The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17, 1869.

Green Apples.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Pull down the bough, Bob! Isn't this fun?
Now give it a shake, and—there goes one!
Now put your thumb up to the other, and see
If it isn't as mellow as mellow can be!
I know by the stripe
It must be ripe!
That's one apiece for you and me.

Green, are they? Well, no matter for that.
Sit down on the grass and we'll have a chat;
And I'll tell you what old Parson Bute
Said last Sunday of unripe fruit.
"Life," says he,
"Is a bountiful tree
Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

"For the youth there's love, just streaked with red,
And great joys hanging just over his head;
Happiness, honor, and great estate,
For those who patiently work and wait,
Blessings," said he,
"Of every degree.
Ripening early and ripening late.

"Take them in season, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet;
But, O my friends!—" Here he gave a rap
On his desk like a regular thunder-clap,
And made such a bang,
Old Deacon Lang
Woke out of his Sunday nap.

"Green fruit," he said, "God would not bless;
But half life's sorrow and bitterness,
Half the evil and ache and crime,
Came from tasting before their time
The fruits Heaven sent."
Then on he went
To his Fourthly and Fifthly. Wasn't it prime?

But, I say, Bob! we fellows don't care
So much for a mouthful of apple or pear;
But what we like is the fun of the thing,
When the fresh winds blow, and the hang-birds bring
Home grubs and sing
To their young ones, a swing
In their basket-nest, tied up by its string.

I like apples in various ways;
They're first-rate roasted before the blaze
Of a winter fire; and, O my eyes!
Aren't they nice, though, made into pies?
I scarce ever saw
One, cooked or raw,
That wasn't good for a boy of my size.

But shake your fruit from the orchard tree,
And the tune of the brook, and the hum of the bee,
And the chipmunks chippering every minute,
And the clear sweet note of the gay little linnet,
And the grass and the flowers,
And the long summer hours,
And the flavor of sun and breeze are in it.

But this is a hard one! Why didn't we
Leave them another week on the tree?
Is yours as bitter? Give us a bite!
The pulp is tough, and the seeds are white,
And the taste of it puckers
My mouth like a sucker's!
I declare, I believe the old parson was right!

[Our Young Folks.

Hallucination.

A QUEER CASE OF SPECTRAL ILLUSION.

[From the Nashville Press, Jan. 5.]

On the evening of December 30th, Mrs. Caroline Proud, who lives in South Nashville, at the house of her brother, was the subject of a strange hallucination, or spectral appearance, which is worthy of mention. On the afternoon of the day in question Mrs. Proud had been arranging a large box of family effects, among which were a number of things which belonged to her father, now dead something like six years. She read several letters which she had received from him shortly before his death, and had arranged some family papers which had been bequeathed her. She says she was conscious of having the scenes of her father's illness and death, and the subsequent breaking up of the household, vividly brought to her remembrance by her unusual employment. These impressions were deepened by the sudden remembrance that it was on the afternoon of December 30th, six years before, that her father had breathed his last. After having arranged the papers, books and documents, (there was a large box of them, and considerable time was consumed,) she joined her brother's family in the sitting room and engaged in pleasant conversation for more than half an hour, during which time all the gloomy and somber reflections which had possessed her while looking over the family relics were dissipated, and she was in an exceedingly pleasant frame of mind when she arose to go into a distant apartment to get a long unused article of apparel which she designed fixing over for a New Year's masquerade party. She left the family room humming a familiar air, traversed the hall, climbed the stairway and reached the apartment. A sudden light shone into the room through thick curtains, and the air was close and unwholesome from long confinement, as the place was used as a sort of store-room for articles seldom needed. Around the walls hung various articles of clothing of male and female attire, and sundry boxes were piled up in the corners, while a roll of carpeting and an old hearth rug occupied the center of the floor. Hardly had she advanced a step into the room, when pausing to let her eye become accustomed to the light, which was rather dim even at noonday, but was becoming sombered as daylight faded away, she saw a vivid and startling apparition. Right before her, and between the carpet and the farther wall, she beheld the image of her father. He was dressed in black, with white neck tie, as had been his custom on the Sabbath, and in his hand he held a prayer-book. The face was vividly natural, but wore a milder and more benignant look than during life, and the eyes, with an expression of love and sympathy, gazed full upon the daughter.

Mrs. Proud is not a timid woman, and accordingly steadfastly regarded the apparition, expecting to see it dissolve into some strange arrangement of the articles of clothing hanging against the wall, but she looked in vain, the image, meanwhile, becoming more distinct, and at last starting as if to approach. The astonished and terrified woman saw no more. A sudden and agonized shriek startled the house and when the family came rushing to the spot they found her lying senseless in the doorway, with the key of the room still clutched fast in her hand. Restoratives were applied, and the woman was soon able to relate the cause of her terror. Meanwhile, the room had been carefully examined, but nothing was out of place nor could any unusual appearance be discovered. The window was fastened and the undisturbed dust on the floor showed that the place had not been entered for months.

