New Orleans Republican.
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

"Good-for-nossin 'ittle son,
Papa tells me; jes for fun,
I guess—fer, ma, 'oo say
I dood for somsin all ee day,"
And so you are, my precious one,
Full of mischief, love and fun;
Good to fill our hearts with joy,
Our darling little blue-eyed boy!
Good to clutter up the room;
Good to ride astride the broom;
Good to tip my basket o'er,
Rolling spools about the floor;
Good to pull the baby's hair,
And make a horse of every chair;
Good to tumble on the floor,
And shut your fingers in the door;
Good to wear out little shoes,
And mamma's wax and thimble lose;
Good, "dear damsels" specs to hide,
And on his foot to "take a ride;"
Good, when let out doors to play,
To ope the gate and run away;
Good to watch for "papa tum,"
And clap wee hands when he gets home;
Good to climb up on his knee,
And laugh and shout with boyish glee;
Good, when wearied out with play,
Your head on mamma's lap to lay,
Quite ready now to be undressed,
And in her arms be lulled to rest
By stories, which you like so well,
Of "Jack and Gill," and "Ding-dong bell;"
Good, ere cuddling down to sleep,
To pray the Lord your soul to keep;
Good to wake up with the day,
And fold your little hands and say:
"Dear Dod do bless my dear mamma,
My baby sister and papa,
And 'ittle Willie, too, I pway,
And teep us safe froo out ee day."
Ah! good for many things thou art,
Our bonny boy with blithesome heart,
Our boy with many a winsome way,
Mishap and prank and merry play;
Our "dood-for-nossin 'ittle son,"
As papa calls you, "jes for fun."

[Hearth and Home.

THE "FRISIAN VROW."

A DUTCH STORY.

From Hours at Home.

Saturday is a notable day in Amsterdam. It was the same a hundred and fifty years ago. Spinning wheels then, like sewing machines now, were put aside for the day, the snood and overskirt were exchanged for the close caul and yellow petticoat, and women, old and young, rose into full activity with mop and broom. Floors and stairs, windows and doors, porches and sidewalks were deluged with water, and husbands and brothers sought refuge in the warehouse or beer shop till the time of the evening meal. "God's meal," they called it, that Saturday night supper, when the weekly thanksgiving of burgers and burgomasters was offered for the losses and gains—Dutch piety counting both to be God's wages—of the six working days since Sunday.

The year was 1703. The street, Skipper's lane. The house, Antony Van Stralen's. The day, May 23, at eight o'clock in the evening. The parlor, with its embossed leather walls, where window sills and washboards were white as sand could make them, was lighted with a single wax candle, and around the tile stove where a fire of wood had been lighted to kill the damp, sat Antony, his three daughters, Karl Hoofdt, his partner in more prosperous days, and Joan Hoofdt, looking like a fourth and younger sister. An aged aunt was more than half asleep in her chair in the chimney corner, and standing beside the table, spread with napery of spotless white, preparing the supper of buttered bread, toasted cheese, and beer, was the good mother Vrow Van Stralen, in whom neither gray hairs nor poverty had altered the cheerful look, or damped the hopeful heart. Dame Van Stralen, the "Frisian Vrow," as the neighbors called her, because she had come to Holland an orphan girl from West Friesland. Antony had married without a dowry. He was deemed rich at that day—the misfortunes which broke the firm of Stralen, Hoofdt & Co., coming from the loss of the Fraulien at sea long afterward—but his partner always said that had Hoofdt taken Peter Tifleman's daughter, whom he might have had for the asking, her fortune would have saved the old house from coming to grief. But Karl's soul was purblind. The money-trusting man did not understand the wisdom in which the good Frisian Vrow had brought up Antony's children, nor the sunshine which, in spite of losses and failures, her presence had made in his home for more than thirty years.

The feast waited for Antony's son, Auke Stralen. His vessel dropped anchor that morning in the Amstel after a six months' voyage. Sailors' wives and mothers know what makes a red-letter day in their calendar. Dame Stralen's heart was large enough to care for all her children, but her thoughts were most with the boy who had braved the perils of the deep. She knew, too, that her love was returned, as did his messmates, who used good-naturedly to wager that Auke's first question to the pilot would be, "Is my mother well?" He had been seven years at sea, ever since he was fifteen. His earnings had been the support of the family. He had climbed through every grade of seamanship, from reefing the foresail to walking the quarter-deck, and as he now entered the parlor, shaking hands with the seniors, saluting each of his sisters and the grand aunt with a kiss, and bashfully greeting the pretty neighbor, his long and hearty embrace was given to his mother.

