

New Orleans Republican.

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Official Journal of the United States. NEW ORLEANS, MAY 19, 1867. TERMS OF THE DAILY.

For annum, in advance, \$10; half yearly, \$5; quarterly, \$3.

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MUMMIES.

It is the general verdict of modern times that mummies have received much better treatment than they deserved.

A miserable Egyptian would die—some potentate, whose only recommendation and virtue might be that he had destroyed not quite so many of his subjects as some of his predecessors—immediately was wrapped in hundreds of yards of the finest linen, and his veins and arteries well filled with precious drugs, and there was graduated a fully developed mummy.

His mummyship was not, however, content with merely this degree of care and homage; he demanded still higher service.

The mummyship, or the sarcophagus, rich with the sculptured records of the deeds of the departed, must be prepared, and then the pyramidal which throws the shadows down through ages, must be erected.

Years of toil, the energies and labors of a nation, the death of thousands, were necessary to secure for the mummy a proper resting place. He comes down to us heralded by the most glorious of the monuments that man ever erected, and as we gaze upon the silent pyramid which has mocked decay and scorned time, we feel that within and under this grandeur there must be a mighty presence, a jewel worthy of theasket. Do we find it? No!

In the centre of all this magnificence, hid away in its stone sarcophagus, we find a black shapeless mass which on exposure to the light proves to be a horrible, screeching, grinning mummy, which is made the more hideous by the magnificent surroundings.

A mummy is an eminently disagreeable thing to look at, and well do we remember when a child, thoroughly frightened out by cautiously peering into a glass case where four mummies gave quiet address three a week, under the auspices of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

We are apt to think that the embalming days are over; that there are now no mummies save the Egyptian ones. This is a mistake; there are mummies now existing, and mummies now quietly embalming in society, even in these halcyon days of civilization.

The largest species of this interesting genus of social mummies is one which may be termed the anti-progressivist. It is an eminently conservative class, and is composed of men who are so embalmed in ancient ways and dogmas that in case creation had been delegated to them as a duty, there never would have been a universe, chaos being too good and respectable an institution to have been tampered with; its prerogative of confusion too well established to have been abridged.

This class adheres to old prejudices, platitudes, and creeds with a tenacity which, though it may excite contempt and ridicule, still acts as a retarding power in the history of intellectual and political improvement. Laws which were united to the age in which they were passed became through the agency of several revolutions, and often by mere lapse of time, unsuitable to meet the demands of the present time. The general sense of security rebels against these laws, and demands their repeal; they are prescriptive, and hence unjust and dangerous in their tendency, and must be annulled. New laws suitable to the new birth of freedom must be framed.

And then comes the wall of these social mummies in defense of the obnoxious laws and customs. They tell us: These laws were planned in wisdom and grafted into our political constitution by our forefathers, who were much wiser than we are, and these laws are foundation stones, and if removed the entire structure will fall.

They frantically entreat us to adhere to the ancient regime.

The truism, that "revolutions never go backward" prevents the mummies from ever attaining a decided victory, but they act as a perceptible brake upon the wheels of progress.

Alas! they could achieve but little, but there is a warning class in the political and social build of every nation, which the mummies frequently influence and often control. It is natural to have respect for age, and for one's forefathers, and the social mummy taking advantage of the bump of veneration, plants his creeds, until the warning class, overcome by the perfume of the ancient days, bows to the aromatic presence of the mummy, and lends its aid to the conservative wing in the great contest ever waging between error and right, between stand-stillism and progress.

The political mummies have of late been quite active, or as active as it is in the nature of mummies to be.

The mighty steppings made by progress in the last few years for a time stunned them and they disappeared beneath the pressure of the power which they could not withstand; but now that there is an executive wing under which to shelter, "ye men of ye ancient days" are again re-appearing and participating in the political contest.

By their venerable presence, and from the musty smell of compromise which still hangs about them, they act as a continual protest against the theory, so old, and yet to them so new, that all human beings are men, and as such are all entitled to equal rights and privileges.