Mrs. Proud was ill with fever for several days after witnessing this strange apparition, but yesterday, as we were informed, had about gained her usual strength.

As the lady in question has never been troubled with any affection of the visual organs, nor ever before saw, or imagined she saw, a phantom, this must certainly be considered a very queer case.

DRESS ECCENTRICITIES OF NAPOLEON AND EUGENIE.—The Paris correspondent of the North American thus speaks of the singular toilettes in which the empress and emperor recently appeared at the theater at Compeigne:

"The empress appeared in a dress of black composed of silk and velvet combined, the latter material forming tunic and train; the singularity in this case was the admission of black as an evening costume, when not actually necessitated by a royal mourning; a precedent which the growing favor granted to black of late, over colors, will no doubt tend to establish. In her majesty's case the apparent sombre aspect was relieved by a magnificent trimming of diamonds adapted to the body, and diamond anchors fastening the top of the sleeves. A diamond flower, on which was balanced the tiniest of humming birds, composed of diamonds, emeralds and rubies, and which seemed, in its glittering plumage, ever on the point of taking wing, was placed nearly in the middle of the head-dress, in which floating curls were loosely disposed just revealing a green velvet ribbon amidst the blaze of diamonds. The empress looked charming in this tiolette, which set off her still fair complexion and golden colored hair. Near the emperor sat the Princess Metternich, likewise in a black dress of satin and velvet. By way of a necklet the princess had a black velvet collar studded with diamonds, from which descended glittering rows of of the same gems, reaching to the top of the boddice and entirely concealing the neck; a diamond *aigrette* and pendants formed the head dress. We shall, no doubt, see a great deal of black this winter arranged for evening costumes, after the examples of two such leading authorities.

It is not often one records innovations in male attire; but as the ruler of France has of late endeavored to effect one, I am tempted to mention it. His majesty has taken to wearing for evening dress a blue coat with brass buttons, with white silk facings; black inexpressibles and white silk stockings are worn, with this old fashioned coat revived, which has a certain antique but very gentlemanly effect."

SUPERNATURAL VISION OF DEATH.

REMARKABLE CASE OF LIEUT. HENRY POLLARD.

[From the Dublin University Magazine for November.]

The events I am about to relate occurred at a distance of about eight hundred miles apart. One at Alta Vista, the residence of Major Richard Pollard, in the Green Mountains of Albemarle county, Va.; the other at a frontier military post of the United States on the western boundary of Texas—not, as now, incorporated in the Union. A detachment of about two hundred men in the Ninth regiment of infantry and a few dragoons were there in garrison, with the usual complement of officers. Among the latter was Lieut. Henry Pollard, a remarkably fine and intelligent young man of about twenty-five years of age. Towards the close of the day of the 12th of May, 1834, the clear ringing notes of a bugle announced the hour for dinner, and immediately after the officers were gathered round the mess table, buoyant with health, and in their accustomed harmony and good-fellowship—conditions under which they there met for the last time.

At the time now referred to Major Pollard was absent at Santiago, in Chili, where he had been sent by the United States government on a special mission, which involved reparation for the capture of the frigate Essex, Commodore Porter, within the harbor of Valparaiso, in the war of 1812-'14, by two English vessels—the Phœbe and Cherub. This action was fought within gunshot of the batteries of the port, and witnessed by thousands of spectators who crowded the shores. It was unequaled by any of the war for the pertinacity of the attack and defense. When Commodore Porter ordered his colors to be struck, and surrendered himself a prisoner of war on board the Phœbe, very few of his men were left fit for duty; nearly every officer was disabled, and not less than one hundred and forty of the crew were killed outright or seriously wounded. Such a number, in proportion, is not recorded in any other naval engagement. The Essex was reduced to a perfect wreck.

During the absence of her husband, Mrs. Pollard, leaving the entire management of the plantation to the overseers, occupied herself with the education of her children, who were under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Brown, a gentleman from Massachusetts. He was a profound scholar, and being without a church, had accepted the office of tutor in the family, remaining in it, including a residence at Old Ridge, between eight and nine years. As now, Mrs. Pollard had then a great fondness for flowers, and passed much of her time amongst them—a lady of wonderfully pleasing and graceful manners, a highly cultivated mind, and particularly free from anything of a superstitious nature. I mention this for evident reasons, which will appear in connection with this story. She was in the habit of rising early, and attended by some of the female servants of the house, would frequently pass an hour or more before breakfast in the garden and the grounds adjacent. At this time she was in the prime of life, and retained much of that personal beauty for which in her *première jeunesse* she had been remarkable.

The early morning of the 13th of May, 1834, was one of those for which the spring season in that part of Virginia is perhaps nowhere excelled. Nothing can surpass the delicious softness of a May daybreak in the Green Mountains. You see an almost cloudless sky, and are conscious of a temperature voluptuously soft and tranquilizing. The fragrance of a thousand flowers fills the air. At intervals you may hear, as if to present a more striking interest, the notes of a "songster of the grove," or the fanning of a gentle breeze may stir the leaves and branches of encircling woods. I prefer to give, as received from Mrs. Pollard's own lips, and as nearly as possible in her own words, what now follows, delivered with an uncontrollable emotion, which frequently interrupted the thread of the narration.

