The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1868.

A New York Dissecting Room.

SAW BONES AT WORK—WHERE THE DEAD BODIES COME FROM—HOW THEY ARE CUT UP—HOW THEY ARE PRESERVED FROM DECAY—WHERE THEY GO TO—"A FOUL AND PESTILENTIAL CONGREGATION OF VAPORS."

BY A PHYSICIAN IN THE N. Y. MAIL.

Prominent among the charitable institutions of New York are the dozen or more hospitals, almshouses, and prisons that are managed by the "commissioners of charities and correction." Their expense amounts to about $800,000. It is refreshing to know that so much at least of our immense taxation is well and honestly spent.

These institutions offer sights more interesting than most of the other "lions" of New York; yet citizens rarely visit them, and strangers are content to make the tour of them in an afternoon.

Not so the philosophic expeditions which we propose to conduct through their *penetralia*. Let us go first to the Bellevue Hospital and its appanages of dead house, morgue, and college.

In a squalid street we discover a squalid gateway near the East river. Enter; the porter in his lodge upon the left will not challenge you unless your mien displays vacillation of purpose. But as you pass into the broad grounds filled with flowers that lie within the gate, you see that other visitors have come to grief at the porter's lodge—visitors that had packages of pies in their hands—visitors that had bottles of whisky in their pockets, with black necks visibly eminent from their coat tails—visitors who thought to console some languishing patient, their friend, with the acidulous dulcet of a tart, or the bottled elysium of strong waters. But the liquor law and the pastry law are in full force at the gates of Bellevue. The forbidden luxuries are confiscated for the patient's welfare, and the visitor finally enters, like us, empty-handed.

Let us follow the crowd of medical students who jostle each other along the grand walks. They do not enter the hospital; they repair to a neat building that stands at the water-side—the new medical college that has been engrafted upon the hospital. Let us go with Sawbones this morning, and see the hospital some other time, when we come as the guests of the festive commissioners.

Ascending a narrow flight of stairs, we find ourselves in a lecture-room of moderate size. In the vortex of its semi-circular rows of benches a lecturer is holding forth to the restless company of students. It is the suave barker, the ornamental Elliott, the accomplished, courteous Hamilton, Doremus the popular, the bland Flint, senior, or his amiable junior—the incoherent Taylor lectures, alas! no longer—or some other member of the faculty, each imparting such medical lore as he is possessed of. All the medical sciences from botany to phlebotomy, are treated of in turn.

How dull the lectures are to unprofessionals! Let us run up another flight of narrow stairs and invade the inmost recesses of the college. A strange odor of mingled chemistry and decay strikes upon our nostrils. We push aside the door that opens into the dissecting room, and, lo! Sawbones in all his glory! Wooden tables lined with zinc are ranged in double rows down the length of the room, and upon each table lies the ghastly wreck of a human body, with ragged muscles, disemboweled, its glaring eyes "infixed on vacancy." A few of the corpses display rounded outlines and fair proportions, but most of them are reduced to tatters by the dissecting knife, and present the livid, shrunken and rigid appearance that results from long exposure to the air. Knots of students surround the tables. Each body is assigned to four dissectors. The manual of anatomy, printed upon a reddish paper that shows blood stains less conspicuously than a whiter page, lies open upon the table.

The knee scalped separates muscle from muscle, discloses the delicate and shining track of nerves, or follows the complicated path of the arterial branches, which are readily recognizable by the solidified solution which they contain, injected into them in order to check the decay of the tissues. All the subjects used for dissection are thus prepared with an antiseptic solution, and remain for a month or more upon the dissecting table before yielding to decomposition. It must be inferred, however, that they diffuse "an earthly odor of decay," so penetrant that it clings to the dissector in spite of his ablutions. Though he wash himself with nitre, and be ever so clean, the effluvium of decomposition passes through the lungs into the vital circulation of the dissector, and reappears in his very breath.

The student is sometimes dangerously poisoned in these labors, the slightest cut or scratch serving to inoculate the system with the virus of the decaying tissues. Surgeons are sometimes laid up by accidental innoculation, and death occurs not very unfrequently as a result of these "dissecting wounds."

Where are all these "subjects" obtained for dissecting purposes?

Human life, like other commodities, has its refuse. In a great hospital like Bellevue, scores die yearly who have neither friend nor relative to claim their bodies. After a reasonable time of delay, their mortal remains are sent to the various colleges for the use of dissection. "Body-snatching" is no longer the exciting recreation of the medical student.

There is a sad satisfaction in reflecting that these "subjects," which as living men and women were utterly useless in the world, ignorant, vicious, diseased, and not of sufficient estimation for burial after death—the completest failures imaginable—are thus found at last to have a certain compensating value. Living, they were good for nothing; but their dead bodies are highly serviceable. They are instructive, eloquent, admonitory; they are the most valuable of teachers, and contribute an important share to that education which is probably the most varied and valuable that the schools can give—the education of the physician. The poor "bummer" has found, let us hope, a sufficient use and justification for his life, for he has become a benefactor at last.

