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THE HEART OF BRUCE.

BY EUGENE H. MUNDAY.

I.

The Bruce lay dying; and his chiefs,
Grief stricken, could not chide
The moaning multitude that thronged
To Cardross on the Clyde.

A foul disease had seized his flesh,
And yet with vision clear,
He saw his wraith stalk through the hall,
And called the Douglas near.

"When I am dead, my trusty friend,
Pray take this heart of mine
Unto the blessed sepulchre,
In holy Palestine.

"For on the eve of Bannockburn,
I swore a solemn vow—
God willing—that the Infidel
Before my sword should bow;
That vow is unfulfilled—and, oh,
It frets my spirit now!

"It hath not pleased our blessed Lord
To give me peace at home,
That I might strive, in Holy Land,
To earn my peace with Rome;

"And sith my body could not go,
I pray that thou, who art
My bravest knight and dearest friend,
Wilt thither bear my heart.

"And suit thee as beseems thy charge—
My gold is for thy use;
He may not meanly ride who bears
The heart of Robert Bruce!"

The Douglas raised his sword on high,
And crossed it where he stood—
"I'll rest thy heart in Palestine,
Or shroud it with my blood!"

"Now, God reward thee, good Sir James;
And, as my guerdon part,
Upon thy banner's argent field
Bear thou a bleeding heart!"

And with a smile that spoke of peace,
The good King Robert died,
(His arm about the Douglas neck),
At Cardross on the Clyde.

Then rose a wail of woe; I ween
'Twas pitiful to see
The Douglas sobbing like a child
Upon his bended knee.

"God's benison be on my soul,
My liege! Thy dying 'hest
Will stir to life the curdling drops
That chill my aching breast."

II.

The Douglas got a casket rich,
Of silver clasped with gold,
Bedecked with pearl and amethyst,
That royal heart to hold.

And by a golden cord he hung
The casket from his neck;
And like a king of ancient line,
He trod the vessel's deck.

And twenty brawny, hardy knights
Around the chieftain stood,
With five-and-twenty squires brave,
Who came of lineage good.

"St. Clare of Roslyn, wilt thou bear
My banner o'er the sea?"
"Right willingly, Sir James, I'll bear
That banner after thee;
And shouldst thou see it drooping, seek
Among the dead for me!"

The vessel bowed to greet her freight,
But proudly rose again,
And shook the spray from off her prow,
And leapt athwart the main.

They furled their sails at Sluys, to ask
If there a pilgrim band
Waited a convoy safe, to guard
Their steps in Holy Land.

"No pilgrim train is here, Sir Knight,
Yet count not that a loss;
The Moors are up in Spain, and flaunt
The Crescent 'gainst the Cross!

"To curb the Saracen, Castile
And Aragon unite;
Right noble 't were, I wis, to see
The Douglas in the fight!"

"And so they shall! For well I wot
This heart that lies on mine,
Will joy to cross the Infidel
On road to Palestine!

"Hoist sail, my cheery mariners,
We'll ride the sea again!—
Our squires shall flesh their maides swords
Beneath the vines of Spain!"

The sails were set; and on they sped
To Guadalquivir's shore,
And heard the kings were in the field
A-battling with the Moor;—
The Douglas sware the heart of Bruce
Was warming to the core!

"To horse! to horse!" They girt their steeds
And vaulted from the strand;
he pibrochs shrieked, and with a shout
On rode that gallant band!

They rode by day, they rode by night;
Their chargers flew the lee,
And mocked the stormy petrel's flight
They'd noted on the sea.

And with the morning's amber beams,
They darted on the plain
Where paled the crescent of the Moor
And glowed the cross of Spain!

"Great king," the Douglas cried, "we come
To join this war with thee,
And humbly crave a foremost place,
Through knightly courtesy."

"That ye might boldly claim, brave Scot,
But that the war is done;
We parleyed through the night, and signed
A truce an hour agone."

"What! palter with the Infidel,
And join a Moorish truce?—
We'll dare the field alone—what fear!—
I bear the heart of Bruce!"

Then swarthy grew the chieftain's face,
While like a trumpet pealed,—
"On with the banner of the heart!
A Douglas takes the field!"

Again they girt their noble steeds
And vaulted from the land;
Again the pibroch shrieked; again
On rode that gallant band!

They rode in faith, they rode to death,
The dew upon their spears
Trembled as on they madly swept,
And fell to earth in tears.

They rode amidst the Paynim host!
And high and fierce the glance
Of beardless squire and broad sed knight,
As battle-axe of falchion bright
Replaced the shivered lance.

Then swiftly fell their blows amain,
And raised a purple flood
Until the ground whereon they fought
Seemed sweating human blood.

But one by one those gallant knights
Were hurtled to the plain,
And one by one those Christian knights
By Moslem swords were slain!