"I left the house," she said, "on the morning above indicated quite early, before 6, as I noticed by the clock when passing through the hall. I crossed the lawn to the garden, and not seeing Uncle Ben, (one of the negro gardeners,) I expressed surprise, as he was usually very regular at his work, and my astonishment was not lessened at hearing Martha exclaim, 'Missis, there's Uncle Ben over yonder in the graveyard.' (The family cemetery lay immediately beyond the garden.) I directed my steps towards it to see what he was doing, as it seemed strange he should be there instead of in the garden. I said, 'Uncle Ben, what brings you here this morning?' He reminded me that a few days before I had told him to pluck away some weeds which were growing up about the tomb of my dear little Lucy. I noticed, too, that he had swept and smoothed the surrounding ground. The morning was so delightful, the air so serene, that I felt tempted to pass out through the cemetery to the fields, intending to return by the same way, and I told Uncle Ben not to lock the gate, as I should do so.

"I was led to continue my walk beyond what was my usual custom; but presently a peculiar sensation, as if impelled by some undefined influence, came upon me, and I began to feel very nervous. I hastened to the path leading to the large gate, through which I now decided to return to the house—the shortest way, in fact. An overpowering sense of sadness oppressed me, and once or twice I was compelled to stop. At length I approached the aspen tree which stands by the side of the private road, just without the gate, when, judge of my horror at seeing, lying beneath it, my poor boy Henry! At his side were a cloak, a cap and a sash. I saw blood oozing from his neck. His features bore an expression indicative of intense pain, though calm and tranquil. I instinctively moved towards him, when he waved his hand as if to say adieu! A faint smile seemed to struggle through the agony under which he appeared to be laboring.

"In the room which you and Rose now occupy I found myself lying on a couch. The curtains were drawn, and surrounding objects were at first dim and indistinct. Presently I distinguished the forms of the children, Virginia, Minnie and Rose—Rose then a little fairy in her fifth year. She had grasped my hand. At the farther part of the room were several of the servants weeping. My first exclamation, as Virginia afterwards told me, was 'My darling children, poor Henry is dead! You will never see your brother again.' Between the interval of my vision, for I know not what else to call it, and a return to consciousness, Virginia and Minnie had gathered from the servants, that near the aspen tree, as I was about to turn in at the gate, I had suddenly stopped, cried out the name of my son, and then became insensible. With the assistance of others, immediately summoned, they had borne me to the house in a state of utter prostration. To this day I have not deemed it prudent or advisable to communicate to my children what I saw on that dreadful morning; and had it not been that my first expression, on a return of consciousness, was of Henry's death, not a word would have escaped me on the subject. Within my own breast it would have been concealed until confirmed or proved to be unreal. But, so far as they could connect anything with it, they urged me to disabuse my mind of the impression, and that when the post arrived we should hear he was alive and well. They pretended they had dreamt it, and that, like the shadows of a dream, all would pass happily away. I allowed them so to think, fully convinced, however, that their brother was no longer in this world.

"A fortnight or more had passed, when to the surprise of every one, uncle Isham made his appearance. To me the news of his arrival seemed to be a death-blow. Preceded by the children, I went to the piazza to see him. Virginia outran the others, and I heard her say, 'Where's your master Harry?' 'Massy Henry gone dead, missy,' he replied; and the poor slave burst into tears. After a moment he continued, 'They sent me home to Alta Vista, and told me to take this letter to my missis.' He then produced from a cloth, in which he had carefully wrapped it, a letter, together with a small sealed packet. The letter proved to be from one of Henry's brother officers. I have it here now, and will read it to you. It was dated at Fort Madison, on the Rio Grande, 15th of May, 1834:

"'*Dear Madam*—It has fallen to my lot to communicate to you most sad news. Your son Henry, our late companion and friend, is no more. He fell in a duel on the morning of the 13th inst., about six o'clock, having been shot through the neck. I was with him when he expired, and heard the word 'Mother' pass from his lips. His death was almost instantaneous. As I am sure it will be a satisfaction to yourself and Major Pollard to know the circumstances which led to this melancholy event, I here give them: At the mess-table, on the preceding evening, everything had gone on up to a certain period in the utmost harmony and hilarity, when Captain S—— most unhappily turned the conversation to the subject of slavery. Being a violent abolitionist, he became unguarded in his remarks, and said many things derogatory to all slave-owners, whom he denounced in a body. The other officers present did what they could to interpose and check his language, which only became more offensive and insulting, as also to allay the indignation evidently rising on the part of your son.

