New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

A REVERIE.

There's a charm in the glimmering moonlight
That entrances the soul by its spell;
While thought, on its airy pinions,
Goes flitting o'er mountain and dell,
To that land of the mystic hereafter,
Ever sheltered by azure-hued skies,
Where no darkening clouds, but rose-tinted,
With their golden margins arise.

How readily fancy doth picture
Scenes of freshness and beauty alone;
For this light, so soft yet so radiant,
Is a mantle of charity, thrown
Over all of this earth's imperfections;
And as nature so faultless appears,
How easily comes the forgetting
That our life has its sorrow or tears.

These trees, clad in foliage of silver,
With linings of emerald green,
Are more beautiful far than when basking
In the glare of the sun's bright sheen.
The blue dome is more closely arching
Our world than in noonday light,
For the tree tops are almost brushing
Yonder clouds of snowy white.

Oh, heaven seems so much nearer
Than amid the bustle and strife,
For the spirit's vision is clearer,
And a glimpse of that better life
Which awaits us "over the river"
Is given, the weary to cheer;
And we rest with the view enraptured,
Knowing not but that heaven is here.

Rev. N. L. Brakeman, late Presiding Elder of the North New Orleans District, left on Saturday last, having been transferred to another conference. He has done some excellent pioneer work in the South, and takes with him our best wishes for his future usefulness and happiness. His post-office address is Kalamazoo, Michigan.

The Alexandria *Democrat* says General Harry T. Hays "is justly honored and revered as a true and faithful leader in the Lost Cause." The General delivered the annual address to the cadets.

"Admiral" Semmes was lately called to a professorship in the State Academy at Pineville, above alluded to, and was extolled to the skies by the faculty. Governor Warmoth will probably have something to say before long about this institution, which has only hoots and yells for loyal men, and fulsome praise for Confederate heroes like Hays and Semmes.

The General Assembly has selected for these responsible posts two stanch Republicans and honorable high-toned gentlemen. We did not succeed in having the gentleman of our first choice elected. Nevertheless, we heartily acquiesce in the decision of the caucus. We hold party integrity and discipline to be more essential to our interests and liberties now than any personal considerations. Bolters must be taught that if they will hazard the being of the party and the liberties of the people by coquetting with rebels and selling out the party, they will be treated accordingly.

This is the only way in which we can secure party success.—*New Orleans Advocate.*

We are told that some colored men are joining the Ku-Klux Democratic party. To such we commend the following items from orthodox Democratic papers:

The *Day Book* says this in reference to the effort in the South to coax freedmen to vote for "Old Massa:" "It seems that in every case where the Conservatives expected to get nigger votes they failed, and the mongrels have carried the day. Of course they have done so, and ought to do so, and if there are men who fancy themselves Democrats so stupid and so base as to appeal to niggers, they will be rewarded exactly as they have been rewarded in South Carolina, Georgia, etc. Alabama, with more to contend with than any other State, defeated the obscene and devilish wretches who sought to force a mongrel constitution on that State in the only way possible to do such a thing—that is, by refusing absolutely to recognize negroes as an element of political society.

Spurgeon says: The bitterness of humility is a tonic to the spirit. To humiliate yourself is as necessary in this wicked world as it is for travelers through African jungles to take every now and then a draught of quinine.

Arrangements are making for the construction of a bridge which shall unite the cities of New York and Brooklyn. It is to be a suspension bridge, and will cost nine or ten million dollars. When completed it will constitute one of the grandest works of art on the globe.

A boy while at play in the vicinity of Jackson, Tenn., discovered in the decayed stump of a tree promissory notes, mortgages, and other papers worth $40,000. They appear to be the property of Daniel Bell. There is no clue to the mystery of their discovery in so singular a hiding-place.

A remarkable instance of success in missionary labor is offered by the history of an English missionary, Mr. Pearce, in Finnevelly. In twenty-four years he was instrumental in rescuing 3100 persons from heathenism and Romanism. He witnessed the abandonment by the worshipers of forty pagan temples with the idols belonging to them, established sixty schools, and built forty-six church edifices.

Can Grant be Beaten?

Is there any very reasonable hope left in the bosom of lingering Democrats to justify the assumption that Grant and Colfax will be beaten in November?

It has always been the custom for a people to confer the highest civil honors upon those who have been very successful upon the battle-field. Mankind have ever been more prone to reward great military chieftains than any other class of individuals. Half the statues of the world and almost all those of the ancients are those which have been erected to commemorate the names and actions of successful military chieftains.