Then darker grew the Douglas face;
He hurled the casket free—
"Go first, brave heart, as was thy wont,
And I will follow thee!"

And on he pressed! They slew his horse,
And closed with serried ranks;
Yield, ere thy life!" He grimly smiled,
And dealt them bloody thanks.

And perfoils his battle-axe
Crushed casque and plate and shield,
Yet still was heard above the din—
"A Douglas takes the field!"

Anon, he saw his banner quail
In thickest of the fray;
And like a maddened lion, quick
He hewed himself a way
To where—his death-grasp clutching it—
St. Clare of Roslyn lay.

He knelt and kissed that banner prone;
Once more it lapped the breeze!
They drove their lances twixt his greaves;
They slew him on his knees!

Though he his idol Fame's deathful blows,
Gained a coward part
To slay him as he sat—to raise
The banner of the heart.

No Scot was left of those who erst
Had [illegible] Moorish trace,
And in a [illegible] of Douglas blood
Was found the heart of Bruce.

GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.

Unveiling of the Statue at West Point.

The noble statue of General John Sedgwick was unveiled on Wednesday, June 21, at West Point, with appropriate ceremonies.

The oration was delivered by George W. Curtis. We print such portions as our space allows:

In Europe, three centuries ago, the cause of the people took form as the Protestant Reform, and, transferred to the battle-field, was the thirty years' war. In England—drawn to a finer point in the sermons of stern preachers, in the debates in Parliament, in the loud snarl of pamphlets—it was known as Puritanism. But at length it was preaching and debating no longer. At Edgehill John Pym's speeches had become pikes, and Charles's falsehoods swords. The Cavalier fought for privilege; the Puritan for the people. The struggle was fierce and long, and when the smoke of battle rolled away, Puritanism remained bivouacked upon the field. But its complete victory was reserved for another century and another continent. The old Puritanism was doubtless gloomy and severe—the tree that bore the rosy and delicate fruit of American liberty was knotted and gnarled. But while the Cavalier, the Tory and the Aristocrat, here as every where, have always derided Puritanism, remember that the greatest of all English rulers was a Puritan—the greatest of all England's poets but one was a Puritan. The Puritan policy abroad swept the Mediteranean of pirates and protected the Protestants of France and Savoy. The Puritan policy at home defended civil and religious liberty against despotism, mitred as a bishop and crowned as a king. Crossing the sea it planted the snows and rocks of New England with the seed of popular liberty and equal rights. The harvest is as vigorous as the soil, for freedom is a rude plant and loves the cooler latitudes. In the auspicious air of a new continent the Puritan spirit became modified, mellowed and enlarged. Out of strength came forth sweetness. Government by church-members became government by the people. John Pym became James Otis. The larger and generous Puritanism of America inspired the Revolution. They were Puritan guns whose echo is endless upon Bunker Hill. It was the Puritan spirit that spoke in the Declaration of Independence. It was the Puritan will that shook the glittering hand of the Cavalier Burgoyne from the Hudson. It was to the Puritan idea that Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and eighty-three years later it was the Cavalier who again surrendered to the Puritan under the Appomattox apple-tree. Those stern, sad men in peaked hats, who prayed in camp and despised love-locks, and at whom quibblers in politics laugh and swear to-day, were the indomitable vanguard of moral and political freedom. If they unsettled in prayer they smote in fight; if they sang through their noses, the hymn they chanted was liberty; if they aimed at a divine monarchy, they have founded the freest, the most enlightened, the most prosperous, the most powerful republic in history.

As we look back to-day upon that tremendous conflict, we see emerging from the bitter smoke the grim champion of the people, Oliver Cromwell, and by his side there rides a sturdy Puritan, Major General Robert Sedgwick. When Cromwell became Protector he sent his General as a commissioner to Jamaica, and when the King returned the Puritan decided to remain in America. "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." And more than a century after Naseby and Worcester, a descendant of Robert Sedgewick, a Major in the Revolutionary Army, defended the good old cause at Valley Forge. At the end of the war he was made a Major General of militia, and his house, which the Connecticut Tories had burned while he was away, was rebuilt for him by his townsmen. It was in the little town of Cornwall, in the pleasant Valley of the Housatonic, in the northwest part of Connecticut, the State of Putnam and Wooster; and there his grandson, our General John, was born, on the thirteenth of September, 1813. He is remembered as a quiet farmer's boy, going to the common school, and working in the peaceful fields of Cornwall Hollow. A generous, manly lad—a natural leader among his companions. But the spirit of the Ironside trooper and of the Continental volunteer was in his blood, and as a little boy he called himself "General John Sedgwick." Thus a soldier, born of soldiers, on the first July, 1833, when he was twenty years old, he came here to the Military Academy, where, three years later, he was graduated, and was promoted Second Lieutenant of the Second Artillery. He served immediately in the Florida War against the Indians, a little later upon the northern frontier during the Canadian border troubles, and was engaged in recruiting at various stations.