This dissecting room is like others in the city. Having seen it, we have seen them all. Let us glance at another "vision of mortality" before leaving the hospital grounds. This is the dead-room, or "Morgue," as it is called after that larger Parisian institution upon which it is modeled. It is a small room divided into two compartments by a glass casement. Behind this appear four marble tables, supported upon iron legs, each bearing a livid corpse, half clothed. The rest of the garments hang near by to aid in identification. A stream of croton water flows over each corpse. Hither are brought the bodies of such persons as are found dead in the streets or drowned and without clue to the name or dwelling. Suicides, the victims of accidents or of foul play, the bodies of the apoplectic and sun-stricken, are exposed upon these tables in the hope that they may be recognized and claimed. Of one hundred and sixty corpses thus exposed during 1867, fifty-four were thus identified. In adjacent rooms are the coroners' offices and the dead-house, where scores of coffins were piled at a time during the recent heated term. No claimant appearing, the bodies were removed from the Morgue and buried, together with the fragments of human wreck from the dissecting rooms, in the "Potter's Field."

Assiduous dissectors will often work six or eight hours in a day. It is an exhausting labor, and often proves seriously depressing to the health. Though the odor of the corpse, at first extremely repulsive to the student, is hardly noticed after a few days' familiarity with the tainted air, like the dyer's hand, the nostril of the dissector becomes subdued to the element it works in.

In the Brooklyn Medical College, the sessions of which are held during hot weather, the students have the most uncomfortable time in dissecting. Heat is not an antiseptic, and the Long Islanders' dissecting room does not boast a very balmy atmosphere. But this inconvenience is set off by many advantages—quiet, freedom from noise and crowding, and the rural situation of the college.

Some enthusiasts may be seen boiling the human head, in order to separate more readily the bones of the skull. These gentlemen are working for prizes, and will receive some medal commemorating their skill in making anatomical preparations. But enough of horrors for the present.

NO MONEY FOR A THUNDERING ROD.—At a parish meeting in one of the towns in the interior of Pennsylvania, where a new meeting house had just been erected, the question was agitated with respect to having a lightning rod put up. Opinions were freely interchanged, and the project seemed to meet with general favor, until an influential and wealthy old German thus let himself swing; giving utterance to a rather novel statement, one not in accordance with the generally received opinion of the established laws of Nature and Providence:

"Now, gentlemens, I tells you vat I tinks. I tinks we hash beens to mush trooble and expensh, and none has gin tollars more as I to build a church for te Lord, and next Sunday we gives it to him, and if he will dounder down his own house, den I says, let him dounder away—I gives no vote nor mouish for doundering rod!"

This *multum in parvo* speech proved a settler of the question, the enterprise was abandoned, the meeting was adjourned *sine die*, and the worthy parishioners harmonized beautifully over a glass of lager at the village inn.

UNCLE BUNCE.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

"He shall never have a penny," stormed Uncle Bunce; "I will cut him off with a shilling."

"My dear Bunce," said I, "you have already contradicted yourself, in first denying him a penny and then promising him twelve. I never heard you contradict yourself (although often other people) except when in a passion, and that is not the frame of mind in which to sit down to alter your will."

"Mind your own business, sir, and leave me to manage mine," was the prompt and severe rejoinder.

"Your business *is* mine, Nicholas," continued I, quietly, "since we are partners. We have been friends, boy and man, for these forty years, and I am not going to permit you to quarrel with me."

"Who wants to quarrel?" said Uncle Bunce peevishly.

"Well, *I* don't; but I would rather even that should happen than that my old friend should do himself such an injustice as to condemn a young fellow, who has no other relation in the world, unheard; your own sister's son, George; I am ashamed of you!"

"Unheard? Pack of nonsense," sputtered the old fellow. "The thing's as plain as the nose on your face."

"Thank you," said I. "However, you may say as offensive things as you please about my nose, only don't be unjust to Charley."

"I am not unjust. The facts are these: I had adopted that boy, and meant to treat him as my own son. He has disgraced himself by betting on a public race-course a sum he had no honest means of paying if he lost—a gambler, sir, and a cheat; that's what he's proved himself, and I'll have nothing more to do with him."

"You had better inquire into the matter a little further, Mr. Bunce," said I, with some distinctness of manner; for I liked Charley upon his own account, as well as because he was the only relative of my friend and partner, one of the most sound hearted and grossly prejudiced men within a mile of the Royal Exchange.