"'We rose from the table in confusion, and sought our quarters, greatly grieved at what had taken place, and not free from strong suspicions that Lieutenant Pollard would seek apology or redress. The same night I received a message from him, and by the hands of the surgeon he sent a note to Capt. S——, demanding a retraction of the words he had uttered, and in the presence of all before whom they were spoken. This not being granted, a meeting was fixed for the next morning at six o'clock. I accompanied your son to the ground. The ball of his antagonist pierced his neck, and he fell. We placed him at the foot of a neighboring tree, where his servant Isham had already deposited his cloak, sash and cap. The doctor immediately opened his collar to search the wound, but it was apparent that he was beyond all mortal aid, and in a moment or two he breathed his last. I cannot close without adding that no one could stand better in the service than your son did. He was a brave young soldier, and high minded beyond his years. His uniform modesty of demeanor and unaffected goodness won the hearts of all. Every man in this detachment mourns his loss, and no one feels his death more keenly than he by whose hand he fell. We send Isham with this letter, and he will deliver at the same time a small package containing a watch and a few other personal objects which we know he valued, and Isham tells us he had put together, sealed, and addressed to yourself, before retiring to rest on the night before that fatal morning. Accept my warmest sympathies on this terrible bereavement, and believe me to remain, dear madam,

Yours, most faithfully,
JOHN DEAS."'

Here the narrative of Mrs. Pollard ends.

On an afternoon in the following month of June, a funeral procession was seen to leave the portico of the house of Alta Vista. It was composed of Mrs. Pollard, her children, with numerous relatives and friends who had collected together from the neighboring plantations, and also of one hundred and fifty negroes, their servants, who joined it on the lawn. The latter were dressed in their best apparel, coarse and homely, but tidy and neat, and, as these people are wont to do, giving way, now and then, to loud bursts of grief. They were headed by Uncle Isham and Uncle Major, a slave then eighty years of age, who had been the personal servant of Mr. William Rives while serving in the army of the United States during the Revolutionary war, and is still living (1848) with the Rives family at Oak Ridge plantation. Passing through the garden, the procession entered the cemetery beyond, and on the spot where Uncle Ben had cleaned and weeded on the morning of the 13th of May, next to the grave of his sister Lucy, Henry Pollard was laid. On a marble tomb rising over it may be read these words: "Here rest the mortal remains of Henry, son of Richard and Pauline Pollard, of Alta Vista, who died in Louisiana on the 13th of May, 1834, aged twenty-five years."

Board Wanted.

THE TROUBLES OF YOUNG MEN IN SEARCH OF HOMES.

[From the Chicago Republican.]

Of the numerous troubles which afflict humanity in this vale of tears, one of no small degree is that experienced by thousands in looking for homes in a great city, and in living in those homes after they are obtained. The difficulties attending house-hunting, with a view of buying or renting, are not few or small, and have been often dilated upon; but the unfortunate young men who spend the best part of their days in looking for boarding-houses receive comparatively little general commiseration. Yet theirs is a history of bright anticipations and happy hopes gradually blighted by stern realities; of confidence in humanity sorely shaken; of faith in newspaper advertisements utterly wrecked.

It is fair to suppose that there are in Chicago twenty thousand young people whose only homes are in boarding-houses, and who at least yearly, and in many cases as often as monthly, anxiously peruse the columns of the daily papers to learn where they can find shelter and sustenance. Imagine a "nice young man" not long since arrived from the country, with the experience and love of a pleasant home, but with only a moderate salary for his support, starting out, after a perusal of the list of advertisements before him, in search of a quiet, respectable, not too high-priced boarding-house.

Selecting the most fashionable locations on his list, he steps boldly into a marble-front house on one of the great south-side avenues, and makes known his desire for accommodations. He is shown a splendidly furnished chamber, which he at once decides is just what he wants, and is about to engage it at once, when he thinks to inquire the price, and finds, to his consternation, that the amount which would be needed to pay his board and room rent, in other words, merely to keep him alive, would absorb his whole salary, leaving him not a cent with which to conform to the absurd prejudices of society which demand that the human form shall be clothed, to say nothing about leaving a moderate amount of currency for the et ceteras of existence.

With a modified ambition the young man now passes on to a less pretentious locality and finds that an abiding place, which at least promises well, can be obtained for from ten to twelve dollars a week, provided he has a room-mate. Not happening to have a friend who wishes to join with him, and not caring to enter into intimate relations with strangers, he is unable to comply with the demand, and on this score meets with unnumbered failures in his search. Finally, after a search of an hour or a day, as it may happen, he finds a dingy house in a location not very pleasant or convenient, where he can obtain board and a seven-by-nine room to himself for the reasonable amount of eight dollars a week, and delighted with the prospect of husbanding his limited resources, he at once takes possession. He finds, however, that he is one of a curious gathering of people, mostly young men, clerks and book-keepers, who pride themselves on their excesses and spend as they go, with a sprinkling of sober married pairs, a few strong-lunged children, and one or two solemn old bachelors—forming together a sort of conglomerate society with none of the pleasures resulting from the existence of mutual tastes and interests, but thrown into each other's society at feeding time, and caring not a picayune for each other's life or death. Some few of the mixed family will prove congenial acquaintances to him; some he will simply vote to be harmless bores, and of some the society will prove very distasteful.