"It is God's meal to-night, my boy," said the vrow, her hand in both of his, and her blue eyes beautiful in their expression of matronly pride and love. "You have not forgotten!"

"Mitherkin! Dear Mitherkin!" replied the boy, raising her hand to his lips, and bending his head over her. "I have never forgotten, not once, that God's work pays sure wages."

Auke was still a "boy" to her, whom he addressed by that tenderest name, Mitherkin—a word for which we have no synonym; but his bronze face and sturdy frame gave him almost the look of middle age. As he sat there in his sailor's dress of canvas, with his Dutch pipe in full play, he might have passed for one of those old-time seamen from whom "Skipper lane" had been named.

There was a time when Karl Hoofdt had speculated on a match between his partner's son and his own and only daughter, and the young folks did not think that event even impossible yet. But Karl was thinking otherwise. Auke made good wages to be sure. He was temperate and industrious. If it were not for his father's large family he might lay by something, but as it was he would never be worth a stiver. Joan must do better than that," was the conclusion to which he was coming, when the news Auke was telling his mother over the beer turned his musings to another channel.

The captain and owner of the "Zuyder Zee," in which craft Auke had always sailed, was Jacob Steavanson, who by carrying cheese and gin to the Baltic towns, and salt fish back to Amsterdam, had realized sufficient gains to open a trade with England. Its late King had been Holland's stadtholder, and London had a market for tea and Chinese silks, of which Amsterdam was the emporium. But the Zuyder Zee, would not suit English trade, and he had offered to sell her to Auke, to be paid for in yearly installments, with interest at five per cent.

"Take her!" said Karl, "and I will use all my interest with the Schnoidams and cheese-buyers to get up the first cargo."

"But she is a slow sailer and rough in the rigging," replied Auke, skillfully taking the cautious side.

"She'll go well enough before the wind, won't she? and she lades better than any craft in the river. You had better close the bargain with Jacob, give her a coat of paint, and call her Hammerman Van Harderwold, after our East India Director. I'll go the first trip with you, Auke."

"That's all very well," replied Auke, "I'll take the Zuyder Zee and paint her, and you, Mynheer Karl, may freight her. But she is my ship, and as long as I sail her she goes only by one name, and that is the 'Frisian Vrow,' from my mother."

For many weeks Auke and Karl, the one at the ship and the other at the cargo, were busy getting ready. Everything sped. Neighbors furnished ventures of linen. Country folks brought in their cheese. Schnapps in bottles, Holland in delft, and gin in barrels and hogsheads, were carefully stowed away in the good ship's hold. Her bottom was newly coppered, a new figure-head, presented by Jason Keef for good luck, set gracefully under her bow, and she bore in large letters on her stern, "Frisian Vrow." By the middle of July she was ready to sail.

"Fare thee well, my boy!" said his good mother, as she took leave of him at the door in the gray of the morning. "Forget us not at home, and in all doings remember that God's work hath sure wages."

"I will remember that and all the good things you have taught me, mother; but keep a brave heart and take no disquiet for me; good bye!" said the young skipper, and within the hour, he, on the deck of the "Frisian Vrow;" was sailing down the Amstel.

The newly painted ship was a high pooped, broad-sided bark of heavy build, but a fair wind carried her down to the Zuyder Zee and over the North Sea, and up the sound so surely and steadily, that Karl got the length of remarking that a seaman's life was the easiest he knew. Their destination was the port of Revel, where the Dutch traders had found a market ever since their sails were first seen in the Baltic.

At this time Peter, afterwards called the Great, was home from his three years' travels. He had worked as a ship-carpenter at the Zandam dock yards; had learned rope-making, sail-making and smith-work; had worn the dress of a workman, made his own fire, boiled his pot, swept his lodgings, carried timbers on his shoulders, and conformed in every respect to the customs of the yard; and he was now carrying out results in Russia such as in any other way ten centuries would never have accomplished. He had created a fleet, disciplined an army, established a university, and was now engaged in laying the foundation of a city to be called after his own name. Fixing upon Cronstadt as the location for the fort to protect the mouth of the river upon which the capital of all the Russias was to stand, and preparing drawings with his own hand, he left its execution to one of his engineer officers while he returned to St. Petersburg to push forward those almost superhuman works, which at the cost of nearly half a million lives, have made it what it is. The eastern coasts of the Baltic, formerly divided between Sweden and Poland, had also fallen into Peter's hands almost to the walls of Revel.

