

INGLE COPIES: TEN CENTS. VOLUME I.

New Orleans Republican.

JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES. JOURNAL OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

AMUSEMENTS: THEATRE. CHARLES THEATRE—Mr. Big Dubar will give a grand opera...

THEATRE: Joseph Jefferson will give in the bougion "Massop," and in "The...

OPERA HOUSE—The Varieties Company will give a grand opera...

THEATRE: Mr. Big Dubar will give a grand opera...

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HARRY CHAMBERLAIN

BY ORSOLA.

CHAPTER VII. Tallula could not remain long undisturbed in her day-dreams with nature.

There were too many anxious to know the ward of the wealthy, handsome young bachelor, and guests came thronging in, and parties and entertainments of every variety followed in quick succession.

Without having any decided taste for the gay life, she soon became the magnet of every circle, and was sought by gentlemen far and near.

The most costly fabrics of Paris were brought to add to her wardrobe, and the richest jewels were laid upon her toilet.

She would have liked to decline all this gaiety and display for the circle of a choice few and the pleasure of books and the family; but there was that about Harry Chamberlain which said it would not do.

And quietly she yielded to his unspoken wish, though her soul was pining sadly out of its element.

Although Harry deemed it honorable to his ward thus to force her into the world, his heart was beating anxiously all the while with a scarcely defined dread.

Oh, God, should another win her! He shuddered and drew back from the very thought.

Nor was he altogether contented with the childlike love and devotion which she lavished upon him.

He longed to see her start and blush when he came in upon her quiet hours.

Or even a little more formally would have been preferable to her natural childlike devotion.

He drew around her the fitted, tasteful, and handsome; yet if she found pleasure with these, he grew distant and cold.

Not a thing was there of which she could accuse him in reason. He was courteous, nay, gentle, yet her heart felt it all.

In his very gentleness there was a reserve which seemed to chide. Though for the life of her she could not define the change, she was wretched; and in her wretchedness she shrank within herself, and withdrew from all around, and more than from all others from him.

Thus it grew from bad to worse until they were barely acquainted as distant friends.

At the latter day, however, she was so evidently avoided him upon every occasion that he felt it would be most courteous to leave her to her choice.

Tallula pleaded falling health for declining society, which was only too true, poor child. There were a few chosen spirits whom she ever received, and seemed to find relief and pleasure with.

Among these was one who worshipped her, and although she had long since kindly yet decidedly declined his addresses, he gloried in his love for her, and sought refuge for his wounded heart in her presence and friendly kindness, although he knew she could never be his.

Harry saw the devotion, and that it was not repulsed, and his disturbed mind at once saw various reasons why he should be just the man to win Tallula's heart.

He concluded that a fear of his disapprobation had crept into her heart and caused her wretchedness, and at once magnanimously decided to relieve her mind and make her happy by writing consent to her.

His own heart was too intensely agonized to indulge in words without betraying its secret, so the note was laconic and cold:

LONGER GUARDIAN AND FRIEND. HARRY CHAMBERLAIN.

Long after the fire had died in the grate Tallula sat at a cold December night, with this note crushed in her chilled hand, a dreadful shivering creeping through her veins, and the blood cold and heavy upon her heart and brain, murmuring to herself in heartbroken accents:

"Oh, God! what does this mean? Is he disappointed in the woman, and is this his mode to rid himself of me? Well, I know he does not regard money, and that his proffer to provide for my life is no indication of his affection.

And even this he tells me is to fulfill his promise to the dead. Oh! mother! heaven, little did you dream that your child was to become a burden to him you so fully trusted. Oh! why was I not permitted to starve with you rather than live for this! But hush the selfish thought. Hither let me suffer that that she should have denied the comfort and joy which he gave her declining years.

Oh! for strength in my weak being to struggle with disappointment and grief. Here am I, alone, most dejected with the effort to fly from one who is weary of me. But I must be. God of the orphan, help me! In the school of my childhood I know I shall find true friends and a sweet home. There I may strive to labor for the good of others, or if my frame prove too weak for the struggle, may I die amid those who love me yet.

"This night I will write him a farewell. For the sake of all he has done for me, and for her who was dearer to me than life, I must show him the respect of explaining my course, even though he care little for my sake to be rid of me." And then she wrote:

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—I cannot describe my self in marriage ever to please you. I go to Miss Lyons, the only lasting friend of my life since my mother rests under the cold marble in Greenwood. There I may arise to the more ennobling life of laboring for others. Or if God order otherwise, I can at least be said those who love me with all my heart. God be with my wishes, and I will be content with my lot, and will be true to you who has been so kind to me, and to her who lies under the sea.

Yet even all this cannot induce me to be the recipient of your bounty after you have owned to love me. Well, I know that you have no regard for money, and would ever be true to your generosity. But pray do not me for saying that even from you I may not receive it after love has ceased.