The young man will endure the discomforts and lack of home attractions for a while, and then perhaps conclude to try a change. Hiring a dingy "furnished apartment," in the most aspiring story in some business block, he will commence this most unsocial and cheerless of all kinds of living, boarding at restaurants, taking one meal here and another there, at the most irregular and unseasonable hours, simply because it comes handy, or is economical, until finally his digestive apparatus begins to get demoralized, and he becomes unsocial and isolated in his habits and tastes.

Then after a time, heartily wearied of "boarding round," he determines to try a hotel, and for a few weeks enjoys the comforts of a good room, abundant meals and the bustle and sociability of a large gathering of men of business. But with the addition of "extras," in the shape of round charges for every time he invites a friend to dine, for fires, for fees to waiters, porters, chamber-maids, call-boys, boot-blacks, etc., the regular weekly bill draws severely on his limited finances, added to which is the whirl of the coming and going multitude at the great caravansery. There is little home feeling and home quiet, and so after a while our hero seizes the daily papers, makes copious memoranda, and sallies out in search of a "boarding house with all the comforts of a home"—*a lusus naturæ*, which it is needless to say has never yet been discovered.

The same weary and discouraging round is gone with varying success, and according as chance favors him he finds himself at last entrapped into a bedlam which he is glad to leave very soon, or happily located in a comparatively comfortable and homelike abode, where for six months or so he can be tolerably contented. Indeed, instances are on record when young men have lived in the same boarding house for over a year, and one remarkable man has been pointed out to us who, for four years, had kept the same room and the same seat at table in a second-rate house, full of miscellaneous livers, and still appears to be in good health. It is but fair to say, however, that the man is a bachelor, and that the landlady has a daughter to whom he gives signs of attachment, but that, being naturally of a somewhat cautious temperament, he requires an acquaintance of a series of years before he can make up his mind to propose matrimony.

The young ladies of Chicago ought to consider the sorrows of the thousands of young men who roam about the city seeking rest and finding none, and kindly make homes for the poor fellows by marrying them. Then, nicely settled in his little cottage, as snug as a bug in a rug, the young man of the period will no more be vexed with scolding landladies, and rendered homesick by the discomforts of the hotel, the restaurant, and the boarding-house, but will find rest and independence and a permanent abiding place.

REMARKABLE TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—Goethe tells the following story, which amusingly illustrates the capacity for drink of the Rhinelanders:

"The Bishop of Mayenne once delivered a sermon against drunkenness, and after painting in the strongest colors the evils of over-indulgence, concluded as follows: 'But the abuse of wine does not exclude its use, for it is written that wine rejoices the heart of man. Probably there is no one in my congregation who cannot drink four bottles of wine without feeling any disturbance of his senses; but if any man at the seventh or eighth bottle so forgets himself as to abuse and strike his wife and children and treat his best frends as enemies, let him look into his conscience, and in future always stop at the sixth bottle. Yet, if after drinking eight, or even ten or twelve bottles, he can still take his Christian neighbor lovingly by the hand, and obey the orders of his spiritual and temporal superiors, let him thankfully drink his modest draught. He must be careful, however, as to taking any more, for it is seldom that Providence gives any one the special grace to drink sixteen bottles at a sitting, as it has enabled me, its unworthy servant, to do, without either neglecting my duties or losing my temper.'"

OFFICIAL.

PETITION.....PETITION.

To the Honorable the Common Council of the City of New Orleans:

The undersigned, Owners of Real Estate which fronts on Saint Charles street, west side, between Tivoli Circle street and Toledano street, respectfully petition your Honorable Body to order said portion of Saint Charles street, west side, between Tivoli Circle street and Toledano street, to be paved with the Patent Nicolson Pavement.

A. L. B. Zerega, 51 feet.
George Jonas, 96 feet.
E. K. Converse, per J. W. Noyes, 84 feet.
Estate of Alexander Phillips, 320 feet.
John A. Phillips 120 feet.
P. T. Phillips, 59 feet.
Thomas McKnight, 140 feet.
Wolf & Brother, 51 feet.
Joseph O'Brien, 38 feet.
F. Lurgos, 38½ feet
Thomas McDonnell, 32 feet.
William Creevy, 57 feet.
John A. O'Brien, 33 feet.
C. H. Taney, per Forstall, 28 feet.
Gerald Farrell, 50 feet.
H. J. Budington, for wife, 254 feet.
L. B. Cain, 64 feet.
John H. Kennard, 63 feet
Lafitte, Dufilho & Co., for J. Faire, 28 feet.
W. Van Benthuysen, 94½ feet.
M. Neilson, 42 feet 8 inches.
Mrs. E. Taylor, 120 feet.
G. W. Race, 78 feet.
J. W. Lebouisse, 56 feet.
George Purves, 127 feet.
E. A. Tyler, 94 feet.
C. A. Miltenberger, 128 feet.
E. L. Damarin, per A. Damarin, 27 feet.
J. M. Schwartz, 63 feet.
G. T. Beauregard, C. R. R., 39 feet.
Edward Claven, 27 feet.
J. Myers, 28 feet.
Thomas H. Barker, 56 feet.
Charles G. Johnson, 57 feet.
Catharine Maes, 27 feet.
P. Pouliot, 30 feet.
John Mathes, 74 feet.
D. W. Horine, 44 feet.
Mrs. John O'Brien, by Emile J. O'Brien, 96 feet.
Frank Roder, 23 feet.
J. W. Bahrmanne, 77 feet.
D. C. McCan, 51 feet.
George Scheer, 90 feet.
James West 60 feet.
George Soule, 55 feet.