"There is nothing to be inquired about, Mr. Coe. Even if my late nephew" (it was just like what his flatterers called his "stern determination" to use that phrase; just like his "infernal obstinacy," I say)—"yes, sir, even if my late nephew had had the fifty pounds to pay, which I am sure he had not, I would disinherit him for betting it; and even if he didn't bet, he was on the race-course, and that is a place no nephew of mine should show his face and remain my heir. There is a letter from our Vienna correspondent which requires your immediate attention, Mr. Coe." And with that, Uncle Bunce withdrew himself into the glass case that is his peculiar sanctum at our office, and slammed the door behind him.

Our firm was Bunce & Coe, and there had been no other member of it, save us two, for five and twenty years. We were no relatives (though perhaps not less fast friends upon that account), but I called him Uncle Bunce because Charley did, who, until that unlucky Derby day, had been as great a favorite of his as of mine; and here were the young fellow's prospects blighted, and the old man's affections left without any human trellis-work to cling to, all because some ill-natured busybody, who knew Nicholas Bunce's hatred of the turf, had told him that Charley Thornton had bet fifty pounds to ten against Palmyra, for the Derby, on Epsom Downs.

I had no greater love for racing, nor perhaps for Charley, than Nicholas had, but I could make a little more allowance for the follies of youth; and when I found myself crossed, or even disobeyed, all the milk of human kindness within me did not instantly turn sour, as it had done in Uncle Bunce's dairy, with the sad effect I have described. He had gone straight to Charley upon the information received, and said: "Did you go down to Epsom Downs, sir, and bet fifty pounds to ten pounds against a race horse? Answer me, 'Yes,' or 'No.'" And Charley—for the boy could not have told a lie if he had tried—had answered, "Yes, uncle," and there the matter had ended.

So, now, being well convinced that Uncle Bunce was as inflexible as the iron in which we dealt, in his resolve to make no further inquiry into the matter, I determined to make it myself for both their sakes. I was not very hopeful as to the result of the investigation, but still I thought there might be some mitigating circumstances, for the fact as it stood looked blacker, it seemed to me, than it ought to do, from what I knew of the young fellow. He was not the sort of lad to leave his duties (he was a clerk in a government office) for a scene which he knew was especially distasteful to his uncle and guardian, and there risk upon a single event a sum that was equal to a third of his whole income. Uncle Bunce and I, it was true, perilled a great deal more than that proportion of *our* property in "operations" in iron, but that was all in the way of business, and it was upon business habits that the old gentleman prided himself, and for which he looked, first of all, in others. That Charley should have shirked his work at the Sword and Gun Office for a day's pleasure was a sin of itself almost inexpiable in his uncle's eyes; but that he should have spent that day on a racecourse, and there betted fifty pounds—the more I looked at the whole matter, in fact, the worse it appeared for my young friend and client, and the less did I wonder at the lines upon Uncle Bunce's forehead as he sat in his cucumber frame—but by no means as cool as a cucumber—and snapped the clerks up so sharp that they trembled to approach his den.

When he left the office for the day, as he was accustomed to do an hour or so before me, his junior, I did venture to remark: "Come, Bunce, you will at least not be in a hurry about this matter of poor Charley; perhaps I may have to tell you something about it to morrow, which may cause you to think differently of him."

"You mean well, Coe, and I thank you," said he, gravely. "But I shall see my lawyer to-night, and give him such instructions as will, at all events, prevent my property falling, after my decease, into the hands of the betting-ring."

Stern I had often seen Nicholas Bunce, but bitter never. I was glad to see him bitter, for it was proof that he had been wounded sore, and unless he had dearly loved the lad, Charley's conduct would not have had the power so to wound him. Now, where there has once been love, there is always room for reconciliation; and as soon as Uncle Bunce was round the corner, I took a hansom to the Sword and Gun Office.

It had been arranged long ago that, on the next evening, my partner and I should dine together at the former's house; and we did so. At one time Charley had been asked, but that was all over now, of course. Uncle Bunce had not come to the city that day, and it was evident, by his wearied and melancholy manner, that he had been occupied in something distressing and disagreeable; indeed, I have no doubt that he had been remaking his will. I was not one whit afraid of the old gentleman, but I was resolved to put a good face upon the matter. "Your good health, Nicholas," said I, as he pushed the claret to me, after dinner, "and Charley's good health."

Uncle Bunce started as if he had been stung.

"I do not wish to have that young man's name mentioned in my hearing," observed he.

"After to-night you shall not hear it, unless you please," said I; "but I must have my say for this once. I told you I should do so yesterday, and I promised him the same last night. Then I shall have discharged my conscience; and if you choose to let your nephew go to the dogs, it will be through no omission of mine. I have neither extenuation nor apology to make for him"—

"I should think not," interposed Uncle Bunce.

"Your thought is founded, however, upon wrong premises, Nicholas. I have neither to make for him simply because he needs none."