Be my life long or short, each day will wait to the throne of God a prayer for you for time and eternity, and I feel that God will bless you.

If the hour ever comes when your heart turns back to the orphan who owes so much to you, oh, sir, believe that her heart never for a moment turned from its devotion to you.

TALLULA.

The shivering girl slipped the shoes from her feet and crept into the warm bed. For she must guard her health to enable her to keep on until she could get away. A feverish, disturbed sleep came at her woe, from which she once started up wildly exclaiming:

"Oh, sir, have pity; in mercy have pity," and sank back upon her pillow. Jeness sprang from her couch and hastening to the side of her mistress, looked anxiously into the loved face; and seeing she slept, slowly returned to her bed, muttering as she went: "I do not like the red red upon her face. It looks like fever. Something is the matter with my young mistress. She seems so wretched of late, but talks to nobody about it. I mean to speak to Miss Harry if I live to get a chance."

When Tallula left her room in the morning Harry Chamberlain had ridden to the city several hours before. She felt that it was well she was spared the trial of his presence, much as her heart longed for a farewell look upon the dear face.

The morning papers announced the departure of one of the principal steamers at five in the afternoon. And Tallula set about her preparations to leave upon her. She selected the plainest of her wardrobe, gave many keepakes to Jeness, locked all else, including her jewels, in the wardrobe, placed the key within the envelope containing her letter, sealed it and gave it to Jeness to be delivered along with one for Mrs. Moreau and her mother in the morning. She then ordered the carriage and left the home which was to have been hers in life, and him who was dearer to her than all the world besides, with dry eyes and calm demeanor, although a hot stroke scorching up her heart and scorning up his lifeblood.

CHAPTER IX. Just evening as Harry returned with an aching heart to the home which less than twelve months before he had entered with such high hopes of happiness, he was restless, anxious, and more than half sick. He had not received an answer to his note from Tallula, and he could not longer endure the dreadful suspense. But he had left long before she was up, and there might be an answer awaiting him in his room. He would see at once, and if there was not a word question Jeness, for to await until morning seemed impossible.

In a few moments he had returned to the parlor, and summoned Jeness into his presence. On looking up and seeing the girl's eyes red and swollen, and perceiving her voice husky with emotion, his heart gave a great, quick bound, which almost alienated his own utterance. His distraught fancy pointed everything to the one object, "Jeness, in the name of Heaven, what is the matter with you, girl?"

"Oh! Mass' Harry, you must send me to Miss Tallula. I can not live without her."

"What do you mean? Where is she?"

"Oh, sir, I don't know; but I know she is gone for good. She gave me a note for you and one for Miss Nellie, and said I must not give them to you until morning. But it is late at night, and I reckon you might as well take them."

"Hand them to me quickly, Jeness."

"Here they are, sir."

Harry tore his letter open with trembling, eager fingers, for he knew not what to think. It could not be that she had left her home in this manner, to wander without ever seeking his consent. As Harry read, great tears flowed freely down his manly cheeks, yet a light of joy shone through the lamp of hope.

"Jeness, send the driver to me at once."

"Can you tell me, Dick, what boat Miss Tallula took?"

"It was the Maria, sir. Somehow she looked so wretched and went off so quiet, without anybody to tell her good-by, I was afraid it went all right; so I let send a gentleman the name of the boat, and he told me the Maria."

"You did well, Dick; but never again suppose anything Miss Harry does is wrong. Do you hear, sir?"

"Yes, sir, Mass' Harry. I know she is as lonesome as I."

"That will do, sir; you can go now. But remember the carriage must be before the door an hour before day."

"Yes, sir, it will be there, shore."

Jeness stole quietly to her master's side: "Oh! Mass' Harry, please sir take me; I know Miss Tallula can't do without me."

"If you are at the door in the morning when I come out, I will take you. But not one minute will I wait; so, now, get your trunk ready and go to bed."

But Jeness did not go to bed that night any more than her master did. She packed her trunk, placed it at the door, piled on coal in the parlor, and sat all night waiting for the sound of the carriage wheels driving around to the door.

Harry found a first-class steamer starting at eight, and went aboard hoping to overtake the Maria or intercept her at Louisville. But he was yet more fortunate, for at Memphis the first thing that met his eye was the Maria getting up steam for her departure. In a moment he was aboard and found Tallula on her bed, so he indulged that she had kept her steamer since taking passage.

Jeness and her baggage were soon brought aboard, and a message sent in to Tallula that a servant from Natchez wished to see her. She at once concluded it was a servant of some friend whose home she had visited, and when Jeness opened the door she started, turned deadly white, and almost fainted as the devoted girl knelt beside her, and covered her hand with kisses.