Old Blanket, however, to a certain extent, "accepts the situation." It pleads, "No doubt that it is all wrong and improper for the negro to vote; he has stepped out of his natural and normal sphere, but still, as he will vote, our advice is that he vote with us, with his friends who have always stood by him. Our interests are, and always have been, one and the same, and so ardent has been our friendship that in the good old times which are passed, when the negro attempted to leave us, we by gentle force restrained him, and if he succeeded in departing from the plantation hearthstone we followed and brought him back to the bosom of his afflicted family. It is true that we may have used considerable force in accomplishing our friendly offices, but the law sanctioned it, and forgiveness is a virtue which our new class of citizens should exercise."

Whether the citizens to whom the reconstruction of the State of Louisiana is entrusted will be cajoled by the specious arguments of the mummies of secessia remains to be seen.

Unless, however, the trait of forgiveness has reached a much higher development than is generally supposed, the mummies will be returned to their appropriate shives, and those who have been made freemen will aid in carrying forward to victory the great principles which to them have brought happiness and security, and which, if they are applied to their trust, will give to their children a higher heritage of freedom than the present bestows upon the fathers.

New Orleans Business.—The George Cromwell arrived here at 7 P.M. yesterday, and the Justice sailed for New Orleans.

Our readers will perceive by the enclosed Dr. Wm. Chas. that he has recently been elected to the position of

OLD BLANKET, BRANDY, THE WHITE HOUSE, AND THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Jim, this is Saturday night; to-morrow is the day of rest to all who have sound constitutions and clear consciences. But, Jim, there is no rest for me. I cannot sleep, Jim. I cannot walk, Jim. I cannot even sit up erect in my chair, Jim, as I was wont to do in earlier days, and look my friends straight in the face. My eye seems to have grown askance in its glance upon everything; hideous visions flit before it, and all sorts of grinning creatures dance and gibber the moment I lift a lid. I cannot eat, Jim. Dyspepsia and indigestion seem to have taken possession of my stomach. My breath smells like the vat of a rum distillery just before seizure by those faithful guardians of the public interests, the whisky inspectors. I am afraid, Jim, that some day through mistake they may take me for a whisky vat, and seize me and put me under bonds, and oh! Heaven forbid, advertise me for sale among the marshal's manions in the "medicant loyalist."

Jim, I am an unhappy wretch. I am satisfied that this damned grog will yet be the ruin of me, Jim, bring on the brandy—not a bottle, Jim, but a demijohn. This is Saturday night, Jim, and I have much to think of in reviewing my acts during the past week. Jim, I begin to believe you are a liar. You told me two or three days since I could get up a riot without any more danger to myself than the one I stirred up so beautifully last summer. You also said that my Creole friends on Exchange Alley would strike hands with me and rob the pockets of the poor freedmen as fast as I knocked them down. You are a liar, Jim; not a word you said proved to be true. You must not blame me, Jim, for I did all I could to keep my part of the contract. I really believe, Jim, that Exchange Alley never for a moment entertained the thought of coming to my relief; and as a proof of it it still keeps up that radical banner which has so often rallied our enemies in solid phalanx to battle for our destruction. Jim, I really believe they suspect me of insincerity—they seem to think I have some other object in view than elevating one of their race to the mayoralty. One of them, a little shrewder than the rest, told me yesterday that all I really desired was to break up the Republican party, and after breaking that up, to break the heads of every Creole and freedman in the South. Between ourselves, Jim, the little fellow hit the nail on the head so vigorously that I had another most infernal twinge of the gout, which silenced me for a day or two. Jim, I feel very bad to-night, and yet I have a crumb to comfort me and keep off remorse and despair a little longer. Jim, you have heard of the failure of the First National Bank. That is my crumb of comfort, and not the least bit of credit shall any one else have for it. You see, Jim, that just after my Yankee friends took me from the free lunch I deposited my earnings—which, through the aid of Northern capital and Northern credit, began to increase rapidly—in the bank. All my best friends in those days were directors and stockholders and indorsed my paper by thousands upon thousands. I had become strong enough to go back upon both the bank and the individual directors. This step I did not take until I had consulted with the lawyer on Pennsylvania avenue. Moses said break up the bank whether they are sound or unsound, for Chase still looks toward my seat and will oust me unless I destroy that great national system of finance which so triumphantly carried us through the war. In vain I told him that the First National bank had made me a rich man, and had almost alone held up the commercial and planting interests from the moment General Butler arrived in this city to the present time. Upon this plea old Moses twisted his face into all sorts of contortions and grinned a fearful grin. What care I, said he, for individual or national prosperity. I must keep my seat here, and when I gave you the United States marshalship you sold me your soul and all you possess therein. Therefore do my bidding. You know that all commercial interests are depressed, and the least rumor will excite distrust and create a run on the soundest bank. We who have our pockets full cannot suffer—only the mendicant loyalists, who have all their hard earnings in its vaults, will be ruined.

