never more apparent to us than when we gazed on the three hundred dead prisoners piled one upon another at the bottom of the cliff, with the hundreds of captive chieftains of Ethiopia, whom we found in chains awaiting their fate with that calm resignation which four years of captivity had taught them. We all realized then the narrow escape of the captives whom we had come to release, and it was with something akin to wonder that we gazed upon them, assuring ourselves thus that they really existed in the flesh.

The dead king was buried in the chapel, Magdala was sacked and the inhabitants driven away, and in a few hours, with the exception of an English garrison, not a single soul was on this dreaded Amba.

Two days after orders were given that the fortress should be destroyed and burned, and to the royal engineers, under the direction of Capt. Goodfellow, the task was assigned. Before they commenced on the work of destruction your correspondent rode up to take a final look at the chamber of horrors, the palaces, the harems, the treasure houses, the church and other scenes of interest within. At 3 o'clock P. M. on the 17th inst. the Thofusbun gate, commanding the southern approach, was blown up, and as the engineers retreated northward each house was set on fire. A strong easterly wind set in, which aided the efforts at destruction, and soon all Magdala was in flames. Three thousand houses were burning, shells were bursting, magazines, loaded guns and pistols exploded and projectiles flew in every direction. It was a perfect sea of fire set in the heavens, the flames rolled in crimson waves far over the cliffs, burning rafters like fiery swords were swept over the heights into the awful abyss below, setting fire to the brushwood on the slopes, with every green thing, even far down into the valley.

There was a trail of fire seen hastening towards Suluigini, each straw tent adding fuel and extending this awful world of flame [illegible] the Angolo valley. The sheep that browsed on the hills, the dogs that lingered on the threshold of their masters' dwellings, the chickens about going to roost, were all consumed by the fiery waves that swept over the heights. The stench from the holocausts was frightful. Over five hundred human bodies must have been consumed by the surging mass of fire which destroyed Magdala and the neighboring villages. Even the church wherein Theodorus was buried, which Gen. Napier had hoped to save, was also destroyed by the devouring element. The Gallas and the people of Shoa hastened to the edge of the plateau to witness the swift destruction that had overtaken the Amba and its garrison, that had so long defied and held them at bay.

The next day two rival queens came in to offer their congratulations at the success of the English and to speak their joy at the death of the "Great Negus." These were but the preliminaries to the real object of their visits. In my last telegram I stated that Wagshum Gobazze would be crowned king of Abyssinia. The messenger had been sent to him tendering the royal crown to him, which was politely but firmly refused. While Dayoz Mucherba continued his operations of watching the game between Theodorus and Napier, Gobazze, instead of proceeding on a peaceful pilgrimage to Gondar, was continuing his victories from Debra Tabor to Gondar and Lake Isana. He had fought three pitched battles, had killed his brother, Terro Gobazze, and had declared himself master of all the provinces from Denahit, on the coast, to the Nile. Now, one of the prisoners released by us was a cousin of Gobazze, named Wagshum Deferi, who, next to Theodorus, was the most gifted to assume regal dignity. He is mild and humane in disposition and has great military tact and genius. He is the rightful prince of Larta, and though Gobazze is a usurper Deferi is determined to uphold him in his dignity.

When Gobazze heard from the messenger sent by Napier that Theodorus was dead his joy was excessive, and he presented him with one hundred dollars.

To the offer of a crown and possession of the amba of Magdala he returned answer that he had as yet managed to elude Theodorus and escape captivity, and now that the king was dead he did not wish to be made a prisoner by his own will, for if he once took possession of Magdala he could never leave it, as it would be surrounded by the Gallas, and without Theodorus's cannon Magdala would be an encumbrance to him.

Having received his answer the messenger departed from Gobazze's camp, and arrived the same day that the two queens presented their claims for the amba. One of these claimants was Walkait, queen regent of the Asubo Gallas, who reigned only during the minority of her niece; the other was Queen Mustebat, sovereign of the Wollo Gallas. Mustebat's claims were good, presented as they were by a charming woman, clad in all the regal magnificence of a sovereign, supported by most loyal subjects. Walkait retired to her own country to nurse her jealousy of her rival, surrounded by hundreds of her best soldiers, dressed in all the fantastic notions of barbarous minds, while Mustebat, all smiles and genuine triumph, was most royally entertained by the victorious English general. A silk tent, formerly the property of his majesty King Theodorus, was pitched, wherein she and her young son were lodged. Napier's cooks were busy preparing dainties and *recherche* meals to which she was a total stranger, but which called forth her warmest thanks. By dint of great persuasion she complied with the request that she and her son would sit for their portraits, and a very good photograph was taken of both. Her son was a boy of ten, with bright, intelligent features, of the color of a Spaniard.

Young Theodorus will be sent to England to be educated at the expense of the English government, attended by a retinue of his father's courtiers.

The queen received Magdala, Selasse, Salangani and Faliah, and on the 19th instant, the day that we departed from their pesilential neighborhood, her army took possession.

If half the horrors recited to us so glibly by the late captives were ever enacted within the rocky precincts of formidable Magdala, then the English deserve the thanks of the world for the summary and complete manner in which they have fulfilled their mission of justice and vengeance against the tyrant Theodorus.