"Needs none!" echoed the old man, and although his tone was meant to be contemptuous, I thought I detected in it an accent of hope.

"I mean what I assert, old friend," replied I quietly. "The lad has behaved, I will not say 'as any other young man would have behaved in the like circumstances,' for that phrase is often used to excuse an indiscretion, but I will say *this*, and then have done with it: He has behaved as a true gentleman, and (especially) as a good *man of business* in the whole matter." I held up the wineglass between my eye and the light, and smacked my lips like one who, having relieved his mind, may now afford to enjoy himself.

Uncle Bunce seemed to gasp for air. "What the deuce!—why, you're making a fool of me," exclaimed he savagely. "Do you mean to tell me he did *not* go down to the Derby?"

"Of course he did. The government sent him."

"The—government—sent—him?" repeated my respected partner like one in a dream.

"Just so," said I. "But don't let me trouble you with the particulars of a subject which I see is distasteful to you, and about which you have quite made up your mind. I have now performed my duty in this matter, and there's an end of it. This is good wine. If it's no secret, may I ask what did you give for it a dozen?"

"Fifty pounds. Fifty pounds to ten against Palmyra," muttered the old man. Then: "It's all a lie, Coe," cried he, suddenly. "How dare you talk to me about the government sending—"

"Mr. Bunce," interrupted I firmly, "I will not endure such language. You may be as brutal and unjust as you please to your own flesh and blood, but you shall not bully me. I am not in the habit of telling lies. The fact is (if you really wish to hear the fact, and not merely to flatter your own preconceived opinions), Charley Thornton could not have avoided— But stop; first answer me one thing. If Messrs. Bar & Bullion had offered you a holiday on the Derby day, when you were a clerk in their office, upon the condition that you would go and see the race, would you have accepted it, or would you not?"

"Well, I suppose I should," said Uncle Bunce, reluctantly.

"No, you don't; you are sure you would; you'd have gone like a shot. Well, that being granted, you and your nephew are in the same boat. The government gave a holiday on the Derby day to the clerks in the Sword and Gun Office, upon the condition I have mentioned, and all those who availed themselves of the offer pledged their words to use the opportunity as it was intended to be used. If Charley, having obtained his day's leave, had not gone to Epsom Downs, he would have behaved unlike a gentleman. That's clear, I hope."

"The government ought to be ashamed of themselves!" observed Uncle Bunce.

"Very likely; but your nephew is not the government, and although I hear from the chief of his department a most excellent account of the young fellow, it is not likely he ever will be. Thus, you see, to begin with, so far from shirking his duties to go to the Derby, Charley only obeyed orders—and, I have no doubt, with great cheerfulness. This is certainly excellent wine."

"Did the government make him bet fifty pounds to ten against Palmyra?" inquired the old gentleman grimly, after a long silence.

"The government didn't, but the office did," said I, "in this way: There was a Derby sweep got up among the Sword and Gun clerks, as is always the case at every government office, and Charley put in his sovereign like the rest. Perhaps that was wrong of him; but if you never did worse, friend Nicholas, when you were a young man, all I can say is, you were too good to live, and I shouldn't fancy you were ever likely to die of that complaint." I rose, and going to the window that looked out into the quiet street, threw it up to let in the summer air. "Come, come, you'll forgive his putting into the sweep," said I. "I don't ask you to be generous, but to be just."

"I forgive him that, of course, but for the bet I will not forgive him. How is it possible that the office could have had anything to do with his making a bet which, if he had lost, he could never pay?"

"He won it," said I, quietly, "and it would have been a most unbusiness-like transaction if he had not laid the money. Yes, Mr. Bunce; you have been wrong throughout this matter hitherto, and you are wrong now. I say that Charley would have shown himself unworthy of being your relative if he had not laid the odds against Palmyra; and I'll prove it. The case was simply this: Charley drew Palmyra in this sovereign sweep, so that if the mare had won, he would have received (since all the clerks subscribed to it) at least one hundred pounds. His obvious duty, then, as a man of business—and not a merely gambling spectator—was to make some portion of the money safe. He therefore betted fifty pounds to ten pounds against the mare; if she had won, he would have cleared fifty pounds by the transaction; and as it was, although she lost, the astute young fellow managed to secure ten pounds, minus the sovereign originally invested."

"Ah, that was it—was it?" said Uncle Bunce, looking, I must say, most uncommonly foolish. "However, you must confess that appearances were much against the lad."