But beware, he said to me, as I was about leaving, beware lest while you are dragging down the First National you also ruin my highly valued friend and "old citizen," Jacob the Grover.

And, Jim, it is the fact that I could not save my friend Jacob that deprives me of more than one-half the pleasure I derive from having ruined hundreds of worthy people in smashing up the First National bank. And not only Jacob, but Jim, I hear others are about to follow; and you know, Jim, that like Sampson of old I may have pulled down the temple over my own head, and before many weeks my mangled body may lie buried beneath its ruins. Jim, I begin to realize what my sweet, pretty Sabbath school teacher taught me in my youth that the "way of the transgressor is hard." Jim, it can't be that I have drank a demijohn of brandy while sitting here. The truth is, Jim, I learned the habit at the White House. When I was poor I was temperate, but after I had risen to power and my assistance was sought for, I visited Washington and then became acquainted with the "Leader of Israel." I wonder if the Moses of Holy Writ drank brandy. However that may have been, I know that our Moses runs the Executive Department with it. One day, as I was about leaving, he said to me, whenever I ask you to do anything, mean, and I shall do it very often, for of all the hundreds who call upon me daily, I have not seen the man so entirely fitted by nature and culture to do the meanest thing—get a demijohn of brandy. And, Jim, if I have not been led by his advice there is not a man on God's earth who has since I left Washington, and who has not since then been ruined by the habit of drinking brandy.

SALES OF REAL ESTATE.—The several real estate auctioneers in this city report daily large sales of real estate with the prices. Whether these sales are genuine or not, is impossible to be known to the community at large. Hereafter we shall furnish a list of the registered sales of real estate so already appears in this day's column, and the many readers of the REPUBLICAN can then know which are authentic. Of course our published list comprises private as well as public sales, and the prices there are the

chance alone, and all of said purchases, Jim, have gone down my throat, and are now oozing through every pore of my body. Jim, if you desire to rise to the highest possible degree in meanness, study my life, which you can find written out in full in the pages of the Blanket. Moses rewarded me for my proficiency in meanness, but that damned radical Senate put its foot flat on the commission and ground it to powder. I am an injured man, Jim. Our brave Confederate soldiers will not listen to my advice, but flock by thousands to hear the Massachusetts Cobbler discourse upon national affairs; and oh! Jim, do you think I can long survive so gross a disobedience of my commands as the appearance of General James Longstreet on the platform of the Republican party in Lafayette square? Jim, next to General Lee General Longstreet was the ablest and bravest soldier in the Confederate army; our enemies know he is an honest man, and, therefore, when he boldly advances from the Democratic to the Republican party, believe that he is sincere in his desire to restore all the Southern States to the Union. Jim, get another demijohn of brandy, and we will see during next week, if the grog does not reach my belly, what we can do in the way of meanness to thwart this formidable defection from the Democratic party.

BRAVERY AND GENTILITY. A very reprehensible custom prevails among superficial thinkers of estimating a man's character accordingly as he does or does not square with their prejudices. Thus a man who succeeds for the moment in pleasing them by pecuniary assistance, political influence, or social recognition, is a "perfect gentleman," while the same man, if unwilling or unable for the moment to confer a personal favor, is of course "no gentleman." The general qualities of the man are not taken into account. He may be a drunkard, a spendthrift, a gambler; he may be a transgressor of all the moral laws, human and divine; but if he happens to please the favorable opinion of one of the class above referred to, he is proclaimed to the world as one possessing the highest attributes of manhood. On the other hand, nothing more common than the expression "no gentleman would do so," "such was the conduct of a coward," etc. These remarks apply with force to an article on the Mobile riots, which appeared in a city paper yesterday morning.