"Oh, Miss Tallula, Mass' Harry is here, and looks almost dead. I don't think he has slept one wink since he came home that night and found you gone, and he has only eat a little toast and tea. Here you are with a high fever, and so weak you can scarcely hold your head up. Oh, Miss Tallula, what does all this mean?"

"I don't know myself, Jeness. There may be some mistake, but I know it has all seemed terribly real to me, and I have been very wretched and sick. But come now, put my room in nice order, comb my hair, dress me, and help me to get on the outside of the cover. I must see Mr. Chamberlain."

Jeness was perfectly happy at seeing a real old smile light up the feverish face; open the back door, book it back, and bring in Mass' Harry."

"Oh, Tallula! what does this mean?"

"I should think, sir, my note explained fully what it means. But since you ask me for explanations, may I not ask you why you wrote me that note if you had not really become weary of me?"

"Oh, Tallula, how could such a thought enter your mind even for a moment. God be my witness what it cost me to write it. I thought you were wretched because you doubted my sanction of your choice, and dreaded to speak with me of the matter. The great love that I bear you could not look steadily upon your suffering when I thought the power to relieve you rested with me."

"Then why, sir," and a happy light broke over her face even while speaking, "did you grow so reserved and cold?"

"I suppose it was weak, Tallula, but I thought I saw it was about to lose you. I was wretched with the thought, yet would not mar your happiness by having you see it, and so grew reserved, and I suppose cold. When I would have approached you in your unhappiness your entire manner forbade it, and thus we mutually tormented each other. God grant such torments may never again be felt by either of us."

"Now, sir, let me assure you once and for all that there is no change in my nature. Since the dear one has rested beneath the white marble you have been in her stead to me, all in the wide world which my heart has clung to. Were it possible for you to forget her orphan child, and force me to leave Chamberlain home forever, there is not another being on earth could ever be half so well loved as you would be to the end of my life. You know, sir, that Tallula Bayard knows not untruth; so never again feel a doubt of her first love and honor being yours."

Harry dropped his head upon the cushion, and caught the little hand to his lips in earnest joy.

"Oh, Tallula, my darling, if you are certain I possess your love more than any other ever can, why not become my wife? There are no mistakes, no mere mischances, naught but death may part us."

Now the feverish face was scarlet, and the little frame was trembling, as tears streamed from the closed lids.

"There, Tallula, my precious child, if the thought pains you so I will never again speak of it, but just take you home as my own dear wife to love forever."

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"There, Tallula, my precious child, if the thought pains you so I will never again speak of it, but just take you home as my own dear wife to love forever."

The tone was very tender as Harry said this; but a great stone seemed rolled back upon his aching heart, which felt as though struggling to retain its life.

"Mr. Chamberlain, never for a moment have I thought of you in that light, or indeed of any other man. But I now feel that if I ever wed it must be you, for none other can ever be half so dear to me. If you think the orphan can make your life happy, she will be yours. Heaven help me never to cease your heart another sorrow."

"Oh, Tallula, the world holds not a happier soul than I. May God bless you for such joy, my own precious one."

"He will bless you, sir, for giving rest to the orphan in your strong love. Oh, Harry, let us ever worship him and serve him. For however much of joy may be ours, life must end and eternity begin."

And the great soul of Tallula looked pleadingly up from the large, liquid eyes into the face so dear to her heart.

"Tallula, since I have known you and your angel mother, I have become convinced of a hereafter, and man's responsibility, and believing these facts, the soul's future is too important for me to neglect the fullest investigation of man's duty. Believe me, dearest, I shall devote prayerful attention to it, and my beloved one will pray for me."

"God will guide and bless the prayerful search."

"Bless you, my sweet one, for all your anxious love. But this fever must be bathed away."

Harry bathed the flushed face and ordered warm tea; but there was a great joy at her heart, working far greater wonders than even gentle nursing could do. After a night of sweet sleep, in which rich dreams floated over the happy soul, she awoke clear of fever and refreshed, and was out upon the guards watching the glorious sun rising up over the waters of the Mississippi, with all its various touches of line and color. Jeness replied to Harry's inquiries that she was up and on the guards.

"How are you this morning, dearest?"

"Quite well."

And Harry drew the little hand within his arm, bent low, and whispered sweet words which called up tall tales blushing to the olive cheek, and bright, sparkling happiness from the black eyes.

"Do we return, Harry, upon the first downward steamer?"

"As you please. I have been thinking that perhaps you would like to go on and visit Greenwood, then return to Miss Lyons' house at the foot of the mountains and be quietly wed mid old associations. If you would like to proceed it would be perfectly proper with Jeness along. What say you, dearest? Which shall we do?"

"Oh, Harry, it would make me no happy."

"Then we will go on, for all that adds to your happiness constitutes my own."