In the earlier ages of republican Rome a great triumph was always decreed to the returning hero who had successfully reared the banners of the republic over a prostrate empire; and in later days the imperial diadem, the kingdom, and the throne were the sure rewards of the returning victor.

In republican America this example of the old world seems not wholly to have been lost. Six times since the birthday of our independence have the people brought forward for Presidential honors such of their distinguished citizens as had been successful upon the red fields of war. Washington, Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Scott, and Grant are the six names which successful military events have brought forward as competitors for Presidential honors, and in every instance thus far save one were they successful.

General Winfield Scott is alone the only individual case in which the name of a great military chief has ever been defeated for the highest office in the gift of the American people. It remains for the ensuing ides of November to demonstrate whether the irrevocable fiat of the American people will call this now greatest military chieftain to preside over them for the next four years; or whether the remembrance and recognition of his great deeds shall be clouded by igominious defeat. His very nomination is an almost sure prelude of victory. Had he been a Democrat, and nominated by that party, although the weaker one, his opponent could have hoped for nothing but defeat. His very name is the synonym of victory. This was shown plainly at Chicago when, with a unanimity unparalleled in the whole annals of conventions, the delegates from all our wide-spread land from Eastport to Alaska, from the snow-clad hills of Maine to the far-distant Rio Grande, responded with a unity which seemed guided by Omnipotence, and with one pulsing heart, one united voice, gave their votes for the laureled Hero of the West.

His enemies complain that he is reticent—that he is taciturn. "A still tongue shows a wise head," and surely with the noisy gabble of the present occupant of the White House before him, he is continually impressed with the necessity, if not with the decency of taciturnity.

The Democratic sheets tell us he is only capable of deciding upon the respective merits of cigars, clams, and horses. Strange, indeed, that with a genius never rising above these three small things he was chosen by the wisdom of the nation to lead her conquering cohorts to battle, and stranger still that with this little modicum of talent he was not only enabled to defeat the bravest armies marshaled by the most warlike chieftains of the age, but also organized victory out of the very debris of defeat.

How hopeless, indeed, was the Union cause when he was called to lead her armies in the West. How successfully he foiled the efforts of Sidney Johnson with his reported 100,000 men at Bowling Green. See how he flanked this great host, and caused the evacuation of Kentucky, and in the depth of mid winter threw his Western legions around Fort Donelson, and regardless of the rigors of winter, or the dreadful resistance made by Buckner, he at length compelled the evacuation of that strong fortress, and opened the way for the Federal fleet to the capital of Tennessee.

See him again on the heights of Shiloh, combating a resistance which seemed overpowering, and after sustaining a check in that first day's fight that would have induced almost any other leader to evacuate the field, again at early dawn leading his gallant legions to battle, displaying throughout the carnage of that dreadful day a confidence in victory, which eventually terminated in leaving him master of that well contested field.

Let us follow him to Vicksburg, and during the conduct of that ever-memorable siege see if we found him wanting in talents, expedients, or courage. The water line of that mighty river was covered with floating batteries, while the tall hills above were all bristling with heavy ordnance, and served by as intrepid gunners as ever followed the banner of Napoleon. From Grand Gulf to the mouth of the Yazoo every cliff might be said to hold a battery, and every bush was bristling with bayonets. The entire press of the South sported at the idea of a landing, and after the dreadful repulse at Chickasaw bayou the best skilled foreigners in military circles declared the situation held by Pemberton to be impregnable. During those gloomy days the lovers of the Union everywhere stood with dejected heart. The pale matron as she sent her darling boy to the war; the loving bride who bade her husband of yesterday farewell that he might range himself under the banner of Grant, thought of that rushing river, and of those cliffs crowned with artillery, and with a prayer to God and a trust in Grant, awaited the long and weary termination of that siege. No watchfulness exceeded that of the rebel guards along the shore, and no patrol was more vigilant, and no mere man unaided by Heaven could have succeeded in what the world had considered a forlorn undertaking. The military world after the failure to turn the river through the canal, would have justified the raising of the seige. Sherman with all his gallantry had been hurled back at an immense sacrifice of human life, and nothing remained but to run the gigantic gauntlet, and throw his columns across the river at Grand Gulf. To any other leader thus situated this would have been an insurmountable task, and yet this man so incapable of rendering an opinion save upon the merits of a clam, dared essay a task from which a Wolfe or a Napoleon would have shrunk dismayed.