All this the skipper of the "Frisian Vrow" knew little of. Dutch cheese found a market at Revel, narrow straits had to be threaded; sand banks and sunken bars made the passage perilous, and Auke understood that the master's eyes must never be closed until sea room became plenty. The solstice weather, too, grew thick; squally winds knocked the old ship uneasily about. Narrow channels kept the sailor on the lookout. And after several days of shifting gales and darkened skies, Karl began to get impatient. Scrambling one morning to the deck, he found Auke as usual at the helm.

"Are we far from Revel, now?" he inquired of the sturdy skipper.

"If the wind holds fair," replied Auke, "we shall make its harbor before noon. Yonder is the gulf way to leeward."

Karl could see nothing in the direction indicated but a waste of foamy waves, and on the right a distant outline of a high and rocky coast. There was a roaring sound of wind and waters all about them, but through it came the deep boom of an alarm bell

"There's a ship in distress," said Auke. "Hans, take a glass, and try if you can make her."

His mate, a gray-haired, but active and fearless seaman, had scarcely raised the glass when he shouted: "Captain, she's a fishing smack, ashore on Diver's shoals, and her crew are clinging to her rigging."

"Boys, we'll save them," said Auke; "the case may be our own."

"Ay, captain," replied Hans, "but should we lose this wind, who knows when the 'Frisian Vrow' will drop anchor?"

"We shall miss the market, too," cried Karl. "Don't be a fool Auke."

"This ship is called after my good mother," said the young skipper, putting about the helm. "Before I left home she told me God's work had sure wages, and I believe it. Boys, we'll save those poor fellows!"

"Well done, captain!" cried the crew with cheers, and while Karl went below to grumble at Auke's ill luck, the "Frisian Vrow" bore down on the foundering vessel, and Auke Stralen, with four sailors, were gallantly rowing the ship's only boat through the breakers. The little bark was fast in the sands. A heavy surf broke over her. The crew—the master, three seamen and two boys, all Swedes—clung to the spars and rigging of the hopeless craft. They were all rescued, wet, cold and nearly famished, and taken on board the "Frisian Vrow," thankful for their preservation, but unable to speak a word of Dutch. The skipper gave them dry clothes and a breakfast, and hastened to look after his ship, which was already in trouble. The wind had veered due west, and there was no getting the right course. The sailors tacked and reefed and hauled up, but the "Vrow" was utterly unmanagable against the gale, and there was nothing but to run before it.

"Yes," grumbled Karl, "I knew how it would be; the market will be lost and we shall all be shipwrecked."

But nobody was in the humor to mind his gloomy prognostications; besides, he was not the only one upon whom fear fell when the vessel went speeding at a rate she had never sailed before, straight up the Finnish gulf.

Geographical knowledge was none of the clearest at that day. Karl had studied the voyages of the Dutch traders. Revel was to him the end of the world. Beyond these, cheese and gin would be of no account. No wonder, then, that the worthy man took refuge below, to meditate over the fact that Auke Stralen was his father's son, and would never come to anything but ruin. From this contemplation he rose toward evening. The wind, though it still blew strong, was steady, and the ship went bravely on. The crew were manning the rigging. The rescued Swedes gave a hand. Hans was on the lookout and Auke was at the helm. They had just passed an island where huge piles of stone were shaping into embrasures and walls, and where pennant and bunting were flying from poles and masts. Before them lay a swampy shore. On the right was the mouth of a broad river, into which the "Frisian Vrow" was standing.

"Where are we now, Auke?" asked Karl, holding his breath.

"If I read the chart right," answered Auke, "this must be the mouth of the Neva."

"I never heard of such a place in my life," rejoined Karl, "nor of any one who traveled there."

"May be so," replied the skipper, "but there is a report that the Czar of Russia is building a town somewhere on the river, and perhaps he will trade with us."

"Trade with us!" cried Karl; "he will take our cargo and make us work on the walls."

At this moment Hans cried out from the masthead:

"A town ahead, captain, and a boat putting off."