CHAPTER X. We need not linger over the trip. Suffice it that naught occurred to mar the happiness of blissful hours as ever flew over the lives of loving hearts. Their first visit was to Greenwood. With clasped hands they knelt beside the marble which covered all that remained of her who was once the sole existence of Tallula ere Harry appeared in the pathway of her life. As gentle tears stole quietly down upon the white marble both felt that a blessing dropped out of the heavens upon their united lives on that beautiful morning.

Miss Lyons welcomed them with happy tears and a glowing heart of joy, for of all her large family which had grown up around her for twenty years the orphan child of her old scholar was the cherished darling of her aged life.

"My second mother, I have come to wed the choice of my heart beneath your roof, and to have you give me away. May the marriage altar be hallowed within your sacred walls by dear old Doctor Beckwith."

"Dearest child of my heart, this is a very tender, sweet evidence of your love. May the God of our devotion bless you for it. His memory will be one of the most lovely flowers in the chaplet of my life, the sweet breath of which will linger about me even to death."

There yet remained many of the girls who were little ones when she graduated, some of her own classmates were within standing distance, and the corps of teachers was the same who educated her. What a group of loved ones would surround her here upon the night which would be the happiest, save one, of her life.

The night which was to wed their lives shone out beautifully upon the valley hewn at the foot of the mountains in New England. Loving faces looked fondly upon happy tears, while unseen angels smiled down upon them through the clear ether of heaven, as the old minister who had prayed in the school and taught God's word since its foundation, blessed the two lives now uniting into one before God.

Harry desired to commemorate the night by deeds which should make happy hearts, and live long years. So he presented the dear old minister with a deed to the lovely little home which he had rented for twenty-five years, and gave Miss Lyons five thousand dollars to be devoted to educating indigent orphans within her institution.

Mrs. Jones, who now had the care of orphan grandchild, received a lease of the cottage home left by Mrs. Bayard, for the period of her life, with the promise that her children should never know want.

Harry again carried his bride over many spots she had traveled when scarcely more than a school girl. Around Niagara they again lingered for weeks, and as Harry beheld her great delight in the beauties of these spots, he asked:

"Would you like, dearest, to extend your travels into Europe?"

"No, Harry, I love the scenery of my native country and enjoy its mystical spells, but have no wish to pass beyond its limits. From your graphic descriptions I can gather the beauties and wonders of the old world. Evening after evening I shall follow you over every line of your travels, and the spell of your voice shall engrave them upon mind and heart. I would now return South and find my joys and my labors in that dear home."

Harry gladly turned his steps homeward, for now that his cup of life was so full his heart yearned for the sweet rest within its beautiful lights and shades.

Jeness declared she had not seen a spot like it, and with wild joy hailed their homeward course, each day asking when they would arrive.

[THE END.]

Second District Recordship. The election in April, 1866, for recorder of the second district resulted in the election of Arthur Gastiel, who was under the age required by the city charter, over Eugene Stiles, by a small majority. One of the district courts declared the election void, and decreed the office vacant. The supreme court affirmed the decision, and the city council had, a few weeks since, prepared for a joint session to fill the vacancy, when the assistant secretary of civil affairs, interposed with a communication addressed to Mayor Head, calling his attention to the second section of the supplementary act of congress passed July 19, 1867, and to paragraph two of special orders No. 7 from military headquarters, dated March 28, 1867.

It is suggested that the sections referred to do not govern this case to hinder an election of recorder by the city council, and that military interposition to prevent the execution of the judgment of the court in this instance is not in conformity with the spirit of the declaration of the commanding general, that he would not make use of the extraordinary powers with which he is clothed, unless he should be obliged to do so in extreme cases. It is also suggested that the commanding general should permit the city council to proceed to an election of recorder according to the decree of the supreme court.

As usual, on the return of every Saturday, we are placed under obligations to A. Simon, 85 Baronne street, for the latest New York and English dailies and weeklies. Mr. Simon now has on his daily and weekly list 165 papers and periodicals, published in all languages and in all parts of the world. Call and see him, and you can get what you can find in no other periodical depot in the city.

Bits of exchange, promissory notes, bills of lading, dry receipts, bank checks, and all kinds of commercial printing, neatly executed at the Harveaux office, No. 57 St. Charles street.

BY TELEGRAPH.

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THE PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

WHISKY METER BILL AGREED UPON.

WASHINGTON DISPATCH TO NEW YORK WORLD.

American Claims on England to be Enforced.

JOHNSON RESOLVED UPON AN ULTIMATUM.

PROCEEDINGS IN SUPREME COURT.

THE McCARDLE CASE CONTINUED.

ARGUMENT OF JEREMIAH S. BLACK.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOUTHERN CONVENTIONS.

LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

RIVER NEWS, MARKETS, ETC.

(Dispatches to the Associated Press.)

Congressional Proceedings.