After marching through interminable swamps, wading bayous, and dragging his artillery through morasses, General Grant threw his advanced guard across the sullen stream, and unfurled once more the banner of the republic upon the heights below Vicksburg, and very soon thereafter had to fight, near Fort Gibson, one of the sharpest contests of the war with the flower of Pemberton's forces. Victory as usual perched upon his standard. Jackson was taken, and every avenue of communication cut off between Vicksburg and the Confederacy, and after fighting the terrible battle of Champion Hills the army sat down before beleagured Vicksburg until the fourth of July, 1863, when the capture of the army and surrender of the city opened once more the mighty river to the commerce of the West.

The successes which had hitherto attended the operations of General Grant were somewhat apologized for by the Southern press by saying he had only been matched with inferior men. "Let him but be placed in competition with Lee," said they, "and all his past fame will wither like a garland from the world." The national exigency soon occasioned him to be brought directly to oppose this renowned General who was always deemed invincible, and the Southern people would as soon have believed that Gibraltar's storm-defying rock had been captured as that Richmond could be taken. The genius of Scott had failed. McDowell, McClellan, Burnside, and Hooker all had failed to match them with the dreadful veterans of Lee. And thus the two armies, both under leaders that had been till then invincible, were now found pitted against each other at the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, and the Southern presses still claimed the victory after the dreadful carnage of those days. But Lee retreated with his army upon Richmond, while Grant shut him in and besieged him in that city. For several months the war was continued, till at last the great Lee was forced to abandon the capital he had so long defended, and retreated in a direction from whence he could hope for no aid. While he was thus surrounded at Appomattox Grant with a kind consideration which would have forever won him the friendship of any less vindictive enemy offered to receive the surrender of Lee, intimating to him the unreasonableness of longer continuing the now hopeless contest. The wily Lee at length agreed, not to surrender the entire army of Northern Virginia, but simply the men under his command. Lee well knew there were many thousands upon his muster rolls that were not under his command, and could he have spared all the absentees they would have been free for the use of any new levies the South might still hope to raise. But it seems our man of cigars and clams was not thus easily to be outwitted, but insisted on receiving the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, and thus putting a virtual end to the war at one stroke.

As Washington was the hero of the old revolution so is General Grant of the new. He it was who overthrew the colossal rebellion, secured forever the integrity of the Union, dispersed the hosts of embattled rebels, and gave the old banner of our fathers once more to Southern breezes.

Can the American people now ignore all these splendid services? Can they suffer defeat once to gather around his ever victorious banner? Will they disgrace him by subjecting him to defeat? Methinks I hear one loud swelling anthem rising far away in the frozen lakes of the North, swelling from end to end of this broad Union, echoed by Alleghany's peaks of snow, heard again on the mountains of Montana, rolled on to where Nevada guards the quiet Western sea one glorious shout, one determined resolve. Firmly will we stand by him who so firmly stood by us amid the thunder shock of battle.—*N. O. Advocate.*

A Mother's Words.

A youth of eighteen or nineteen years sat at an open window—a look of painful perplexity on his face, caused apparently by a letter he held in his hand. After sitting thus for some minutes he muttered to himself, "Yes, I must go; if I don't Brown and Smith will be laughing at me, and calling me righteous overmuch; and, after all, there's no great harm in it, for I'll go to church in the morning, and it's only to be a sail down the river, and spend the day in the country." Still, he pressed his hand on his forehead for an instant, then rising hastily he said, "There is no use bothering about it; I must go."

As he rose his eye lighted on the setting sun, and as he did so his whole expression changed; a sweet yet half-sad look played on his face—his thoughts were elsewhere—another scene was before his eyes. The dark street had disappeared, and in its stead a neat country cottage had risen. In thought he was there: once more he saw the hills that rose near that cottage home; once more the blue waters of the distant lake glistened before him: once more he sat in the cottage garden with his widowed mother, and watched the setting sun. Once more that mother's words sounded in his ears—"John, don't forget your God and he'll not forget you. 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Though sinners entice thee to break it, consent thou not. O when you're tempted to do wrong don't forget to pray! Never let the sun go down on a prayerless day. May the God of the fatherless guide you; may the Lord Jesus be your Savior!"