The article referred to is based upon a very doubtful report of that degraded affair which has been published in the papers under the head of telegraphic. In that report Judge Kelley is represented as having begun his speech with boasts, taunts, and threats. He is censured as a coward by our contemporary for coming down here and insulting a conquered people. A "conquered people," forsooth! We have received a correct report of the doings of these humble, grief-stricken patriots. Instead of behaving themselves as though they considered themselves conquered, they crowded around the stand where the great and good statesman was addressing a really orderly audience, and began to conduct themselves in a disorderly manner. Made completely reckless by bad whisky, and being by nature ruffians and rowdies, and by education and the teachings of the political papers of the South perfect zealots, they were ripe subjects for the display of that lawless disregard of law called by our contemporary bravery, and for the oft repeated and long continued practice of violence against the person of an unarmed man who proposed merely to use the weapons of reason against his political opponents. It was certainly a brave and gentlemanly act on the part of every one of these men of Southern chivalry—this crowding into a quiet political meeting, yelling and screaming like so many devils, and threatening the life of a Representative in the Congress of the United States. We would not give a fig for the opinion of any man who recognizes in such fellows his ideas of gentility and bravery. While the tumult was very high, and when it was apparent that there was a determination to break up the meeting, Judge Kelley invoked the protection of the only power that seemed to be able or willing to save him from bodily harm—the Fifteenth National States Infantry. It was the duty of Major Withers to see that order was preserved; and having once failed to do his duty as the chief magistrate of Mobile, Judge Kelley merely adopted the course of sensible prudence in refusing to trust him further. Having shown himself clearly unfit for his high office, there was every reason to believe that he would prove false and incompetent again. For claiming the protection of the brave defenders of the Union, and the only safeguard law and order and personal liberty have, either in Mobile or any other city in the South, and for refusing to put his life at the mercy of a drunken mob of "conquered and subjugated" rebels on the empty promises of a mayor who had already shown himself unfit for any position of trust, Judge Kelley is charged by our contemporary with acting in a manner unbecoming a brave man or a gentleman. These have grown to be cheap terms, so cheap indeed that it is called either brave or gentleman by these purveyors of the English language. Here is a clearly made up case. Lawless violence and the brute force of armed numbers are arrayed against intellect embodied in an enlightened, benevolent, unarméd statesman and patriot, a non-combatant, a lover of his race, and a constant laborer for the elevation of all mankind. In speaking of the case, our contemporary takes a false telegraphic report for his text, and enlarges upon it by indelugant and vulgar abuse. He does not do better in the usual clap trap about gentility and bravery, and showing that from Webster's definition of those terms from Webster's dictionary, not to teach the people at all, but to contrast ruffianism with the conduct of a real gentleman and get the qualities so palpably transposed. For if Judge Kelley's conduct at Mobile be ungentlemanly or cowardly, commend us to these qualities for his virtues; while if the participators in the disturbances of the meeting be deemed worthy of the names of men, save us from the species.

THE CITY. The weather during the past week has been generally pleasant, although we occasionally hear complaints of the heat. In the way of amusements the week began with the adjourned Mai Fest of the Turners, and closed with a *fete champetre* of the firemen at the Fair Grounds course. Both these enterprises were creditable to the respective managers, drew large crowds of orderly citizens, and were in every respect successful. The firemen will conclude their festival to-day. It will be without doubt an immense affair if the weather is fine.

The great political feature of the week has been the visit and reception of Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts. He delivered an address in Lafayette square on Thursday night, which for moderation of tone, and wisdom of counsel has rarely if ever been equaled in this city. This admirable speech was published in full in the REPUBLICAN of Thursday morning, and will also appear in our Weekly of the 25th. Bishop Campbell, also addressed his people on the same evening, in an admirable speech, which we published yesterday morning.

There was some excitement on Wednesday and Thursday, owing to fears of disturbances growing out of political questions. A slight tumult occurred on the levee on Thursday morning when the steamboat Mower and Mayor Heath restored tranquility before noon. There was nothing of a political character involved in the causes which led to the disturbances. On Wednesday General Mower issued an address to the freedmen, counseling them to deport themselves in a manner becoming good citizens, and to avoid attempting the redress of their alleged grievances. They were informed that they would be protected in the right, but not contented with acts tendent to arouse deep-seated prejudices, or to a breach of the peace. This address was published in the REPUBLICAN on Thursday morning. Mayor Heath also published a proclamation at the same time. Both these documents produced happy effects on the people to whom they were addressed, although some portions of them were criticized in the press, and by individuals.