In your name, gentlemen, and in your presence here, in the school in which our officers are trained, I deny that to become a soldier is to cease to be a citizen and a man. I deny that a soldier is a moral hermaphrodite for whom right and wrong do not exist. I deny that in a noble breast, whether in or out of uniform, the sense of loyalty to a flag will be deeper and stronger than that of loyalty to conscience and to manhood. And if our own Heaven-born stars and stripes should ever become the black flag of infamy and injustice, it is an insult to you as to your fellow-citizens, to suppose that you or they would imagine it to be an honorable duty to bear it. We are citizens of the world before we are citizens of a country; we are men before we are Americans, *ubi libertas ibi patria*, and our duty as Americans is to make America, the home of noble men, and that flag the flag of liberty for mankind. In our late war it was not the resignation of their commissions by those who felt, however mistaken in our judgment, that they could not honestly fight under the flag which cast so deep an odium upon them. It was not the conscience, it was the want of conscience. It was not the honest conviction, it was the treachery that was so despicable. If Benedict Arnold, whose name is forever tragically associated with this spot, had honestly resigned his commission, the consequences might for a time have been deplorable; but his name would not be infamous. It was the treachery that dooms him to eternal execration. It was not that Twiggs wished to leave the army, it was his base surrender of men and material that blackens his name. It was not the resignation of Lee that forever marks him, it was his following the flag of a cause which he confessed he saw no reason for unrolling. The condemnation of all West Pointers who resigned was not of the soldiers, but of the men. It was that they obeyed the authority of States, which they said they held to be paramount, when that authority ordered them to raise the flag of injustice and inhumanity. If it be said that a soldier must obey commands, whatever they may be, I reply that no honorable man will remain for a moment in a position which demands dishonor. If King Herod order his officer to slay all infants under two years of age, he will refuse longer to be an officer of Herod, and if every officer did so, Herod's murders will be left undone. "I have ever had in my mind," says Algernon Sidney, "that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I can not save my life but by doing an indecent thing, He shows me the time has come when I should resign it," and when that time came he did resign it. He did not say that my King orders it, my State commands it; he said, my conscience forbids it, and he died.

It is not possible, and you will not expect, that I should trace our soldier step by step in his career.

Before the late war his service was that of all the officers of his time, and he rose, by brave and brilliant conduct in the field and faithful duty out of it, until the spring of 1861, which found him Major of the First Cavalry, and engaged in the building of Fort Wise, near Pike's Peak, in Colorado. From this remote retirement the shot at Sumter brought him into the constant and conspicuous service in which the brief remainder of his life was passed. In March, 1861, he was Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Cavalry; in April, Colonel of the First; in August he was appointed, in the place of Robert E. Lee, Colonel of the Fourth Cavalry, and in the same month Brigadier General of Volunteers, serving in the defenses of Washington, and along the Potomac in Maryland. When the Virginia Peninsular campaign opened John Sedgwick was a division commander, and his story to his death is that of the Army of the Potomac.

See how the story opened, for it ended as it began. After the battle of Williamsburg the first considerable action was that of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. The mass of the Union army lay upon the eastern side of the Chickahominy, and two corps, counting about 30,000 men, were upon the other shore. A furious storm in the night promised to swell the river to an impassable flood, and in the morning the whole rebel force bore down upon the Union lines, to annihilate one wing of the army in full sound and sight of their brothers, hopelessly separated from them. All the morning the battle hotly raged; the Union troops were slowly, slowly driven back. By noon the river began to rise. General Sumner, who was upon the eastern shore, and in whose corps General Sedgwick commanded a division, was ordered to cross, and he sent word to Sedgwick, the "always ready," as General Scott used to call him, to advance; but as Sedgwick came toward the bridge he saw that the river had become a sea, sweeping fiercely by. Far out in the midst of the waves a plank, apparently anchored, showed the channel; beyond the further end of the plank the waters stretched for a quarter of a mile. It was a perilous task to feel his way through the water with a heavy battery of twenty-four guns, and then to trust a frail, trembling plank for the passage of the channel. But the smoke and roar of the battle beyond the flood came nearer and nearer, and he knew that his brethren were sorely pressed. After a calm, thoughtful survey he gave the word "Forward"? Into the water moved the steady line; the gun-carriages sunk almost to the guns—floundered, staggered; but painfully dragging on, soldiers and batteries crossed the quivering bridge, which was whirled away as they left it. Toiling again through the swift water and the mire, an hour and a half before sunset Sedgwick came upon the field. The rebels, flushed with success, were driving their victorious columns as a wedge between the centre and the right of our wavering forces; but, like his ironside ancestor, Sedgwick swiftly advanced, formed his line, opened his batteries, and shattered the wedge. The wasted foe recoiled before his tremendous fire, his whole division in blazing line of battle moved steadily on, seized the stricken enemy, hurled him into woods, and the battle of Fair Oaks was won.