Yes, six months had passed since he heard these words, and yet they seemed to sound in his ears. Tears filled his eyes, and rising he folded his hands and kneeled in prayer. Then taking up his pen he wrote thus:

"Thanks, Brown, for your invitation, but I can not accept it. My duty to God is to obey his commands; and he hath said, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Spending the day in idle pleasure is not doing this, and I wish you would think over the subject and not go yourself."

How great is the influence of a pious mother's words! How wonderful the answers to her earnest prayers!—*Bible Class Magazine.*

Spurgeon's Views of Communion.

No name is to-day more illustrious in the Baptist denomination than that of Charles H. Spurgeon. His brilliant talent, extraordinary eloquence, fervent zeal, devoted piety, and wonderful success have won for him a world-wide reputation. His sermons have been published in this country, both in books and newspapers by hundreds of thousands. His is the largest Baptist church, we believe, in the world. The views of such a Baptist, therefore, on the subject of communion are of peculiar interest. It is well known that he is an advocate of open communion, and that such is the practice of his church. His views on the subject have been omitted from his sermons—we will not say with how much or how little dishonesty—by the close communion American Baptist publishers; but they are found freely expressed in the English editions.

In a sermon, for instance, on the text "These be they who separate themselves" (Jude 19), we find a very strong expression in favor of open communion. This in the American edition is one of the mutilated sermons: but the English edition, besides other pungent sentences contains the following forcible and eloquent plea for unity at the Lord's table:

"There is not a Christian beneath the scope of God's heaven from whom I am separated. At the Lord's table I always invite all Christians to come and sit down and commune with us. If any man were to tell me that I am separate from the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, or the Methodist, I would tell him he did not know me, for I love them with a pure heart fervently, and I am not separate from them. This bears rather hard on our strict communion Baptists. I should not like to say anything hard against them, for they are about the best people in the world; but they really do separate themselves from the great body of Christ's people. They separate themselves from the great universal Church. They say they will not commune with it, and if any one comes to their table who has not been baptized they turn him away. The pulse of Christ is communion; and woe to the Church that seeks to cure the ills of Christ's Church by stopping its pulse!

"I think it a sin to refuse to commune with any one who is a member of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. I should think myself grossly in fault if at the foot of these stairs I should meet a truly converted child of God, who called himself a Primitive Methodist, or a Wesleyan, or a Churchman, or an Independent, and I should say, 'No, sir, you do not agree with me on certain points. I believe you are a child of God, but I will have nothing to do with you.' I should then think the text would bear very hard on me: 'These be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit.'"

We do not know, in all the range of Baptist literature a more terse and admirable plea for open communion. It turns the tables completely upon the close communionists. It makes *close communion* the sin—the sin of bigotry and schism! We scarcely wonder that such bold utterances should have been hushed by strict communion publishers. Too deadly thrusts does Spurgeon make at the idol of sectarianism to please in this the High Church Baptists. So they resort to the cowardly practice of striking from his sermons all such passages. The above quotation was sent to us by an English Baptist clergyman. We doubt if any 'regular' Baptist newspaper would have the courage to publish it. *Church Union.*

General Grant, after twenty-five years of army life, is said to have never uttered a profane word, nor had a personal quarrel.

An Infant's Prayer.

A little child, being very weakly in body, was ordered a fresh egg every morning. On one occasion the supply of country eggs being exhausted, his mother said:

"There is no egg for Georgy this morning."

The little child paused, and looking up, said:

"Lord! Georgy; negg, negg, Amen."

The mother in astonishment said:

"Well, we shall surely have an egg to-day, no matter where it comes from."

No more was thought of the matter until the mother in the course of the day called at the butcher's to purchase some meat, not imagining for a moment that the prayer of her infant boy would be so markedly answered. The butcher said to her:

"Ma'am, would you be offended if I were to send up a lovely fresh egg for the baby? It is just laid; and I thought, as he is delicate, he might like it."

He had never done anything like this before, nor has he ever done it since; neither was he aware of the fact that the child really needed the egg. Did not the Lord put it into his heart to think on the child, in order that the infant's prayer might be answered, and the unbelief of the older hearts might be rebuked? Oh! for a more artless, childlike confidence in him who is the hearer, the answerer, and the lover of believing prayer. The flock is not so large that any one of his sheep can escape his notice. "He calleth his own sheep by name." Often those whom he has the least reason to love he thinks of the most. When the flock is all folded one lamb is missed, and the affectionate heart of the Good Shepherd knows no rest till he has gone into the wilderness and found that which was lost. And when he has found it he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing over it more than the ninety and nine which went not astray. No, my brother, you can not get so far from Christ as to be beyond his personal interest in your welfare, you can not live so near to him that you will be unnoticed in the countless throng that ceases not to exalt the Lamb. Christ loves you—loves you with a regard as true and particular as though all his redemptive work had been wrought for you alone.