The Czar Peter was in the midst of that work which had been called the great enterprise of the modern world. Finns and Cossacks, Calmucks and Swedes, were at work by thousands. Piles were sunk into the acres of dismal swamps. Solid ground was formed here and there. A bay was excavated on the west. Half a dozen small houses had been erected; streets and squares were marked by lines of timber driven into the mud. French engineers, English carpenters, and Dutch boat builders superintended hordes of wild Russians.

The Czar was in ill humor. No bottom had been found for the piles on which the imperial palace was to rest. Bad news had come from the north. The soldiers grumbled to lose their beards. Sweden was raising another army. Peter the Great felt that all was growing bad, when into his quarters rushed an English ship carpenter with the news.

"Please, your majesty, there is a ship standing up the river."

"Dunder und blitzen!" sang out the rough Czar, with an oath that clung to him to the last, "say ye so? The captain of that ship is a hero. Get out my barge, man her, call Menzikoff, and we will run down and welcome the first ship to St. Petersburg."

The gale was moderating, and the Vrow, under bare poles, was steadying her course up the river, when Auke spied a Dutch built Zuyder Zee boat coming down, rowed by men in uniform, and steered by a tall coxswain in pea jacket and checked shirt.

"Heave a rope!" he cried in sound Dutch, as the boat came alongside.

As no arms were seen among them, the rope was thrown. The steersman was the first on board. Righting himself as he let go the rope, he seized Auke by both hands and exclaimed:

"Welcome to you, good Captain! Welcome to the port of St. Peterburg! The 'Frisian Vrow' is the first bark that ever sailed up the Neva, and henceforth she shall be duty free, though she carry Swedes for a cargo."

"Good Mr. Russian," said Karl Hoofdt, elbowing his way forward, "we have a cargo of cheese and gin, the best in Holland, and have missed our market in Revel through the folly of this young man, who would not take advice."

"Silence!" thundered the steersman. "You are the fool! I will buy the whole cargo myself."

"His Majesty the Clar!" whispered one of the rowers, who wore a star on his breast.

Auke afterward knew him to be the Prince Menzikoff; for his ship was brought to anchor in the bay, and he and Hans had the honor of dining at the chief of the wooden houses.

The whole cargo was bought at a price which satisfied even Karl; for Peter the First kept his promises. Though given to act like one who feared not God, neither regarded man, the great Czar understood the value of commerce to his rising city, and Auke, as the first trader, received under his hand a perpetual remission of all dues for his ship.

The Frisian Vrow, on leaving port, received a salute of twenty-one guns. These honors affected no one so much as Karl Hoofdt. He had kept very quiet while in port, but came exultingly up to the young skipper, who stood calmly smoking at the helm, as they steered out of the Neva, and, clapping him vigorously on the shoulder, cried:

"Auke, we have made a good run by that west wind."

"Yes, mynheer," said Auke, "my mother's proverb has proved true. God's work hath sure wages."

"Thy mother is a prudent woman," replied Karl, "and I think thou wouldst make a prudent son-in-law.

Auke put away his pipe at this remark, and he and Karl conversed to their mutual satifaction.

The Vrow made a prosperous run to the Helsingfors, where the poor Swedes were landed, and then with a heavy cargo of salt fish, the good ship sailed to Amsterdam.

The joy was great at home, and the good vrow listened to Auke's story with tearful eyes but a happy heart. The family gradually cast off poverty as voyage after voyage was made to the rising city of Neva.

How they were all provided for by this free trade; how Auke and Jean were prosperously married; and how Karl magnified himself on that single voyage are subjects of local tradition.

Dutch sailors say that the "Frisian Vrow," heeled and toed, masted and rigged, so many times that there was not a splinter of original timber in her, put to sea more than a hundred years and never made a bad voyage. However this may be, it is certain that she became the most famous of Holland ships, and that on the gable end of one of the old houses of Skipper's lane, in Amsterdam, there was to be seen twenty years ago, the carving of the "Frisian Vrow," with the words (in flat Dutch) underneath: "God's work hath sure wages."

Entering the Empress' Room—"Aux Armes, Citoyens"—Napoleon to the Wall.

A *Herald* letter thus describes some of the scenes in Paris after Sedan:

"Sir, ah, sir," said the young secretary to M. Ravenez, "here is the key, but the poor Empress has been cruelly abandoned by the cowards she has surfeited. They all ran away and left her alone." Tears struggled down his cheeks. M. Ravenez turned and entered the Empress' room. There was an unmade bed, with the sheets thrown aside on a small table, a printed prayer for the success of the army of France, a bunch of silver medals; in a small room further on the remains of a very frugal breakfast, of which only half had been eaten; a boiled egg, a piece of cheese, half a bunch of grapes and bread. These remains were later in the day eaten by a man on guard, whose hunger mastered his better feelings.