On the fourth of July, 1862, Sedgwick was made Major General of volunteers. In all that great army, struggling in the slimy toils of the Peninsula, there was no officer more trusted and beloved than this most unobtrusive man, this almost ideal American soldier. In person not tall, with dark hair, dark, still, almost solemn eyes, with the tranquil aspect of reserved power, who did not talk much or loudly, but who was always gayly chaffing his associates, who was smilingly suspicious of newspaper fame, and never went to Washington; a man of iron will, promptly obedient, and therefore requiring exact obedience. In council clear and swift, in action every faculty nimbly alive, his powers intensely concentrated, his soul glowing with eager purpose, as at a white heat, but not mastered either by victory or defeat. He had all the cardinal soldierly qualities, the positive masculine manly traits, but with them that depthless tenderness and sweet humor that complete the finest natures.

* * *

Emerging from the Wilderness on the ninth of May, the army was concentrated around Spotsylvania Court House, General Sedgewick and his corps holding the left of the line. It was Monday morning, and the General was watching his men place the guns. He was sitting under a tree, talking with General McMahon, his Adjutant General and warm personal friend, one of the young heroes whom the war discovered and developed, and whose brilliant service and rapid promotion showed how wisely Sedgewick chose his men. The General was speaking proudly and tenderly of his staff and his corps, when observing some mistake in the work of the men he said, abruptly, "That's wrong." He and his Adjuant arose together, and as they moved toward the working parties the rebel sharpshooters began to fire. The soldiers dodged as the bullets whistled. "Come, come, men," said the General, smiling, "dodging for single bullets! Why, they couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." "Ah, General," said one of the men behind a tree, "I've tried it, and believe in dodging." "Very well, my man," said Sedgewick, "go to your place, but I tell you they can't hit an elephant here." He turned, still smiling, to continue the conversation with his Adjutant, who heard the sharp, low, singing sound of a bullet, ending dully, and Sedgwick sunk slowly to the ground. His friend, M'Mahon, vainly tried to support him. He bent over him, and spoke to him with passionate eagerness, but Sedgwick did not answer. His eyes were closed. His hands were clasped. The sweet smile lingered upon his face. A little blood trickled down the cheek from beneath the left eye. His heart beat gently for a moment, and was still.

Sedgwick died, but the victory was won. What was the victory? It was twofold. First, it was the revelation of an overpowering national instinct as the foundation of the Union. It dissipated old theories. It interpreted the Constitution. Plant a homogeneous people under one government along the coast of a virgin continent. Let them gradually overspread it to the farther sea—speaking the same language, virtually of the same religious faith, intermarrying and cherishing common heroic traditions. Suppose them sweeping from end to end of their vast domain without passports, the physical perils of their increasing extent constantly modified by science. Steam and the telegraph making Maine and Oregon neighbors, their trade enormous, their prosperity a miracle, their commonwealth of unsurpassed power and importance to the world, and you may theorize of divided sovereignty as you will, but you have supposed an imperial nation, which may indeed be a power of evil as well as of good, but which, until it is fatally demoralized, can no more recede into its original elements and local sources than this abounding river, pouring broad and resistless into the sea, can turn backward to the pretty forest springs and rills whence it flows. "No no," murmurs the exultant river, "when you can take the blue out of the sky; when you can steal heat from fire; when you can strip splendor from the morning, then, and not before, may you reclaim your separate drops to me." "Yes yes, my river," answers the nation; "you speak for me. I am no more a child, but a man; no longer a confederacy, but a Union. The States are the members; I am the body. I am no more Virginia, New York, Carolina, or Massachusetts. I am the United States of America, one and indivisible!" Amen! roar Gettysburg and Vicksburg and Port Royal. Amen! thunders the Kearsage as she sinks the Alabama. Amen! sings Sherman as he marches to the sea. Amen! says Sedgwick as he sinks dead at Spottsylvania.