"Not a bit," said I. "On the contrary, they are very much in his favor. Come to the window here, and judge for yourself; there he is, at the corner yonder, waiting for me to whistle for him. Does he look like any of your cunning hang-dog turfites—such as you have pictured him, or likely to grow into any such horrid shape? Unless he happens to draw a favorite in a sweep a second time—which is not very likely—I will answer for him that he will never bet in his life again. Come, sir, you whistle for him." And Uncle Bunce did whistle, as cheerfully as any blackbird; and as the young fellow ran up, he held his hand out through the open window, to let him know at once that all was explained and forgiven. And then he came indoors, and something which I had caused to be privately kept hot for him down stairs—for Uncle Bunce's cook loved the lad—was brought up by way of dinner, and Uncle Bunce and I and Charley had a merry evening together after all.

Sketches of Prague.

[Correspondence of the Boston Journal.]

PRAGUE, June 12, 1868.

THE APOSTLES' CLOCK.

While in the market place we will wait for the hour, for here is a curious old clock that ticked four centuries ago, when the Swedes were thundering at the gates of Prague, and when Bohemia was a great and powerful kingdom, just as it is ticking now. Twenty-four hours—the day and night—are marked on the dial, instead of twelve, for the clock follows the sun. When the night comes the face of the dial becomes black, just as the night is, and when the day approaches it turns its great white face out to meet the light. You can tell from it what time the sun rises, and at what hour he will set. Hanusch, the clever fellow who made it, was something of an astronomer; but men knew little about the stars in those days.

But the hour has arrived—it is ten o'clock. Watch closely, for the delicate mechanism is now at work. Out of a small door above the dial comes a skeleton, ghastly and grim. Around its bony neck old Father Time has hung his remorseless scythe. The gaunt figure produces an hour glass, and turns it to indicate that another hour has gone, and that the new has commenced. It then pulls violently a bell rope precisely as the old sexton in a new England village church does on a Sabbath morning. At each pull the bell strikes and the skeleton bows its head in approval. Then out of the mysterious tower comes a miser with a bag of gold. He clenches it tight, for it is evident his time has come, and he hates to leave his worldly goods behind. He walks about and and beats the ground with his stick. There is avarice in his heart and eye—a sort of cold, relentless grasping after dollars, that no one can mistake. This figure is the masterpiece of the clock. When the skeleton has rang the hour, both it and the miser retire into the tower. Then a great bronze door opens, and the twelve apostles pass before the Saviour, and bow down to him. Far up on the tower, their faces look life-like, and the scene is impressive.

How beautiful to think of the scenes enacted here in Prague, under the eye of this old clock, and of the momentous and terrible hours it has ticked away. In the old building, upon which the tower stands, the great dignitaries of Prague used to hold their banquets and feasts. Here they entertained their Austrian rulers, and deliberated upon the political events of the age. In the great square in front, the tournaments of the old chivalry were held. Bohemia had a blind king then, John of Luxemburg. After having fought many battles, he came into the lists of a tournament one day, in this very square, and was unhorsed by another knight, whose lance was longer and whose arm was stronger than his. We imagine we hear the ladies clapping their hands and cheering the successful knight, and then the queer old clock striking the hour of the king's defeat. Then, a few years later, in this very square, in full view of the dial, eleven officers of noble rank were beheaded because they had run away from the battlefield of Lutzen. But the old clock witnessed another terrible sight about this time—one which is connected with our own history and belief. It was in 1621, after the battle of White Hill, where Romanism triumphed over Protestantism. Twenty-seven persons—some of them of noble rank—were then executed, to appease the wrath of the conqueror. The heads of the poor victims were stuck upon the gate tower, a little way down the street. The grim skeleton tolled the bells for their death, and the miser and saints appeared on the tower then, as we have just seen them to-day. There is probably not a clock-face in the world that has seen so much. For four hundred years it has turned its face daily to see the sun rise. I fear that, among all our skillful mechanics to-day, there is not one that could make such a wondrous clock, or one that would last half so long.

GEORGE PEABODY.—An analysis of Mr. Peabody's character would show elements not often united. He possesses uncommon geniality, combined with a dignity that never unbends; lavish expenditure of money united to almost parsimonious thrift; tolerance of the opinions of others, mingled with opposite convictions of the most positive nature. He has had two objects in view in the course of his life—wealth and distinction—and though his generosity has conflicted with the one, and his indifference to popular opinion with the other, he has attained them both. In the common acceptation of the term he has never been a religious man, belonging to no church, contributing to no religious charities *per se*, and seldom attending divine service. Indeed, some of his most agreeable parties were given on Sundays, when, having invited from twelve to twenty congenial friends, and taking an omnibus from White Horse Cellar, the summer day would be spent in strolling through the gardens and picture galleries of Hampton Court, and the evening at a sumptuous dinner on Richmond Hill. And yet he has always expressed great respect for the institutions of religion, and professed himself a firm believer in the cardinal doctrines of the Congregational Church, in which he was brought up. Indeed, few men have better exemplified the principles of Christianity in daily life. Truthful to exactness, honest in every transaction, faithful to duty, charitable, gentle, firm in adherence to right, free from the vices common to men of affluence, unselfish, stern in rebuke of wrong, prompt in assistance to merit, never provoked into the use of profane language, and discountenancing it in others, he has been an example to many men of louder professions.