There were joy and triumph on every countenance in the English army when the merry bugles, with their clear sounds, awoke all to the fact that that day our homeward march was to commence. The drums also awoke louder echoes among the hills as they beat the reveille, and cheer after cheer burst forth from the conquering army and its thousands of camp followers as the advance guard filed down the steep slopes toward the Bashilo, preceded by a band playing the well known tune, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Soon the army was in motion, repairing to its own country, conscious that it had performed its task well. Along the road to the Bashilo were witnessed anew the horrors of war. The fugitives hurrying from Magdala and pursued by the ferocious Gallas left their aged and wounded upon the roadside to poison the atmosphere with the horrible stench. Over ninety-seven bodies were counted from our camp before Magdala to Bashilo, a distance of seven miles. Dead mules and ponies lined the road thickly, half eaten by the beasts of prey; but leaving these fearful scenes behind let us hasten on the top of the Talanta plateau, where, but a few days gone, we gazed for the first time upon Magdala and its surrounding heights, and where for the last time we turn to look upon those natural fortresses. Magnificently stern and sombre they raise their lofty heads far above the mountains which bound the southern horizon, which, mingling with the morning sky, glow in radiant colors. Their summits are covered with a haze, or the smoke of the still burning rafters. It seems to us more like incense offered to appease Divine wrath, and, looking down upon the Arogay valley, up to the fortress of Magdala, and then down to where the Bashilo river dashes headlong from its rocky heights amid shining spray and rainbows fully four thousand feet below us, simultaneously we lift our voices in songs of praise, the captives, who are near by, moved by a sudden impulse, fall upon their knees and join in the universal chorus of thanksgiving.

There never was such a sight witnessed before in Abyssinia.

Mounting our horses we followed the European regiments, whose bands were now playing "God Save the Queen," and while standing up in the saddle to catch one parting glimpse of the far famed stronghold of Theodorus, we wondered if we should ever stand upon the plateau of Talanta and look back upon Magdala again.

A New Version of "The Light of Other Days."

BY THE MACHINE POET LAUREATE.

Oh! the shirt of other days is faded,
And all its glories past!
Its seams and texture too are shaded—
Its buttons did not last.
From Leighton and from Hayman buying,
Why did I not some new shirts raise?
But now all folks cry, my linen spying—
"The shirt of other days!"

Oh! female fingers—skillful, nimble—
In Leighton & Hayman's store,
The sewing machine and thimble,
You'll see plying o'er and o'er—
On shirts of manufacture
Beyond all price and praise,
Without e'er flaw or fracture;
No "shirt of other days."

Six fine shirts, too, for mere *nine dollars*,
These shirt factors cheaply sell;
How they're made, what fit—and cuffs and collars,
Of all—how thousands tell!
No sign of bad work or of ruin
A Leighton & Hayman's shirt displays,
For their shirts—they never need renewing
Like the "shirt of other days."

Indian Names on the Mississippi Coast and their Meaning.

Judge J. C. Monet contributes the following to the Bay St. Louis Gazette:

"Acshoupolo," former name of Bay St. Louis—Bad grass.

"Pascagoula," a well-known river and seacoast town—White bread

"Stoopon," Indian name of Pearlington—Sand fly.

"Biloxi," a well-known bay and town—Turtle.

"Bogue Chitto," a creek emptying into Pearl river—Big creek.

"Haboichitto," creek emptying into Pearl river—Big fight or blow.

"Bogue Hoomah," creek emptying into Pearl river—Red creek.

"Nasooba Atcha," river emptying into the Bay of St. Louis—Wolf river.

"Catshoola," Jordon river, emptying into the Bay of St. Louis—River of Tigers.

"Cosilla," creek emptying into Jordan river—Dead tiger.

"Binan Shoosh," creek emptying into Jordan river—Stinking camp.

"Shotta Coobafah," creek emptying into Biloxi Bay—Broken pot or kettle.

"Shotta tapinlah," creek emptying into Biloxi Bay—Pot or kettle hung up.

"Ocka Shampoola," creek emptying into Biloxi Bay—Sweet water.

"Anahoolo Tookafah," creek emptying into Biloxi Bay—The place where the white man shot. bolochitto—The bad standing tree.

"Tuscaloosa," river emptying into the Tombigbee—Black warrior.

"Tuscahoomah," river emptying into the Tombigbee—Red warrior.

"Bogue loosa," creek emptying into Pascagoula river—Black creek.

UNION WHITE BOYS IN BLUE.—Major Gen. John Love, of Indiana, is rendering solid aid to the conservative cause out in the West, by reorganizing the ex-military element in his own State, and all adjacent States, into societies, or rather encampments, which are known as the "Union White Boys in Blue." This body will largely tend to equipoise the influence of the "Grand Army of the Republic," so formidably organized of late under Generals John A. Logan, Daniel E. Sickles, and other prominent officers of the radical faith.

In regard to their personal choice for president, the "Union White Boys in Blue" evidently incline to Gen. Hancock; while in regard to the important question of the national debt—the overshadowing one out West—they are in favor of paying it in good faith, but are opposed to augmenting its vast burden beyond the expressed terms, on which it was contracted. They therefore believe, in the absence of any direct stipulation to the contrary, that the same "lawful money" which is used by the government to liquidate "the claims of soldiers, widows and orphans of the war, is equally a just equivalent for the claims of the bondholder."

That point, we rather think, is striking and neatly taken. Gen. Love's organization has already over one hundred thousand enrolled members, and its ranks are being heavily recruited with each passing day. The uniform of the order is a blue blouse, black pantaloons, a white rosette on the left breast, and an army forage cap. When the organization parades through any town or city, each member carries a small national flag attached to a staff six feet long. The effect, we are told and can well believe, is extremely pretty. Why cannot branch regiments and brigades of this order be started in New York and elsewhere through the Atlantic States?
[N. Y. Citizen.

A man named Carlo Felice lately died in Naples at the age of 105 years. He leaves a family of twenty sons, the eldest of whom is eighty-three. Within a month before his death he made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius.

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