But the victory was more than that. A great nation may be a great curse to humanity. An imperial flag may be a black flag of injustice. It is not great power—it the great use of power that is admirable. The true triumph of the war is, not that the Union shall beneceforth be an undivided power merely, but that it shall be an undivided power of justice and equal rights. From the first, two principles have struggled for its control; and the evil principle, finding that, by all the laws of Heaven and of human prosperity, it was failing, sought to ruin what it could not rule. Baffled in its bloody effort, let us now take care—with malice toward none, with charity for all—that it be baffled forever. But this can be done only by constant activity. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, because its foe is as crafty as it is cruel. If it is beaten in one form, it will try another. The magician who was a tiger yesterday will be a fox to-day. Sedgwick died to preserve the integrity of the Union. We live that we may preserve its justice. From the three hundred thousand who see not this peaceful autumn sun, from field and river, from mound and sea, from the blood in the streets of Baltimore, from the torture and despair of Andersonville, from Fort Wagner and Fort Pillow, and Spottsylvania, from all your heroic fields, men of the Sixth Corps, and from your brothers who are buried there, comes the glorious cry, "We conquered under the flag of the Union, the flag that promised liberty. We won our victory and died. See that you die rather than surrender it."

NASBY.

The Presidential Election—The News Reaches Kentucky—The X Roads in Mourning.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
November 5, 1868.

Bad news travels fast. We have heerd from enuff of the States to know that the butcher Grant—he wich wunst afore stood in the way uv the Confederacy—hez been elected President, and that Seemore and Blare, our gellorious standard bearers, hev bin defeated ignominiously.

This ends it! This finishes it! There is no longer hope for Democrisy. Our star is sot in gloom. Never shel I forgit the ghastly appearance uv Deebia Pogram's face ez the fatal nooze wuz told him. A single tear rolled from his left eye down his furrowed cheek—it glittered for a brief moment on the tip uv his brillyant nose, and plunged off into space! How like our hopes! Never a word said he, but sadly beckoned me to foller. Sadly he walked to the square, mournfully he pulled down the Confedrit flag which hez waved from the pole in front of Bascom's, tenderly he folded it, and placed it under the barl uv whisky in the bar. "Thar let it rest," gasped he, in a husky tone, "it will never kiss the breeze no more." And overcome with emoshun, the good man burst into a flood uv teers, wich saved his life. The drain uv moisture from his system made it necessary for him to take suthin to fill its place, and that suthin wuz strengthenin. To save him I took suthin strengthenin, too.

And Ben Butler is elected. That excellert Conservative, Richard H. Dana, who has forgotten that ruffled shirts went out uv date 200 years ago, and who still reads the *Nashuel Intelligencer*, sposin it to be a Whig paper, is defeated, and Butler, who wunst hung a Demokrat in Noo Orleans, and who wood do that same every morning to give him an appetite, is fastened onto this here wunst happy but now distractid country for two years more. Grashus Hevins! send the yaller fever to the Corners now, and finish us up to wunst.

I won't say a word ez to the causes uv this most terrible defeat. Seymour wood make speeches, wich hez alluz bin fatle to Presidenshul aspirants, and Blare wood write terrible letters, wich is just as bad. Besides, Blare fairly represents us, wich druv off all the decent people, and Seymour rather prides hisself on bein a gentleman, wich chilled the ardor of our own party. The nominashens were unforchnit, but I don't reproach 'em. It's fate.

I sigh, Deekin Pogram sighs, and the rest uv our cirkle wood sigh, only they havn't returned from Injeany, wher they hev gone to vote in the interest uv the Constitooshun and to aid in the maintenance uv the laws.

Sight! I hev reason to sigh. For Polock will get the Post Offis after all. The his hands are contaminated by being taken into the hands uv niggers—his hands wich handles k liker and draws molasses, and is consekently degraded by eatnin his own livin—his hands will place out to Deekin Pogram the paper wich the Corners take! The Deekin ez he thought uv this, bust into teers agin. "I shel stop that paper," sez he, "and the Corners shel go back into the darkness uv ignerance. I shel never agin go for a letter, nor will I ever hev one written for me to any body. When a Ablishn face is at the general delivery I shel stop paternizin the Post Offis!"

Will the new Administrashun deprive a whole community uv a paper merely to give one uv its supporters a poslshun? We shel see.

But I cood endoor the loss uv my poslshun—for prinsiple I kin look marterdom squarely in the face—but I see other and more terrible results followin this catastrophe.

What uv the niggers? Wat uv us? We shel hev niggers votin at the Corners! We shel hev, at our poles, all uv the black cusses who live between here and Garrettstown, a votin ez regler ez though they wuz white men. We shel hev em defilin the sakred ballot-box ez the they wuz not of a cussid race. I see dark lines afore our poor State. They will therefor hold the land wich they hev bought, and wich they live on, by a share tenure, and they will increase and multiply. Polock will buy ther prodoose, and they will work and get money. This money they will lend to us—for we must have it to sustain life—and they will take mortgages onto our land. (When I say our, I mean Deekin Pogram and sich). Ez we never work ourselves, and will not hev, under the present arrangement, the means uv compellin the labor necessary to our support, we kin never pay; and the result will be, this beautiful land of ourn, wich we so deerly love, will pass out uv the hands uv the stronger and better race into the control uv a weaker and less powerful people.