Our fathers believed in special answers to prayer. They were not stumbled by the objection about the inflexibility of the laws of nature; because they had the idea that, when the Creator of the world promised to answer human prayers he probably understood the laws of nature as well as they did. At any rate, the laws of nature were his affair, nad not theirs. They were men very apt, as the Duke of Wellington said, to "look to their marching orders;" which, being found to read "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God," they did it. "They looked unto him, and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed."

Pen and Ink Sketches.

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

A corrugated man is he, tall, strong-limbed, broad-headed, broad-hatted. His face is as thick lined with wrinkles as that of his Eastern prototype in wit and wisdom, Father Taylor. Great ridges are piled up over face and forehead, as if the spirit within had upheaved its fiery lava into these mountainous lines. His remarkable face may have been to his hearers a refreshment; the flat face of their country having been pleasantly contrasted with the rugged face of their favorite. These shaggy features are crested with more shaggy hair. It is yet but slightly gray, and almost rustles as it seems to fly around his head in its wild confusion. From under the heavy covered brows, and from within a mass of rigid flesh, flash out two sharp black eyes. "Like to an owl in ivy bush" those eyes might compare themselves, only they are anything but owl-like in their character. Even in their ashes of eighty years live their wonted fires. He is the oldest member of the Conference, both in years and as a delegate. Since 1816 with one exception he has been a member of every General Conference. Bishop Morris is his only rival in this honor. He takes but little part in debate, and his presence is rather a reminiscence than a prophecy; rather a tree of grand proportions, whose growth and fruitage are largely accomplished, than one which is yet sending forth new shoots and producing fresh harvests. Yet his branches are not without some new fruit. His progress is more marked in this respect than that of some younger men. He sees events, and God in them, with a growing clearness of vision, and on many rising questions shows a soundness of wisdom that is likely to give his closing hours a brighter radiance than his midday glory. The noon was clouded with the darkness, not of slavery, which he always hated, but of the duty of the Church toward it. But at eventide is light.

Dr. Slicer is a powerful man, of portly frame, high and somewhat retreating forehead, very firm set mouth, very smooth face, light and abundant hair, of sanguine, florid complexion, and temperament of the Saxon, not Southern type. He is a ready, able speaker, and as fond of debate as a war-horse of battle. He has done good service to our Church in Baltimore in one respect. When the Southern tide beat against its walls, and swept into the gulf of secession such leaders as Thomas Sergeant and Thomas E. Bond (son of the former editor of the *Christian Advocate*), and much of the wealth and talent of the Church and the ministry, and when the timidity which had attended its movements concerning slavery was receiving its just punishment in the blanched faces and hearts which this invasion caused, then the man who had fought abolitionism the most fiercely of any of our ministry fought secession with equal courage and with better success, for this time he was on the side of God. At his house was organized the movement which resulted in the public meeting at Eutaw street that saved Methodism in the city from complete absorption by its Southern foe. It escaped so as by fire. It is rescued from Sodom, but it is too much yet in the condition of Lot after his deliverance, feeble and timid, seeking not the society of its faithful kinsman, Abraham, who dwells in the hill country to the northward, but abiding still in the hills that overlook the fatal plain. Dr. Slicer, we trust, having gone thus far, will go yet further. Let him head the column for breaking up the wicked and weak distinctions between brethren which his churches and conferences now maintain. Maryland has four conferences, and is asking for a fifth upon her little territory. They ought to be all reduced to one or two, and would be but for the fear and trembling of the white ministers at doing the simple duty of men and Christians. Mr. Slicer knows no fear nor trembling. His conference is far in advance of its Southern and even of its Northern neighbor in that first-born of faith—virtue, manliness, courage, pluck. If he would but say the word the colored churches and ministers in the bounds of his conference would be absorbed by his conference, and the regeneration of Maryland be well begun. Dr. Slicer is a hard but generous foe, hospitable and affable, earnest of conviction, bold of speech, warm of heart. A Peter in character, who, when he is fully converted, will mightily strengthen his brethren.