In one of the Empress' salons was an agenda, or diary, in which it was usual to write the names of the staff on weekly attendance. The sheet, fourth September, was torn down the middle. Had Eugenie done this in a moment of sorrow at being left by those whose place it was to stand round her to the end, and share her fate for weal or for woe, as they had shared her fortune? It is well that rulers should never hold courts, were it only to keep from humanity the sight of such desertion.

A tall young blonde in deep black soon joined them. She looked almost inspired, and joined with a clear voice in the general chorus. All were just then, with extended arms, shouting "Aux armes, citoyens." Certainly that young girl, in all the beauty of eighteen summers and glory of birth, was for the first time in her life brought to honor the republican banner and call for arms to avenge the death of one at the war whose mourning she was wearing.

From the Tuileries I proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, and walked all the way by the side of a pretty republican girl dressed in silver-gray alpaca, lavender gloves and jaunty hat. She was giving her arm to the wife of one of the famed writers in the *Marseillaise*, a great friend of Rochefort, herself a pretty woman, and both were singing the "Marseillaise" behind a tri-color at the head of a battalion of the national guard. They had accepted this post in order to prove that women could march without fear or hurt among democrats, however advanced their opinions.

The lines of people right and left looked at her with admiration, but her hazel eyes flashed and were fixed on the tri-color banner. All her idols were smashed. France had been betrayed; some heroic relative had been sacrificed; passion sat in the dove-like bosom; "aux armes—revenge!" Terrible, terrible is the awakening of a nation; but fiercer still the fury of grief when confidence has lost its hold.

Rochefort and friends had just arrived at the Hotel de Ville. He was not carried in a vehicle on the shoulders of the people, as some have said. He drove past me in an open fiacre, but it must be said that the wheels were held by the populace for some time, in order to get a sight of their hero.

I heard what Gambetta said to the people who wanted to deface a magnificent portrait of Napoleon III: "Believe me, friends, he is not worth it; we have done with him; let's turn his face to the wall." Thereupon he had the canvas turned over, and the people were content that this capital execution should suffice.

WHY LACE IS COSTLY.—Many people wonder why what is termed real lace—as lace made by hand is called, to distinguish it from that made by machine, which is called imitation—is so costly. The following paragraph from a foreign exchange explains the reason:

The manufacture of lace is carried to its highest perfection in Belgium. The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used, and for the larger width as many as eight hundred, on the same pillow. The most valuable Valenciennes is determined by the number of times the bobbins have been twisted in making the ground; the more frequent the twists the clearer and more beautiful will be the lace. Belgium annually sells of this lace alone to the value of over $4,000,000. Chantilly lace is always black, and is used chiefly for veils and flounces. It is very fine, and is extensively worn. Mechlin lace is made at Mechlin, Antwerp, and other localities.

Jean Frederic Gocker was a citizen of Metz, a brewer. From patriotism, or for money, or a little of the one with a good deal of the other, he became the bearer of dispatches in cypher from Marshal Bazaine to the Emperor, with some other papers. He hoped to get through the Prussian lines, but the Prussian spies, sharper than he, overhauled him. Poor Jean Frederic has brewed his last cimer—the needle gun settled that question. If a spy be a patriot, is he the less a patriot because he is a spy?

HOW DEFENSELESS ENGLAND IS

PARIS WILL NOT BE BOMBARDED

The French Prisoners of War

NAPOLEON THE ONLY LEGITIMATE

[From the New York Times.]

LONDON, September 27.—Public opinion in England is reacting against Prussia. The pretensions of the latter are alarming the English for their own safety. Lord Carnarvon, in a speech at Eastwood, shows how sudden may be the collapse of a great nation under a new system of warfare, and how defenseless England is. He says there is no military organization in England. The whole defensive arrangements are a vicious circle of incapacity, waste and routine. Whatever is to be done has to be done quickly, for England is living on the sufferance of other nations. Declarations like these from men like Carnarvon and Bulwer are frightening the English into remorse for not forcing the government into active mediation.

HAMBURG, September 25.—The Crown Princess of Prussia is residing at the castle with her children. She stated to an officer who visited her the previous day that she had a letter from the Crown Prince, who writes that he does not expect much fighting at Paris. No effort will be made to take the city by bombardment or assault.