The Deekin was remarkin suthin to this effect, when Joe Bigler remarkt in reply, that the Deekin had better throw himself onto the sympathy uv his sons.

"Why, they can't work any more than I kin," sed the Deekin.

"I don't mean your white sons!" sed this terrible Bigler. "They aint uv no akount. But in the nigger settlement and Garrettstown you hev more than twenty who wood—"

The poor Deekin rushed out uv the room, while Bigler laft his most feendish laff.

The people will be deprived uv their innocent amoosements. This Grant will send on armed birelins, clothed in ojus bloo, with muskets and sich, who will prevent our sho tin niggers, and who will perfect on their farms and in their shops the ojus Northerners who hev settled in our midst. We shel see the gellorious Southern system decline sidilly and shoorly. The whippin posts will rot and the stox will decay—the yelp uv dogs will no more be heerd, and the cheerful crack uv the pistol and shreek uv the man wat has got his gruel will no more be heerd in all the land. Bascom, after he has the few farms still unmortgaged in the visinity, will close, and go to Loolsville and embark into a wholesale grocery trade and jine the church, and give librally to Sundy-skools; his grosery will fall into dekay and the sine will hang by one hinge. We shel see churches and skoolhouses, factrys and villages everywhere. The Pogram place uv two thousand akers will de divided up into twenty farms, and onto them farms will be the bustlin Noo Yorker, the cool, calculatin Yankee, the steedy, hard-workin German—who will display his grovelin nacher by workin himself instid uv jus niggers to do it for him. We shel be run over with skoolmarms deluged with academies, plastered over with noosepapers, stunned with machinery, drove crazy by the whirr, crash and clash uv mowin machines and reapers. And there will be cheese made at the corners. Pennibacker's distillery will be turned into a cheese factory, and weak whey will run where now the generous high wines flash along the troughs. Ther will be no rectifyin at the Corners—the hog pens will be abolished and in their sted will be skool-houses. And methings I see in my mind's eye Horasho, the sperit, the ghost uv the departed Pogram, (for he won't survive it long), a hoverin' over the scene, ez Hamlick's father did. The blessed shade will look in vain for his house—on the spot where it stood will be an academy. He will turn to Bascom's, but there he will find a deestrict skule. "To Penibacker's" he will gasp in a sperit whisper, and with a speritooal smack uv his speritooal lips he will hover over it, but the smell uv cheese in place uv the strengthenin odors in wich he delites, will send a speritooal shudder thro him. A gost uv a tear will run down his speritooal nose, linger for a minnit at the tip, like a dew-drop on the rose, and fall! Then will the dissatisfied gost demand to be taken back to purgatory, a place less tryin to his nerves.

Deekin Pogram has only britened up wunst. A thot flashed over his mind wich gave him comfort for a minit. "Isn't ther a Booth for Grant ez ther wuz for Linkin?" askt he.

"Ah!" said I, in alarm, "wood you kill Grant to hev Colfax in his place? We mite kill Colfax, say you. Alars! sposn they'd elect Sumner ez President uv the Senit! Kill Sumner! Good Lord, no! They'd then elect Butler Speaker of the House, and he can't be killed. No! no! We bed better bear the ills we hev than fly to them we know not uv. It's gone. All is up with me and us. I shel stay in Kentucky for the present, tho wat may become uv me the Lord only knows."

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(wich is Postmaster.)

U. S. MARSHAL'S MONITIONS

D. Blum Frank & Co. vs. Steamboat Caddo, her Tackle, etc.

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, for the District of Louisiana, No. 918.—In obedience to an admiralty warrant to me directed in the above entitled suit, I have seized and taken into my possession—

The Steamboat CADDO, her Tackle, etc., now libeled by D. Blum Frank & Co., for the causes set forth in the libel now pending in the District Court of the United States.

And I do hereby cite and admonish the owner or owners thereof, and all and every person or persons having or pretending to have any right, title, or interest in or to the same, to be and appear at a District Court of the United States, for the District aforesaid, to be holden at the city of New Orleans, on or before the THIRD MONDAY from the date hereof, to show cause, if any they have or can, why the said steamboat should not be condemned and be sold agreeably to the prayer of libelants.

United States Marshal's Office, New Orleans, twenty-sixth day of October, 1868.

J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal.

A No. 60—oc27 no3 10 14

Wilbur F. Trivett vs. Steamer Frank Pargoud, her Tackle, Apparel, etc.

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, for the District of Louisiana, No. 918.—In obedience to an admiralty warrant to me directed in the above entitled suit I have seized and taken into my possession—

The Steamer FRANK PARGOUD, her tackle, arnass, etc., now libeled by Wilbur F. Trivett for the causes set forth in the libel now pending in the District Court of the United States.