Tight Lacing.

It is a trite but correct remark that as the human form has been molded by nature, the best shape is undoubtedly that which she has given it. To endeavor to render it more elegant by artificial means is to change it—to make it much smaller below and much larger above is to destroy its beauty; to keep it cased up in a kind of domestic cuirass is not only to deform it, but to expose the internal parts to serious injury. Under such compression as is commonly practiced by ladies, the development of the bones, which are still tender, does not take place conformably to the intention of nature, because nutrition is necessarily stopped, and they consequently become twisted and deformed. Those who wear these appliances of tight lacing often complain that they can not sit upright without them—are sometimes, indeed, compelled to wear them during all the twenty-four hours; a fact which proves to what an extent such articles weaken the muscles of the trunk. The injury does not fall merely on the internal structure of the body, but also on its beauty, and on the temper and feelings with which that beauty is associated. Beauty is in reality but another name for expression of countenance which is the index of sound health, intelligence, good feelings, and peace of mind. All are aware that uneasy feelings, existing habitually in the breast, speedily exhibit their signature on the countenance, and that bitter thoughts or a bad temper spoil the human expression of its comeliness and grace.

Need Shaking.

My watch stops: something is broken in it. I take it to the watch-maker, and he puts in a new main-spring. I do not know anything about it, except that he does it. And when it is repaired he lays it aside. Presently I go for my watch, and ask him if it is done. "Oh yes," he says, "but I do not know that it is going." And he takes it, and finding that it does not go, he winds it up, and then it does not go, perhaps; but he gives it a little shake, and it commences ticking and keeping time.

And I know many persons that have a main-spring in them, and that have been wound up, for that matter, but that have not been shaken yet! And there they are. If somebody would only take them up and whirl them round a few times, and say to them, "You are Christians; tick! tick!" they would commence keeping time. I have known persons that spent months and months, not only making no progress, but losing ground, just for want of knowledge of the fact that the office of the Lord Jesus Christ was to take people in order that they might be good, and that it was his nature, after he had taken them, to be patient with them, and help them, and bring all the power of his being to bear upon them to save them.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The following is told of Grant and Lincoln:

Just before the Baltimore Convention a few delegates called upon him pursuant to appointment, and we found him free and communicative as well as hopeful and agreeable. One of our party asked his opinion on the military situation. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "Grant now has entire control, and I can only relate a conversation which I had with him the other day. He said his plan was to hold Lee and his army in the vicinity of Richmond while he sent Sherman through to destroy the Confederacy. I said to him'—and the sunbeam played over the President's homely face, making it appear positively handsome—"'Grant, I don't know much about the technicalities of your profession, but as near as I do understand you, you propose to hold the leg while Sherman takes off the skin.' 'Yes,' replied Grant, 'that is just what I mean.'"

ANECDOTE OF JOSEPHINE.—Napoleon and Josephine were dining alone when the Emperor informed her of his resolution to put her away. Josephine, of course, fainted—a female maneuvre which alarmed his majesty, who immediately summoned assistance in the shape of Chamberlain de Bausset. As the Empress continued inanimate, Napoleon, wishing to avoid a scene in the palace, asked M. de Bausset if he were strong enough to carry the Empress into her apartments by a back staircase. The Chamberlain replied in the affirmative, and took the Empress in his arms; the Emperor went first, descending backward, and holding Josephine's feet. When halfway down M. de Bausset's sword got between his legs and he clutched his precious burden tighter while recovering himself. Great was his surprise when the Empress whispered, "Take care, sir, you are squeezing me too tight!"

The town elections in Massachusetts generally go against licensing open bars. Fall River went against open bars—606 to 445; Taunton, Dartmouth, and Mattapoisett ditto, the latter town unanimously. In South Adams a wealthy farmer who voted not license gave a reason for his course. He said that on the previous evening he found two of his sons intoxicated at one of the drinking dens on his way home from the village, and had he found them dead in his house he could not have suffered more. Having had no sleep the past night, he resolved to do what he could to mitigate the curse in that town by his vote.

U. S. MARSHAL'S MONITIO

William Carson et als. vs. Steam Emma, Her Tackle, Apparel, etc.

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT CO for the District of Louisiana, No. 9154.—M dience to an admiralty warrant to me directed above entitled suit, I have seized and take my possession—

The Steamboat EMMA No. 2, her Tackl parel, etc., now libeled by William Carson and for the causes set forth in the libel now p in the District Court of the United States.