PETITION.....PETITION.

A l'Honorable Conseil Commun de la ville de la Nouvelle-Orleans:

Messieurs—Nous, les soussignés, propriétaires de terrains faisant face a la rue St. Charles, cote ouest, entre le Cercle Tivoli et la rue Toledano, demandons respectueusement a votre honorable corps d'ordonner que la dite section de la rue St. Charles, cote ouest, entre le Cercle Tivoli et la rue Toledano, soit pavé avec le pave patente de Nicolson.

A. L. Zerega, 51 pieds.
George Jonas, 96 pieds.
E. K. Converse p p J. W. Noyes, 84 pieds.
Succession d'Alexandre Phillips, 320 pieds.
John A. Phillips, 120 pieds.
P. T. Phillips, 59 pieds.
Thomas McKnight, 140 pieds.
Wolf & Prather, 51 pieds.
Joseph O'Brien, 38 pieds.
F. Lurgos, 38½ pieds.
Thomas McDonnell, 32 pieds.
William Creery, 57 pieds.
John A. O'Brien, 33 pieds.
C. H. Tancy p Forstall, 28 pieds.
Gerald Farrel, 50 pieds.
H. J. Budington, 254 pieds.
L. B. Cain, 64 pieds.
John H. Kennard, 63 pieds.
Lafitte, Dufilho & Cie p r J. Fabre, 28 pieds.
W. Van Benthuysen, 94½ pieds.
M. Neilson, 42 pieds 8 pouces.
M. E. Taylor, 120 pieds.
G. W. Race, 78 pieds.
J. W. Lebouisse, 56 pieds.
George Purves, 127 pieds.
E. A. Tyler, 94 pieds.
C. A. Miltenberger, 128 pieds.
E. L. Damarin, per A. Damarin, 27 pieds.
J. M. Schwartz, 63 pieds.
G. T. Beauregard, 39 pieds.
Edward Claven, 27 pieds.
J. J. Myers, 28 pieds.
Thomas E. Parker, 56 pieds.
Chas. G. Johnson, 57 pieds.
Catherine Maes, 27 pieds.
P. Pouliot, 30 pieds.
John Mathes, 74 pieds.
D. W. Horine, 44 pieds.
Mme John O'Brien, per Emile J. O'Brien, 96 pieds.
Frank Roder, 23 pieds
J. W. Bahrmacanne, 77 pieds.
D. C. McCan, 51 pieds.
George Scherr, 90 pieds.
James West, 60 pieds.
George Soule, 55 pieds.

PETITION.....PETITION

NEW ORLEANS, January 5, 1869.

To the Honorable the Common Council of the city of New Orleans:

The undersigned, property owners fronting on Dryades street, petition your honorable body to have a brick sidewalk, with wooden curb and gutter, made on the north side of said street, from Washington to Sixth street, and your petitioners will ever pray.

John Henderson, 100 feet.
J. M. Wald, 156 feet.

PETITION.....PETITION.

NOUVELLE-ORLEANS, 5 Janvier 1869.

A l'honorable Conseil Commun de la ville de la Nouvelle-Orléans:

Messieurs—Les soussignés propriétaires faisant face a la rue Dryades, demandent a votre honorable corps de faire construire une banquette en briques avec cotés et fosse en bois sur le coté nord de la dite rue a partir de la rue Washington jusqu'a la rue Sixième, et vos pétitionnaires, etc.,

John Henderson, 100 pieds.
J. M. Wald, 156 pieds.

PETITION.....PETITION.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 13, 1868.

To the Honorable the Common Council of New Orleans:

Gentlemen—The undersigned property owners on Bolivar street, between Poydras and Common and Lafayette streets, represent the number of feet front hereinafter mentioned, do most respectfully inform your honorable body, the banquette on said street, between Lafayette and Common, are unfit for travel, especially after night. We therefore lay this our petition before you, to have said banquettes or side walks paved and curbed according to law, for which we will ever pray, etc., etc.