And I do hereby cite and admonish the owner or owners thereof, and all and every person or persons having or pretending to have any right, title, or interest in or to the same, to be and appear at a District Court of the United States for the District aforesaid, to be holden at the city of New Orleans, on or before the THIRD MONDAY from the date hereof, to show cause, if any they have or can, why the said steamer should not be condemned and be sold agreeably to the prayer of libelant.

United States Marshal's Office, New Orleans, sixth day of November, 1868.

J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal.

A No. 76—no7 12 17 21

U. S. MARSHALS SALES.

Charles Morgan versus Bernard Avegno.

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT for the Fifth Circuit and District of Louisiana—No. 8279.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued in the above entitled suit, and received by me on the fifth day of November, 1868, I have seized and taken into my possession, and will expose for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, ON MONDAY, the seventeenth day of December, 1868, at the entrance to the Custom-house, on Old Levee street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in this city, at the hour of twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit:

FOUR CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, rights, ways, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining, situate in the First District of the city of New Orleans, in the square bounded by New Levee, Philip, Fourteenth and Gravier streets, and designated as lots No. 9, 10, 11 and 12, on a plan draw by Hugh Grant, surveyor, on the twelfth of May, 1852, and bounded as follows: Lot No. 9, having 24 set 6 inches 3 lines front on new Levee street, 22 feet 8 inches front on Fulton street, by a depth of 118 feet 7 inches 6 lines on the side of lot No. 8, and of 115 feet 5 lines on the side of lot No. 10; lot No. 10, having 24 feet 6 inches 3 lines front on New Levee street, 22 feet 8 inches 3 lines front on Fulton street, by a depth of 118 feet 7 inches 6 lines on the side of lot No. 9, and of 117 feet 6 inches and 3 lines on the side of lot No. 11; lot No. 11, having 24 feet 6 inches 3 lines front on New Levee street, 22 feet 8 inches 3 lines front on Fulton street, by a depth of 117 feet 6 inches and 3 lines on the side of lot No. 10, and of 116 feet 11 inches 3 lines on the side of lot No. 12; and lot No. 12, having 24 feet 6 inches 3 lines front on New Levee street, 22 feet 8 inches and 3 lines front on Fulton street, by a depth of 116 feet 11 inches 3 lines on the side of lot No. 11, and of 115 feet 4 inches and 6 lines on the side of lot No. 13.

Seized and to be sold as the property of Bernard Avegno, to satisfy the demand of Charles Morgan, plaintiff in said, amounting to thirty-eight thousand and sixty-nine dollars and eighty-eight cents, with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum until paid, as more fully and particularly set forth in the copy of the judgment of record in said suit, together with attorney's fees and all costs of suit, as per writ.

Terms of Sale—Cash, at the time of adjudication, in United States Treasury notes.

Costs of act of sale, internal revenue stamps, etc., at the expense of purchaser.

United States Marshal's Office, New Orleans, November 14, 1868.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal.
District of Louisiana.

A No. 89—no14 21 28 de5 12 19

CONSTABLE'S SALES.

Thomas C. Payan vs. Mrs. E. Miguel— No. 8.

THIRD JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, PARISH of Orleans—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the Honorable John F. Montamat, Third Justice of the Peace in and for the parish of Orleans, I will proceed to sell, at public auction, ON MONDAY, the twenty-third day of November, 1868, at 12 o'clock M., at No. 83 Bienville street, between Royal and Bourbon streets, the following described property, to wit:

One lot of FURNITURE and MOVABLE EFFECTS, as per inventory in the constable office.

Seized in the above entitled and numbered suit.

Terms—Cash in United States Treasury notes.

J. A. MOLLERAN,
no12 17 21 Constable.

And one Johnson vs. Mr. Billy—No. 229.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF FIERI FACIAS to me directed by the Hon. G. W. Sadler First Justice of the Peace, I will proceed to sell at public auction ON MONDAY, November 16, 1868, at 12 o'clock M., at the Merchants' and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, by virtue of an order from the Hon. Louis Duvigneaud, Judge of the Second District Court of New Orleans, the following described property, to wit:

1 four wheeled spring WAGON.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash in United States Treasury notes.

A. A. PLATISMIER, Constable.

no6 11 14

AUCTION SALES.

IMPROVED PROPERTY ON MAGAZINE street—Succession of Moritz Haas—No. 31,988.

BY G. DE FERIET, AUCTIONEER, Office No. 86 Bienville street.—SATURDAY, December 12, 1868, at twelve o'clock M., at the Merchants' and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, will be sold by public auction, by virtue of an order from the Hon. Louis Duvigneaud, Judge of the Second District Court of New Orleans, dated October 9, 1868, the following described real estate belonging to said succession, viz:

A LOT OF GROUND, together with all the rights, ways, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining, situated in the First District of this city, in the square bounded by Magazine, Constantine, Bonin, and Perseverance streets, designated by the No. 7 on a plan drawn by Paul C. Boudousquié, architect, dated April 4, 1867, said lot measuring, more or less, in American measure, 26 feet 9 inches and 2 lines front on Magazine street, by a depth of 127 feet 10 inches and 3 lines, between parallel lines.