MAYENCE, September 22.—Estimates of the total number of French taken prisoners since the war are 140,000. The prisoners are subjected to the severe Prussian rule of discipline. One French officer attempted to escape; he was tried by court-martial and shot. The previous day at Hanover, the prisoners were put at work on the canal. Among the prisoners at Breslau are Robert Nutchell, of the *Constitutionnel*, Paul De Cassagnac, of the *Pays*, and Clarette and Froment, well-known Paris journalists.

MADRID, September 22.—At the Prussian embassy it is openly avowed to be the plan of Bismarck, when Paris is taken, to delare Napoleon the only legitimate power to treat with, and to sign with him a peace; that he will then permit him to abdicate in favor of the Prince Imperial, and constitute the Empress Regent; that he will appoint a council of regency, composed of Eugenie, Rouher, and some generals well affected to the dynasty. If the departments refuse to concur, they will send their Prussian troops, re-establish the old prefects, inaugurate a reign of military terror; transport the recalcitrant Republicans to Cayenne.

The Piazzi Delterunni was full of papal artillery, a regiment of Zouaves and a squadron of cavalry. The Piazzi de Monte Cavallo was also occupied by papal artillery. All were disarmed by the people, who began to pour in from every quarter with tricolor flags in their hands, shouting like mad for the king and army.

The French Losses.

[Special dispatch to the New York Tribune.]

BERLIN, September 26.—The official statement of the German captures thus far, not including Laon, from the second of August, on which day Saarbruck was temporarily abandoned by the Prussians, are as follows. At Saarbruck the French lost six officers and sixty-seven privates; at Weissenburg thirty officers and 1000 men were made prisoners, four mitrailleuses, twenty-two cannon, fifty-two army wagons and carriages of all kinds were captured; at Woerth the Germans made six thousand prisoners, 100 officers, and took two eagles, six mitrailleuses, thirty-five guns, forty wagons and carriages, 200 horses, the baggage and camps of two divisions, and two railway trains with provisions. The same day the French loss at Spicheren and during the days following those battles, in the engagements at Reichshofen and Sarguemines, is estimated at 2500 prisoners, four guns, a pontoon train, a tented camp, and two magazines, containing 100,000 blankets and 40,000 cloths of rice, coffee and sugar, and also large quantities of wine, rum, tobacco, the latter article alone amounting to half a million thalers. The fortresses surrendered during the first half of August increased these figures as follows: At Haguenau, three officers and a large supply of arms; at Lutzenstein, large quantities of arms and ammunition, at Mossal, sixty guns. The three days of fighting at Metz do not show such large captures in men and material, because the enemy was able to save both under the guns of the fortress. Still at Vionville the French lost in prisoners thirty-six officers, 3000 prisoners; at Gravelotte, fifty-four officers and 3000 men. The losses in killed and wounded during the three days were 25,000. With the fortress of Vitry le Francais, seventeen officers, eighty-five privates and sixteen guns were captured. The engagements and battles at Novant, Beaumont and Sedan, previous to the capitulation at the latter place, resulted in the taking of about 30,000 prisoners, besides several eagles and a large number of guns. Beaumont alone cost the French 7000 prisoners, two eagles, eleven mitrailleuses, twenty-two guns, and a tent camp. Sedan, previous to capitulation, twenty guns, two eagles and nearly 25,000 prisoners, and Sedan gave the victors one marshal of the empire, thirty-nine generals, twenty-three officers of the staff, 2095 line officers, 84,450 prisoners. Besides 14,000 wounded, and the eagles of the regiments, there were taken seventy mitrailleuses, 330 field guns, 150 fortress guns, and 10,000 horses. At Laon the loss is not reported, but will include twenty-three guns and many muskets. Add Toul before reported, and the total will be one marshal, forty-nine generals, 3500 officers, 169,500 privates, 12,800 horses, at least fifty-six eagles, 120 mitrailleuses, 887 field and fortress guns, over 400 wagons and trains, several pontoon trains, magazines, railroad trains, with incalculable quantity of supplies in arms, ammunition, clothing, equipments, forage and provisions.