And I do hereby cite and admonish the ow owners thereof, and all and every person or p having or pretending to have any right, title, terest in or to the same, to be and appear at trict Court of the United States, for the aforesaid, to be holden at the city of New Or on or before the THIRD MONDAY from the hereof, to show cause, if any they have or ca the said steamboat should not be condemned sold agreeably to the prayer of libelants.

United States Marshal's Office, New O seventh day of July, 1868.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Ma

No. 931—jy8 14 21 28

United States vs. a Certain Still,

IN THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT CO for the Fifth Circuit and Dist. of Lou No. 5646.—In obedience to a warrant to me ed in the above entitled suit I have seiz taken into my possession—

One Copper STILL, etc., now libeled by the States of America for the causes set forth libel now pending in the Circuit Court United States.

And I do hereby cite and admonish the ow owners thereof, and all and every person or having or pretending to have any right, title terest in or to the same, to be and appear at Court of the United States, for the District afo to be holden at the city of New Orleans, on or the THIRD MONDAY from the date hereof, cause, if any they have or can, why the said etc., should not be condemned and be sold bir to its proper use of libelant.

United States Marshal's Office, New O third day of July, 1868.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Ma

No. 930—jy6 10 14 18

Matheo Glubcovich vs. Schooner lachee, Her Tackle, Apparel, etc.

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT C for the District of Louisiana, No. 9139.—M dience to an admiralty warrant to me dire the above entitled suit I have seized and tak my possession—

The Schooner APALOUHEE, her Tackle now libeled by Matheo Glubcovich for the set forth in the libel now pending in the District Court of the United States.

And I do hereby cite and admonish the o owners thereof, and all and every person or having or pretending to have any right, tit terest in or to the same, to be and appear a trict Court of the United States, for the aforesaid, to be holden at the city of New Orl or before the THIRD MONDAY from th hereof, to show cause, if any they have or ca the said schooner should not be condemn be sold agreeably to the prayer of libelant.

United States Marshal's Office, New O second day of July, 1868.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Ma

No. 907—jy3 8 14 18

E. Conery & Co. vs. Steamboat Hodge, Her Tackle, Apparel, etc.

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT CO for the District of Louisiana, No. 9135.—M dience to an admiralty warrant to me dire the above entitled suit, I have seized and tak my possession—

The Steamboat B. L. HODGE, her Tackle, A and Furniture, etc., now libeled by E. Conery owners thereof, and all and every person or having or pretending to have any right, tit terest in or to the same, to be and appear at trict Court of the United States, for the aforesaid, to be holden at the city of New Orl or before the THIRD MONDAY from th hereof, to show cause, if any they have or ca the said steamboat should not be condemn be sold agreeably to the prayer of libelant.

United States Marshal's Office, New O twenty-ninth day of June, 1868.

F. J. HERRON, United States Ma

No. 904—jo30 jy7 14 18

U. S. MARSHAL'S SAL

E. Conery & Co. vs the Steamer Hodge, Her Tackle, Apparel, etc.

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT C for the District of Louisiana, No. 9135.—O of an order of Court to me directed above entitled suit I will proceed to sel highest bidder, on TUESDAY, the twen day of July, 1868, at twelve (12) o'clock M., trance to Customhouse building, on Old street,

The Steamboat B. L. HODGE, her Tackle she now lies in the river opposite Race street

Terms—Cash in United States Treasury notes.

United States Marshal's Office, New O tenth day of July, 1868.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Ma

No. 932—jy11 17 23 29

Paul H. Lewis vs. Charles. Kra

IN THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT C for the Fifth Circuit and District of Lou No. 5683.—By virtue of a writ of seizure and to me directed by the honorable the Circuit tied suit, and received by me on the of March, 1868, I have seized and ta my possession, and will expose for sale at p tion to the highest bidder, on TUES the twenty-eighth day of July, 1868, at o'clock noon, at the entrance to the Custom on Old Levee street, between Canal and house streets, in this city, the following d property, viz.:

"TWO CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, in the first district of this city in the square bounded by Sayades, Clio, Prytania, and Erato designated as lots Nos. 30 and 32 on a plan of Edwin Abbey, C. C. Harris, notary, as in 303; said lots adjoin each other, and measu twenty-nine feet front on Erato street by a feet in rear, by a line of one hundred and feet nine inches and ten lines, together wit buildings and improvements thereon, which mortgaged property will be sold to satisfy tiff's, Paul L. Lewis' claims, viz: the sum of $1200, with 10 per cent. interest, and all costs act of mortgage on file, passed before Edw pett, notary, in this city, on the sixteenth October, 1866.