The excitement in financial affairs remains unabated. In addition to the closing of the First National Bank, the Bank of Commerce closed its doors on Friday morning. The manager of this bank, Jacob Barker, published a card, in which he intimates that his suspension was caused by the return to him from New York of a large amount of protested bills of exchange. He expects to be able to resume payments in a short time. It is doubtful, however, whether he ever again regains the public confidence to the extent he before enjoyed. There was a run of one day's duration on the City National Bank; but the prompt manner in which that institution cashed its checks soon allayed distrust, and depositors are again intrusting their funds with it as usual. The commercial war against men of Union sentiments is gradually tending down and becoming unpopular. The serious disasters of the past few weeks will go far to open the eyes of men to the folly of prescribing business men because of their attachment to the Union and to republican principles.

In another column of our paper to-day will be found the names and places of public worship of nearly every religious denomination in the city. Let us turn, therefore, from the tolls and tumults and vexations of politics, of commerce and finance, and the many annoyances of the working day world and repair to the quiet of God's holy sanctuary, and spend one day of the season as Christians should. In the temple of the Most High we can leave at the threshold all the harassing subjects that worry our minds for the six days, and for a brief season at least give our thoughts to those things which concern our eternal welfare. There is solace for the chafed soul and rest for the weary body in the church; and we are at the same time better prepared for resuming the active duties of life.

GIVING ADVICE TO THE COLORED MEN. We have been shown a copy of the Monroe (Ouachita parish) *Telegraph* containing a long and senseless tirade against Mr. Ansel Edwards, one of the registrars for that parish appointed by General Sheridan. After a flourish of trumpets, in which, as we read it line by line we are painfully anxious for the result, and fearful that Mr. Edwards had been guilty of some grave offense—no less than treason, bribery or arson—come pleasantly upon a plastering eulogy of General Sheridan, which is all very well, but looks a little out of place. But after the editor has thus fortified his rear, he comes to the gist of his charge against Mr. Edwards, which is—will the reader believe that Ansel Edwards could be guilty of such treachery—simply that of telling the freedmen of Monroe that they should vote for the principles of that party that set them free; that gave them the civil rights bill, the right to hold property, to marry, to contract and be contracted with, to have the right to vote, in preference to those who have deluged the land with blood, brought ruin over the whole South, and piled up an enormous national debt in vain attempts to resist the investment of the colored man with these rights. General Sheridan selected Mr. Edwards for the position of registrar of Ouachita parish with his eyes open. He is known to every intelligent man in New Orleans as a citizen of long residence, sincere in his convictions, over bold in the right, and one not likely to sacrifice his manhood or freedom of speech for all the offices in General Sheridan's gift. And it is likely that if he can find time, in the midst of his other duties to impart a little of his practical common sense and honesty to the citizens of Monroe, whether white or black, the general will rather commend than censure him. We know of no rule of law, either civil or military, nor yet of propriety, that requires a man to suppress his patriotic convictions because he consents to serve the commanding general in an important position and at a pitiful salary. We can assure our friends of the *Telegraph* that his practices of General Sheridan and his abuse of Ansel Edwards are entirely gratuitous, and will do his party no good.

Robbers are drifting by the coast of Maine. Some of our new possessions are loose, no doubt.—Exchange.

We think it is more likely that John Bull is sending them as samples for the inspection of Mr. Seward. He is a shrewd dealer and always in the market when money is to be made.

The Queen of Spain, wishing to give a proof of affection to her sister, the Duchess de Montpensier, has signed a decree to confer on their next born son or daughter the rights and prerogatives of Infanta of Spain.

A royal decree has been issued in Spain, granting an amnesty to some of the military officers who took part in the recent military operations.