The buildings and improvements comprise a one-story frame house, covered with slates, containing a gallery and one room, privies, cistern, etc.

Terms—The purchaser will assume the payment of a mortgage note of the value of one hundred and fifty eight dollars thirty-three and one-third cents, dated May 11, 1867, payable two years after date, with six per cent interest per annum from date, or maturity, and eight per cent thereafter in default of payment, the act of sale importing confession of judgment in favor of any holder of said note, as per mortgage, stipulated in the act of sale, granted to deceased, before F. Grima, notary public, on May 22, 1867, and for the balance of the purchase price in cash, on the spot.

Act of sale with U. S. Internal Revenue stamps attached before Thos. J. Beck, Jr., notary public at purchaser's expense. no10 14 21 28 de5 11

VALUABLE FOURTH DISTRICT PROPERTY at Auction—Succession of Louis or Ludwig Ley—No. 31,944.

BY G. DE FERIET, AUCTIONEER, Office No. 86 Bienville Street.—SATURDAY, December 12, 1868, at twelve o'clock M., at the Merchants' and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, will be sold by public auction, by virtue of an order from the Hon. Louis Duvigneaud, Judge of the Second District Court, New Orleans, dated October 24, 1868, the following described real estate belonging to said succession, viz:

TWO LOTS OF GROUND, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in the Fourth District of this city, in the square bounded by Philip, Jackson, Dryades and Laurent streets, designated by the numbers ten and eleven, and measuring each thirty two feet, seven lines front on Philip street, by the following depth, to wit: Lot No. 10 has one hundred and twenty five feet, one inch and five lines in depth on the line towards Dryades street, and one hundred and twenty-two feet, seven inches deep on the line of lot No. 11, which lot No. eleven has the same depth as lot No. 10, and one hundred and twenty five feet three lines on the line toward Laurent street, and said lots have each thirty-two feet in width in the rear.

The buildings and improvements consist of a one-story frame house erected on lot No. 11, containing a front gallery and three rooms, sheds, privies, cistern, etc.

On lot No. 10 there is a one-story frame house, containing two rooms and a kitchen, privies, etc.

Terms—Cash in United States Treasury notes.

Act of sale, with United States internal revenue stamps attached, before Octave Morel, notary public, at purchaser's expense. no10 14 21 28 de5 11

SUCCESSION OF MARIE CARRERE, WIFE of Dr. Escobar—No. 32,456.

BY S. GUINAULT, AUCTIONEER—Office corner of Exchange Alley and Bienville street.—MONDAY, twenty-third of November, 1868, will be sold at ten o'clock A. M., at the corner of St. Philippe and Roman streets, by virtue of an order from the Honorable Second Judge of the Second Court of the parish of Orleans, dated November 6, 1868:

A well assorted and well patronized DRUG STORE, and a small lot of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

—ALSO—

On the same day, by virtue of the same order, and for account of said succession, will be sold, at twelve o'clock M., on Burgundy street, No. 55, between Bienville and Conti streets:

A lot of Rich HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of Mahogany Bedsteads, Black Walnut Furniture, such as Bedsteads and Beddings, Armoirs, Toilets, Bureaus, Wash Stands, Looking Glasses, Extension Table, Sideboard, Chairs, Sofa, Cooking Stove, etc.

Terms cash. no10 14 20

VALUABLE LOT ON FULTON STREET, BEtween First and Second streets—Succession of F. Fahrenholz—No. 30,133.

BY G. DE FERIET, AUCTIONEER—OFFICE No. 86 Bienville street.—SATURDAY, December 5, 1868, at the Merchants' and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, will be sold by public auction, by virtue of an order from the Hon. Louis Duvigneaud, Judge of the Second District Court of New Orleans, dated October 30, 1868, the following described real estate belonging to said succession, viz:

A VACANT LOT OF GROUND, in the Fourth District of this city, in the square bounded by Fulton, First, Chippewa and Gravier streets, measuring twenty eight feet one inch and three lines front on Fulton street, twenty eight feet one inch and three lines on the rear line, by a depth of one hundred and sixteen feet five inches on the side line toward First street, and one hundred and sixteen feet ten inches and four lines on the side line toward Second street.

Terms—Cash in United States Treasury notes.

Acts of sale, with United States internal revenue stamps attached, before Octave Morel, Notary Public, at purchasers' expense. no5 7 14 21 28 de4

PROPERTY ON LIVE OAK STREET, FORMing the corner of Dufoss