Terms—Cash in United States Treasury no costs of deed and internal revenue stamp pense of purchaser.

United States Marshal's Office, New O June 20, 1868.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Ma

No. 901—jy6 jy11 19 25 28 District of Lo

Daniels & Plummer vs. Narcisse L

IN THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT C for the Fifth Circuit and District of Lou ians, No. 5273.—By virtue of a writ facias issued and to me directed by the named Court in the above entitled suit, and by me on the ninth of June, 1868, I have sei and in my possession, and will expose for public auction, to the highest bidder, on S DAY, the twenty-fifth day of July, 1868, of one o'clock noon, at the door of the Courthouse, a Donaldsonville, in the parish conian, Louisiana, the following described ty, viz:

"A CERTAIN PLANTATION, situated parish of Ascension, in the State of Louis the right bank of the Mississippi river, st four miles above the town of Donaldsonville, ing about sixteen and one-third arpents f the Mississippi river, by a depth of eighty more or less, bounded on the upper side by Valentine Landry and on the lower side by Trasimon Landry, with all the buildings and ratus of which are on said land, such as re sugar house, training machine, cane mill, house, saw mill, etc., as well as all the liv gods, implements of husbandry upon said ing to said plantation as per inventory on fil office.

Seized to satisfy the plaintiff's claim eight thousand dollars, together with inter torneys' fees, and all costs of suit, as per ju rendered in above entitled suit.

Terms—Cash in United States Treasury n the time of adjudication.

Act of sale, recording, revenue stamps, etc expense of purchaser.

United States Marshal's Office, New O June 22, 1868.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Mars

No. 895—jo22 27 jy2 11 18 25 District of Lou

CONSTABLE'S SALES

E. Gouvion vs. J. Assenmaker and

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF FIERI F to me directed by the Hon. E. G. fford, J tice of the Peace for the parish of Orleans proceed to sell at public auction on THUR July 23, 1868 at 12 o'clock M., at the Merchan change—

ONE CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND improvements thereon, being lot No. 25 of s First church of this city, bounded by Gaiv borne, Gasquet, and Derbigny streets, as p drawn by Joseph Pilie, Surveyor, dated Ma measuring 40 feet front on Gasquet street by and 7 inches deep between parallel lines, measure.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash in United States Treasury no

TERENCE GOU

jo22 jy11 23* Constable First Justice's

SHERIFF'S SALES.

City of New Orleans vs. Weitmore, & Hodges.

SIXTH DISTRICT COURT OF NEW leans, No. 21,673.—By virtue of a writ facias issued to me from the Honorable the District Court of New Orleans in the above e cause, I will proceed to sell at public auction Merchants' and Auctioneers' Exchange street, between Canal and Customhouse stre the Second District of this city, on SATUR July 18, 1868, at 12 o'clock M., the follow scribed property, to wit—

Whitney Bell Road, Dupre, Venus, one square, $125; Gaiuso, Salcedo, Agiese, one-fourth square, $250; Gayoso Salcedo, square, $500; half square, $800; Clark, Euphrosine, Venus, one sixteenth square, $ assessed according to the assessment roll de in the office of the Treasurer on this city.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

GEORGE W. AVER

jo16 30 jy13 Sheriff of the Parish of Or

City of New Orleans vs. Weitmore, & Hodges.

SIXTH DISTRICT COURT OF NEW leans, No. 21,671.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued to me directed by the Honorable the Sixth District Court of New Orleans in the above entitled c will proceed to sell at public auction, at Merchants' and Auctioneers' Exchange Royal between Canal and Customhouse streets, in t the Second District of this city, on SATURDAY July 18, 1868, at 12 o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

White Shell Road, Dupre and Venus, one $125; Gayoso, Salcedo, Agiese, and Venus, $200; Gayoso, Salcedo, Euphrosine, and Venus, square, $500; Clark, Genois, Euphrosine, and 1-16 square, $50; assessed according to the assessment roll deposited in the office of the Treasurer of the city.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

GEORGE W. AVERY

jo16 30 jy13 Sheriff of the Parish of Or