THOS. O'NEIL 602 feet.
PATRICK MURPHY, 110 feet.
THOS. MARKEY, 30 feet.
H. A. WEBER, 120 feet.
E. A. BRIDGE, 150 feet.
CHAS. ROSS, 60 feet.
JOHN CROFT, 240 feet.
LAWRENCE McGREUNE, 30 feet.
WALTER CUNNINGHAM, 30 feet.
WILLIAM SHERIDAN, 30 feet.
JOHN FORD, 60 feet.
COUTLEDGE & RAINEY, 100 feet.
PATRICK MAHER, 30 feet.
HENRY GAINES, 30 feet.
EDWARD LYNCH, 95 feet.
SCHMIDT & ZIEGLER, 100 feet.
B. J. BEIKERY, 180 feet.
JOHN BAKERY, 30 feet.
Petition signed 14,912 feet.

PETITION.....PETITION.

NOUVELLE-ORLEANS, 13 octobre 1868.

A l'Honorable Conseil Commun de la ville de la Nouvelle-Orleans:

Messieurs—Les soussignés, propriétaires sur la rue Bolivar, en ce les rues Poydras, Commune et Lafayette, représentant le nombre de pieds de face sous mentionnés, informent respectueusement votre honorable corps que les banquettes sur la dite rue, entre Lafayette et Commune sont dans un état qui les rend impassables aux pietons, surtout la nuit. Ainsi donc, nous vous soumettons notre pétition demandant que les dites banquettes soient pavées et reparées conformement a la loi, pour lequel nous prierons, etc.

THOMAS O'NEIL, 602 pieds.
PATRICK MURPHY, 110 "
THOS. MARKEY, 30 "
H. A. WEBER, 120 "
E. E. JUDGE, 150 "
CHAS. ROSS, 60 "
JOHN CROFT, 240 "
LAWRENCE McGREUNE, 30 pieds.
WALTER CUNNINGHAM, 30 pieds.
WILLIAM SHERIDAN, 30 pieds.
JOHN FORD, 60 "
COUTLEDGE & RAINEY, 100 pieds.
PATRICK MAHER, 30 pieds.
HENRY GAINES, 30 "
EDWARD LYNCH, 95 "
SCHMIDT & ZIEGLER, 100 pieds.
B. J. BERKERY, 180 "
JOHN BAKERY, 34 "
Nombre total de pieds, 14 912.

BRICK SIDEWALKS, BORDERED BY CURB-stones and Wooden Gutters, on the south of Gravier street, between Baronne and Dryades streets.

NEW ORLEANS, October 12, 1868.

To the Honorable Common Council of the City of New Orleans:

Gentlemen—The undersigned property holders and residents on the south side of Gravier street, in this city, respectfully represent that the grade of the street between Baronne and Dryades streets has been raised by order of the city nine or ten inches higher than the banquettes; is completely overflowed and for hours rendered impassable, so that the residents are confined to their houses if within, or prevented from reaching there if without, and entirely prevents all from passing that square until the accumulation of water passes off by the very imperfect drainage of that street.

Therefore your petitioners pray that your honorable bodies will cause the grade of said banquettes to be raised to a proper level, and prevent the great inconvenience under which the citizens upon Gravier street are now laboring.

Commending our petition to your early and favorable consideration, we are very respectfully your obedient servants.

JN. GLAUDIN, corner Dryades and Gravier streets, 33 feet Gravier.
HUGH McCANN, 62 feet Gravier.
GUSTAVE KRHN by C. KRHN, 22 feet Gravier street.
SMITH ISARD, 26 feet Gravier street.
FRANCOIS LACROIX, 26 feet Gravier street.
Pro. MALVINA SUGRU, 26 feet Gravier street.
A. C. TREMOULET.
PIERRE CAUTEROU, 26 feet Gravier street.
Total number of running feet in petition, 228.

TROTTOIRS EN BRIQUES, BORDES DE pierres, avec fosses en bois, sur le cote sud de la rue Gravier, entre Baronne et Dryades.

NOUVELLE-ORLEANS, 12 octobre 1868.

A l'Honorable Conseil Commun de la ville de la Nouvelle-Orleans:

Messieurs—Les soussignés, propriétaires et résidents du coté sud de la rue Gravier, en cette ville, représentent respectueusement que le niveau de la rue entre les rues Baronne et Dryades, a été haussé de neuf ou dix pouces au-dessus des banquettes, par l'ordre des autorités de la ville, en conséquence de quoi lorsqu'il pleut, les dites banquettes sont completement inondées et sont impassables pendant des heures, forçant les residents qui sont en leur domicile d'y rester ou ceux qui voudraient s'y rendre a attendre jusqu'a ce que l'eau s'écoule par les moyens très imparfaits de cette rue.

Ainsi maintenant vos pétitionnaires prient vos honorables corps d'ordonner que cette rue soit nivelée a sa propre hauteur, et ainsi prévenir l'inconvénient sous lequel sont places les citoyens de la rue Gravier.

Recommandant sérieusement notre pétition a votre favorable consideration, nous sommes, très respectueusemens vos serviteurs, etc.