A lively effort is making for a horse car railroad between Greensburg, La., and Amite City, or some other point on the Jackson Railroad.

RAILROADS.

PONTCHARTRAIN RAILROAD COMPANY.

This Road, as now extended, will be opened to the public on

Sunday, the 19th Instant,

Fare to and from the Lake, same day, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Children under 12 years of age will be charged TEN CENTS.

The City Terminus is fixed at the Head of Lafayette street, where within a few yards of the Steamboat and Barge Landings, and in the immediate vicinity of all the Warehouses and Western Produce Dealers, the Company has erected a GRAND FREIGHT DEPOT, with a capacity of at least ten thousand barrels.

Observing CITY TELEGRAPH TIME as closely as possible, the Trains will run as follows, halting at Canal street, at French Market, at Old Passenger Depot and at Calliope street:

Steam Train leaves New D'pt.		Steam Train leaves Lake End	
6¼ o'clock	A. M.	5 o'clock	A. M.
7½	" "	6¼	" "
9	" "	7½	" "
10½	" "	9	" "
12	" M.	10½	" "
2	" P. M.	12	" M.
3	" "	2	" P. M.
4	" "	3	" "
5	" "	4	" "
6	" "	5	" "
7	" "	6	" "
8	" "	7	" "
9	" "	8	" "
		9	" "

The 9 P. M. Train from the Lake will not go beyond the Passenger Depot at the head of Elysian Fields a reet.

The Horse Car will leave the city at 4 A. M., and the Lake at 10 P. M., and cannot, for the present, run beyond the Old Depot.

For the convenience of Bathers and Fishing parties, a steam Train will leave the New Depot at 4 o'clock on Sunday mornings. An extra trip will also be run at 1 o'clock in the day.

Baggage, light household effects and family supplies will be received at the OLD DEPOT if the traveler so prefers it. In that event, the packages must be brought only on the day of the departure of the steamer for which they are intended, and then not later than thirty minutes prior to the passing of the train which connects with her.

Travelers from Mobile or the Watering Places who may desire their baggage and effects delivered at the Old Depot will please express their wish to the officers of the boat, who will take pleasure in seeing that their property is assorted and placed separately on the wharf.

G. PANDELY,
General Superintendent.

THROUGH RATES OF FREIGHT

BETWEEN

NEW ORLEANS,

New York, Boston, Philadelphia and All Points North and East,

VIA N. O., J. AND GREAT NORTHERN AND MISSISSIPPI CENTRAL RAILROADS, ETC.

ALL RAIL ROUTE.

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THROUGH BILLS LADING SIGNED AND RATES GUARANTEED.

N. O., J. AND G. N. RAILROAD OFFICE,
New Orleans, July 1, 1868.

Shippers are informed that we are now transporting freight between New Orleans and New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., at very low rates, making a saving to the shipper by this route of from TWENTY to FIFTY PER CENT.

All claims for loss, damage or overcharge will be promptly settled at points of delivery.

For further information apply at the Depot, on Calliope street, or at the office of the Company, No. 44 Carondelet street.

T. S. WILLIAMS,
General Superintendent.

JAMES YONGE, General Freight Agent.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

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Highest Price Paid for Cotton.

COTTON STORED and SHIPPED to SUIT PLANTERS.

Thanking my friends and the public generally for their former patronage I most respectfully solicit a continuance of the same, as I feel confident that as heretofore, I am fully capable of giving entire satisfaction in my line of business; as also in the shipping of Cotton, on which liberal Cash Advances are made, if required. Having much Cotton to ship for my own account, it enables me to get freight lower than the usual charges. Being Agent for the Celebrated "ARROW TIE," I shall always have, with India Bagging and Baling Twine, a large supply on hand, and will offer same at Lowest Cash Prices.

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J. C. BARELLI,

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT.

No. 67 Tchoupitoulas Street,

NEW ORLEANS.

JNEAU, AYCOCK & CO.,

(E. INEAU, J. T. AYCOCK, JOE GITTINGER,)

(Successors to C. Wilkin & Co.,)

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Cattle, Hogs and Sheep,

STOCK LANDING,

City of Jefferson, La.

HAY & MEHLE—

(ALEXANDER HAY—WILLIAM MEHLE.)

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, FOR THE PURCHASE Sale, Forwarding and Shipment of Hides, Leather, Wool, Beeswax, Tallow, and Tanning Materials,

Nos. 44 and 62 COMMERCE STREET, NEW ORLEANS

T. C. NOEL,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

For the sale of

Sheep, Mules and Horses

STOCK LANDING, NEW ORLEANS

Satisfactory references given.