The St. Louis *Republican* says this:

There is now a project on foot, and one too which is just now much talked about in a small circle of influential and wealthy steamboatmen, to build at this port an immense iron hull, light draught, but broad, long and capacious, with a cargo box, boiler space and machinery room, and to place in her machinery sufficiently powerful to drive two iron screws or propellers. This craft will be something like an immense steam barge, without any accommodations for passengers, but with all necessary conveniences for the officers and crew. Such a boat would certainly be but an experiment, but an experiment which, if proved to be a success, would, within a very few years, revolutionize our entire system of river transportation. Those who are interested in the project now talked about, contemplate building a craft with a carrying capacity of about 1800 to 2000 tons. From the character of the gentlemen, their known energy, and pecuniary ability, we feel confident that something is really meant, and that an iron boat will soon be under way, and speedily completed. Steamboatmen will await the result of the experiment with great interest.

The Opelousas *Courier* says:

Washington has been more fortunate this week. The sick are gradually recovering, and only one death has occurred—a carpenter named Celestin Vinsonneau, died on the nineteenth, one mile from Washington. On the Wartelle plantation there are seven cases of yellow fever, three of which are desperate. Mr. Wartelle himself is out of danger.

There are several new cases at Washington, one of whom is Dr. J. F. Leigh, who was said to be dying on Thursday evening.

Only one more death has occurred at Barry's Landing, a young man named Legere. The sick are doing well, and we know of no new cases there.

"May I sing, ma?" asked a young lady of four years who had been taken to church by her mother, and whose bump of music was doubtless excited by the performance to which she was listening. Ma, whose eye was upon the *paniers* in the next pew, of course said "Yes," as all indulgent mothers do; and little hopeful, with a strong voice, commenced "Up in a Balloon." "Hush! hush!" said ma, "dont sing that!" Pausing a moment, the young vocalist struck up "Not for Joe," and was immediately hustled out of the sanctuary.

France has got sober at last, and admits that she has had Bourbon enough.

OFFICIAL.

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Passed at the Second Session of the Forty-first Congress.

[PUBLIC—No. 75.]

AN ACT to repeal the preamble of an act in relation to the National Theological Institute, approved April twenty-second, eighteen hundred and seventy.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the preamble to an act entitled "An act declaring the construction of 'An act to incorporate the National Theological Institute,' approved May tenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, and also 'An act to amend an act entitled 'An act to incorporate the National Theological Institute and to define and extend the powers of the same,'" approved April twenty-second, eighteen hundred and seventy, be, and the same is hereby, repealed.

Approved, June 1, 1870.

[PUBLIC—No. 76.]

An act to authorize the reduction of the width of an alley in square number three hundred and seventy-six, in the city of Washington.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the mayor, board of aldermen, and board of common council of the city of Washington be, and they hereby are, authorized to reduce the width of the public alley entering square number three hundred and seventy-six, from Ninth street west, from its present width of twelve feet, to the width of seven feet, and that the portion which will be restored to individual property by such reduction be added to the lot number twenty-two, from which the entire alley was originally taken.

Approved, June 1, 1870.

[PUBLIC—No. 91.]

AN ACT to authorize the paving and sewerage of M street, Washington, District of Columbia.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Mayor of Washington, the Commissioner of Public Buildings, and William Stickney, Wilson E. Brown and S. H. Kaufman, of the city of Washington, be and they are hereby appointed commissioners for the purpose of paving and sewering M street north, between New York and Vermont avenues, who shall serve without compensation; and all vacancies occasioned by death, or resignation, or otherwise, shall be filled by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That to enable the said commissioners to carry out the purpose of this act, they shall have the same power now conferred upon the corporation of the city of Washington, to levy a tax upon the properly fronting on said street sufficient to pay for said paving and sewerage, which shall be collected in the manner now prescribed by law, and when so collected, the amount thereof shall be paid over to the commissioners aforesaid. The said commissioners shall have the power of directing the manner of putting in the gas and water pipes on said street, within the points before mentioned.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That the corporation of Washington shall pay for paving and sewerage of the space occasioned by the cross streets and alleys, and such alleys and streets as may abut against the said M street without crossing it shall pay the same rate as if the same was private property.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, That this act be in force from and after its passage, and all laws conflicting with its provisions are hereby repealed.

Approved, June 21, 1870.

[PUBLIC—No. 93.]