JN. GLAUDIN, encoignure Dryades et Gravier, 33 pieds sur la rue Gravier.
HUGH McCANNN, 62 pieds rue Gravier.
GUSTAVE KRHN, par C. Krhn, 22 pieds.
SMITH ISARD, 26 pieds.
FRANCOIS LACROIX 26 pieds.
Par pro. MALVINA SUGRU, 26 pieds.
A. C. TREMOULET.
PIERRE CANTEROU, 26 pieds.
Nombre total de pieds dans la pétition 228.

OFFICIAL.

PETITION.....PETITION.

To the Honorable Common Council of the city of New Orleans:

The undersigned, Owners of Real Estate which fronts on Saint Charles street, east side, between Tivoli Circle street and Toledano street, respectfully petition your Honorable Body to order said portion of St. Charles street, east side, between Tivoli Circle street and Toledano street, to be paved with the Patent Nicolson Pavement.

Michael Gerson, 51 feet.
A. Wallace Bunter, 29 feet.
Mrs. C. McCauliff 22 feet.
J. M. Reid, 52 feet 8 inches.
E. S. Keep, 62 feet.
H. S. Grover, 17 feet.
H. Bidwell, 60 feet.
F. Goldsmith, 111 feet.
Isaac Forchimer, 32 feet.
S. J. Weilman, agent, 26 feet.
Charles H. Lee, 51 feet.
Henry Kopman, 71 feet.
Mary Regan, 51 feet.
J. P. Newman, for the M. E. Church, 55 feet.
Mrs. E. K. Walker, 56 feet.
Louis C. d'Homergue, per pro. of A., 60 feet.
P. Irwin, 107 feet.
C. J. Ferguson, 105 feet.
Charles Jumonville, 60 feet.
Y. Hilzmann, 136 feet.
M. Mann, per Weill & Son, 26 feet.
Josephine Hutchinson, per A. C. Hutchinson, 84 feet.
P. F. Fitzgerald & Thelan, 26 feet.
A. Marchand, 64 feet.
Elizabeth A. Hughes, 26 feet.
Daniel Holderith, 63 feet.
W. T. Richards, 138 feet.
Lafayette Folger, 250 feet.
F. H. Harris, 129 feet.
Mrs. M. V. Brynon, 26 feet.
C. Sellman, 27 feet.
S. Hackett, 122 feet.
James Byrne, 33 feet.
P. Cestac, 66 feet.
J. S. Sming, 33 feet.
Charles Gallagher, 69 feet.
Mrs. A. M. Jennings, per Forneau, 53 feet.
P. H. Cummings, 114 feet.
J. Heath, 60 feet.
Mrs. U. E. Watkins, 60 feet.
L. J. Webster, 84 feet.
George W. West, 65 feet.
Chas. H. Churchill, tutor etc minors of R. H. Thorn, 64 feet.
C. H. Churchill, 26 feet.
Arthur McGirk, 160 feet.
John Henderson, Jr., 53 feet.
E. M. Rusha, 62 feet
Smith & McKenna, 128 feet.

PETITION.....PETITION.

A l'honorable Conseil des Assistant Aldermen de la ville de la Nouvelle-Orleans:

Messieurs—Les soussignés, propriétaires de terres faisant face a la rue St. Charles, cote est, entre le Cercle Tivoli et la rue Toledano, demandent respectueusement a votre honorable corps d'ordonner le pavage de la dite section de la rue St. Charles, cote est, entre le Cercle Tivoli et la rue Toledano, avec le pavé patente de Nicolson.

Michael Gerson, 51 pieds.
A. Wallace Hunter, 29 pieds.
Mme C. McCauliff, 22 pieds
J. M. Reid, 52 pieds 8 pouces.
E. S. Keep, 62 pieds
H. J. Grover, 17 pieds.
H. Bidwell, 60 pieds.
J. Goldsmith, 111 pieds.
Isaac Forchimay, 32 pieds.
S. Weilman, agent, 26 pieds.
Chas H. Lee, 51 pieds.
Henry Kofman, 71 pieds.
Mary Regin, 51 pieds.
J. P. Newman pour l'eglise Méthodiste, 55 pieds.
Mme E. K. Walker, 56 pieds
Louis C. d'Homergue, per pro de A. 60 pieds.
P. Irwin, 107 pieds.
C. J. Ferguson, 105 pieds.
Ch Jumonville, 60 pieds.
G. Wilzmann, 136 pieds.
M. Mann per Weill & Cie, 26 pieds.
Josephine Catherson per pro A. Hutchison, 84 pieds.
P. F. Fitzgeral, S. Thenan, 26 pieds.
A. Marchand, 64 pieds.
Elizabeth A. Hughes, 26 pieds.
Daniel Holderith, 63 pieds.
W. T. Richards, 138 pieds.
Lafayette Folger, 250 pieds.
F. H. Harris, 129 pieds
Mme M. V. Brynon, 26 pieds.
C. Sellman, 27 pieds
S. Hackett, 122 pieds.
James Byr