JOHN W. NORRIS & CO.—

(Removed from 52 Canal street,)

57 CANAL AND 17 CROSSMAN STREETS,

General Commission Merchants, Produce Factors,

And Dealers in all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Agents for Fire and Burglar Proof SAFES and COTTON GINS.

Zimmermann & Co.'s Cincinnati Sparkling CATAWBA STARCH, VINEGAR, etc., etc., always on hand.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

J. H. HALSEY—

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

No. 5 Carondelet Street,

NEW ORLEANS.

TO INVENTORS.

WILLIAM M. ECCLES,

Attorney at Law,

OFFICE, 119 NORTH THIRD STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO

Will solicit Patents, and prosecute Patent Suits, and old rejected claims. Expecting to reap our profits from such, we obtain patents on first application, for barely what it costs us and having been in the business for some time, we are enabled to shape claims so as to avoid infringement. All business attended to promptly; advice free in all cases.

Best of city references given when desired.

ERNEST TURPIN, WHOLESALE MANUFACTURER of Stick Candy, Fancy Candies, Chocolate, Cream Drops, Sugar Almonds, Rock Candy, Jujube Paste, Gum Drops, and Syrups, by steam. Importer of French Ornaments, such as Cupids, Flowers, Gum Leaves, Lyres, Dauphins, Decorated Toys, Cossaques, Fancy Papers for Cake Stands or Bouquets, Cartonages, or Fancy Boxes for Christmas and New Year Presents, Cornucopias, etc., etc. No. 92 Old Levee street, between St. Louis and Conti streets, New Orleans, La.

SPECIAL NOTICE.....NOTICE.

Persons having Cotton and Sugar Plantations FOR SALE will please send us, without delay, accurate descriptions of the property, location, price and terms of sale.

GIBSON & AUSTIN, Attorneys.
5 Carondelet street.

N. O. STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

CHARTER.....CHARTER

—OF THE—

NEW ORLEANS STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
STATE OF LOUISIANA, CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

Be it Known, That on this eighth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, and of the independence of the United States the ninety-second, before me, Edward Ivy, a notary public, in and for the City and Parish of New Orleans, State of Louisiana, aforesaid, duly commissioned and sworn, personally came and appeared the parties hereinafter named and undersigned, who severally declared that, availing themselves of the provisions of the statutes of the State of Louisiana relative to the organization of corporations in this State, they have covenanted and agreed, and do by these presents covenant, agree and bind themselves, and those whom they represent, to form themselves into and constitute a corporation for the objects and purposes, and under the stipulations, regulations and obligations following, to-wit:

ARTICLE I.

The name and title of said Company shall be the "NEW ORLEANS STEAMSHIP COMPANY," and its domicil is hereby established in the city of New Orleans and it shall exist and continue for the term of twenty five years from the date of these presents, unless sooner dissolved, as hereinafter provided for. It shall have a corporate seal with a device upon the same and the name of the Company upon the margin thereof.

ARTICLE II.

The object of said company is to construct or otherwise procure and maintain one or more steamships, to constitute a line or lines of steamships, to be owned and controlled in the city of New Orleans, and to trade between said city and any port or ports on the Atlantic coast or Gulf of Mexico.

The manager of said company shall be the proper person on whom to serve citations, notices and other legal process where in the said Company may be interested.

ARTICLE III.

The capital stock of said Company is hereby fixed at the sum of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, divided into shares of Fifty Dollars each, all of which to be paid at or before the signing of these presents; which capital may be increased to an amount not exceeding one million, if the same should be required by two-thirds capital.

ARTICLE IV.

The affairs of said Company shall be under the direction and management of Edward Higgins, who may at any time have the privilege of associating with him one or more persons from among the stockholders of the Company, subject to the approval of the Board of Control, who shall act as a Board of Agents to assist in transacting the business of said Company.

ARTICLE V.

SECTION 1. The regular meetings of the stockholders of the Company shall be held annually, commencing on the first Tuesday in February, 1869, at which meeting a majority in capital shall choose five of their number to serve as Directors for the ensuing year, who shall constitute and form a Board of Control, of which the said Manager shall be Chairman and entitled to one vote on all matters brought before it; and until the election of Directors as aforesaid, the following named persons shall constitute the first Board of Control, viz: M. J. SMITH, WM. CREEVY, J. PEMBERTON, J. ARMSTRONG, J. MCCLOSKEY.

SEC. 2. The failure to elect Directors, as aforesaid, shall not dissolve the said corporation, but the Board in office shall continue to exercise its functions, until a new Board can be elected.