SALES OF REAL ESTATE.—The several real estate auctioneers in this city report daily large sales of real estate with the prices. Whether these sales are genuine or not, is impossible to be known to the community at large. Hereafter we shall furnish a list of the registered sales of real estate so already appears in this day's column, and the many readers of the REPUBLICAN can then know which are authentic. Of course our published list comprises private as well as public sales, and the prices there are the

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There was some excitement on Wednesday and Thursday, owing to fears of disturbances growing out of political questions. A slight tumult occurred on the levee on Thursday morning when the steamboat Mower and Mayor Heath restored tranquility before noon. There was nothing of a political character involved in the causes which led to the disturbances. On Wednesday General Mower issued an address to the freedmen, counseling them to deport themselves in a manner becoming good citizens, and to avoid attempting the redress of their alleged grievances. They were informed that they would be protected in the right, but not contented with acts tendent to arouse deep-seated prejudices, or to a breach of the peace. This address was published in the REPUBLICAN on Thursday morning. Mayor Heath also published a proclamation at the same time. Both these documents produced happy effects on the people to whom they were addressed, although some portions of them were criticized in the press, and by individuals.

The excitement in financial affairs remains unabated. In addition to the closing of the First National Bank, the Bank of Commerce closed its doors on Friday morning. The manager of this bank, Jacob Barker, published a card, in which he intimates that his suspension was caused by the return to him from New York of a large amount of protested bills of exchange. He expects to be able to resume payments in a short time. It is doubtful, however, whether he ever again regains the public confidence to the extent he before enjoyed. There was a run of one day's duration on the City National Bank; but the prompt manner in which that institution cashed its checks soon allayed distrust, and depositors are again intrusting their funds with it as usual. The commercial war against men of Union sentiments is gradually tending down and becoming unpopular. The serious disasters of the past few weeks will go far to open the eyes of men to the folly of prescribing business men because of their attachment to the Union and to republican principles.

In another column of our paper to-day will be found the names and places of public worship of nearly every religious denomination in the city. Let us turn, therefore, from the tolls and tumults and vexations of politics, of commerce and finance, and the many annoyances of the working day world and repair to the quiet of God's holy sanctuary, and spend one day of the season as Christians should. In the temple of the Most High we can leave at the threshold all the harassing subjects that worry our minds for the six days, and for a brief season at least give our thoughts to those things which concern our eternal welfare. There is solace for the chafed soul and rest for the weary body in the church; and we are at the same time better prepared for resuming the active duties of life.

GIVING ADVICE TO THE COLORED MEN. We have been shown a copy of the Monroe (Ouachita parish) *Telegraph* containing a long and senseless tirade against Mr. Ansel Edwards, one of the registrars for that parish appointed by General Sheridan. After a flourish of trumpets, in which, as we read it line by line we are painfully anxious for the result, and fearful that Mr. Edwards had been guilty of some grave offense—no less than treason, bribery or arson—come pleasantly upon a plastering eulogy of General Sheridan, which is all very well, but looks a little out of place. But after the editor has thus fortified his rear, he comes to the gist of his charge against Mr. Edwards, which is—will the reader believe that Ansel Edwards could be guilty of such treachery—simply that of telling the freedmen of Monroe that they should vote for the principles of that party that set them free; that gave them the civil rights bill, the right to hold property, to marry, to contract and be contracted with, to have the right to vote, in preference to those who have deluged the land with blood, brought ruin over the whole South, and piled up an enormous national debt in vain attempts to resist the investment of the colored man with these rights. General Sheridan selected Mr. Edwards for the position of registrar of Ouachita parish with his eyes open. He is known to every intelligent man in New Orleans as a citizen of long residence, sincere in his convictions, over bold in the right, and one not likely to sacrifice his manhood or freedom of speech for all the offices in General Sheridan's gift. And it is likely that if he can find time, in the midst of his other duties to impart a little of his practical common sense and honesty to the citizens of Monroe, whether white or black, the general will rather commend than censure him. We know of no rule of law, either civil or military, nor yet of propriety, that requires a man to suppress his patriotic convictions because he consents to serve the commanding general in an important position and at a pitiful salary. We can assure our friends of the *Telegraph* that his practices of General Sheridan and his abuse of Ansel Edwards are entirely gratuitous, and will do his party no good.

Robbers are drifting by the coast of Maine. Some of our new possessions are loose, no doubt.—Exchange.

We think it is more likely that John Bull is sending them as samples for the inspection of Mr. Seward. He is a shrewd dealer and always in the market when money is