SEC. 3. Three members of said Board of Control shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, and the said Board is hereby invested with full power to frame and adopt such by-laws, rules and regulations as they may deem requisite and necessary for the Company and the transaction of its affairs; provided, the same shall not conflict with the true intent and meaning of this Act of Incorporation, or with the laws of this State. And in the temporary absence of the Manager they may select a Chairman to preside at their meetings. They shall have power, and are hereby authorized to buy and sell steamships, fuel, real estate, etc., for the uses of the Company; to make contracts, leases, mortgages, hypothecations and compromises; to fix salaries of officers and employes; to borrow money, and to build or cause to be built steamships for the use of said Company.

SEC. 4. If any member of said Board shall cease to be a Stockholder of said Company during his term of service, his office shall be declared vacant; and in the event of the death, permanent absence, or resignation of any member of said Board of Control, the said Board of Control shall have power to fill vacancies occasioned thereby until the first regular meeting thereafter of the Stockholders for the election of officers of the Company.

SEC. 5. The said Board shall meet monthly for the transaction of business, and the Manager may call them together at any time, by giving six hours' notice in writing.

ARTICLE VI.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the Manager to keep, or cause to be kept, in bound books, in the name of the Company, a correct record of the proceedings, transactions, accounts, property, business and affairs, as well as a full and complete account of the receipts and disbursements thereof. He shall moreover act as Treasurer of the Company, and keep a cash account in one of the banks or banking companies, of this city, subject to the approval of the Board of Control, in the name and for account of the Company, and to be alone authorized and empowered to draw checks, to be countersigned by the Secretary, and transact all banking business thereof.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the Manager of said Company to exhibit, or cause to be exhibited to the Stockholders, whenever thereto required by them, all the books, papers, accounts and documents belonging to said Company, and also submit to them on or before the twentieth of each month a detailed statement of the business and affairs of the Company during the preceding month.

SEC. 3. In the event of the resignation, permanent absence or death of the Manager, the Board of Control shall immediately proceed to appoint a Manager pro tem., who shall act as such until the first annual meeting thereafter of the Stockholders, at which meeting the Stockholders shall proceed to elect a manager from among themselves who shall be subject to election annually thereafter; and in the case of the temporary absence of the Manager, the aforesaid Board of Control shall have power to appoint a Manager pro tem.

SEC. 4. At the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Company, the Manager may make a report of such matters and things as he may deem expedient and necessary for the interest of the Company, at which meeting each share of stock in the said Company shall be entitled to one vote on all matters brought before it.

SEC. 5. The said Manager shall have power to appoint a Secretary, agents and other employes annually, and oftener if vacancies should occur, subject to the approval of the Board of Control; and he may remove said Secretary, agents or other employes at any time, without the sanction of said Board.

ARTICLE VII.

On the expiration of the said term of twenty-five years, hereinbefore agreed upon for the existence of said Company, a majority of the stockholders in capital shall have power to determine upon the mode of selling and disposing of all the property and effects belonging to said Company, and also to decide upon and fix the terms and conditions of the sale or disposition thereof, and finally of winding up and liquidating its affairs to the best advantage.

ARTICLE VIII.

Three-fourths of the stockholders in capital shall have the power to wind up and settle the business and affairs of said Company, at any time during its existence, or of making any modifications, additions or changes to this act, on giving sixty days previous notice in two of the newspapers published in this city.

ARTICLE IX.

All transfers of stocks shall be made in the office of the Company, and recorded in a book of transfer to be kept for that purpose. The new stockholder binding himself in said act of transfer to abide by all the terms, conditions and stipulations of this act and all or any rules, regulations or by-laws made and adopted in pursuance thereof.

ARTICLE X.

No stockholder shall ever be held liable or responsible for the contracts, or faults of said Company, beyond the amount of his stock in said Company, nor shall any mere informality in the organization of said Company have the effect of rendering the present charter null, or of exposing a Stockholder to any greater liability than the amount of his stock therein.

ARTICLE XI.

The said Company shall sue and be sued in its corporate name and capacity, and plead and be impleaded accordingly.

ARTICLE XII.

The following named persons are Stockholders in said Company, and as such are entitled to the number of shares placed opposite to their names respectively, to-wit:

M. J. Smith, Wm. Creevy, Jno. Armstrong, Thos. B. Lee, Geo. G. Garner, J. B. Murison, Geo. W. Manson, J. H. Stauffer, W. A. Shropshire, John Pemberton, Edw'd A. York, Harmon Doane, C. H. Bradshaw, David McCoard, Kennett & Bell, Wm M. Perkins, A. Miltenberger & Co., Wilhelmur Bogart, and others.

ARTICLE XIII.

The Board of Control shall be empowered to receive further subscriptions to said Capital Stock, until the amount subscribed shall have reached the aforesaid sum of one million.

ARTICLE XIV.

This Association shall go into operation as soon as the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars shall have been subscribed for. And, in conclusion, the stockholders hereinbefore named, in confirmation of the aforesaid stipulations, covenants and agreements ordained