AN ACT to make legal a certain act of the Councils of the city of Washington.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That a certain act of the Councils of the city of Washington, approved the twenty-sixth day of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, and entitled "An act for the relief of the trustees of the Foundry Methodist Episcopal Church," be, and is hereby, declared to be a legal act and not inconsistent with the powers of the corporate authorities of the city of Washington and they are hereby empowered and directed to pay to said trustees the sum of four hundred dollars and twenty-seven cents, in accordance with the amount appropriated by said act.

Approved, June 21, 1870.

[PUBLIC—No. 95.]

AN ACT relating to the supreme court of the District of Columbia.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the several general terms and special terms of the circuit courts, district courts and criminal courts authorized by the act approved March third, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, entitled "An act to reorganize the courts in the District of Columbia, and for other purposes," which have been or may be held, shall be, and are declared to be, severally, terms of the supreme court of the District of Columbia; and the judgments, decrees, sentences, orders, proceedings, and acts of said general terms, special terms, circuit courts, district courts and criminal courts heretofore or hereafter rendered, made, or had, shall be deemed judgments, decrees, sentences, orders, proceedings and acts of the supreme court; Provided, that nothing herein contained shall affect the right of appeal as provided by law.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That the supreme court of the District of Columbia shall hereafter consist of a chief justice and four associate justices; and for this purpose one more judge is hereby appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, an additional justice of said court, with the like powers, to take the same oaths, to perform the same duties, and to receive the same salary, as the other associate justices of the court.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That whenever, at a session of the court in general term held by four of the justices, the court shall be equally divided in opinion upon the question involved in any cause argued or submitted to the court, such division of opinion shall be noted upon the minutes of the court; and thereupon, and within four days thereafter, either party interested may file with the clerk of the court a motion in writing to have such cause reargued before the five justices; and such reargument or rehearing shall be had as soon thereafter as conveniently may be.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted That all the powers and jurisdiction by law now held and exercised by the supreme court of Washington county, in the District of Columbia, shall hereafter be held and exercised by the justice holding the special term of the said supreme court for that purpose, subject always to the same provisions as are contained in the fifth section of the act of Congress entitled "An act to reorganize the courts in the District of Columbia, and for other purposes," approved March third, eighteen hundred and sixty-three.

SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, That the orphan's court of Washington county, District of Columbia, be, and the same is hereby abolished; and all laws and parts of laws relating to said orphans' court, so far as the same are applicable to said supreme court, are hereby continued in force in respect to said supreme court; and all other laws and parts of laws relating to said orphans' court are hereby repealed: Provided, however, That nothing herein contained shall be construed to abolish the office of register of wills for said county.

Approved, June 21, 1870.

[PUBLIC—No. 107.]

AN ACT to amend an act entitled "An act to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to license yachts."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the passage of this act it shall not be lawful for any officer or person in the civil, military or naval service of the United States in the District of Columbia to purchase anthracite or bituminous coal or wood for the public service except on condition that the same shall, before delivery be inspected and weighed or measured by some competent person, to be appointed by the head of the department or chief of the branch of the service for which the purchase is made, and that the person so appointed shall, before entering upon the duty of inspector, weigher and measurer, and to the satisfaction of the appointing officer, bind himself with not less than two sureties, in the penal sum of five thousand dollars, that each and every ton of coal weighed by him shall consist of two thousand two hundred and forty pounds, and that each and every cord of wood to be so measured shall be of the standard measure of one hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet. And the inspector, weigher and measurer hereby to be appointed, shall be entitled to receive from the vendors of fuel weighed and measured by him, twenty cents for each ton of coal weighed, and nine cents for each cord of wood measured by him: Provided, That each load or parcel of wood or coal weighed and measured by him shall be accompanied by his certificate of the number of tons or pounds of coal and the number of cords or parts of cords of wood in each load or parcel.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That the proper accounting officer of the treasury shall be furnished with a copy of the appointment of each inspector, weigher and measurer appointed under this act, and that it shall not be lawful for any accounting officer to pass or allow to the credit of any disbursing officer in the District of Columbia any money paid by him for purchase of anthracite or bituminous coal, or for wood, unless the voucher therefor is accompanied by a certificate of the proper inspector, weigher and measurer, that the quantity paid for has been determined by him as required by this act.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That Congress may at any time repeal, amend or alter this act.

Approved, July 11, 1870.

[PUBLIC—No. 156.]

AN ACT to establish a port of delivery at St. Joseph, Missouri.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the city of St. Joseph, in the State of Missouri, shall be, and is hereby constituted a port of delivery, annexed to and made a part of the collection district of New Orleans, and shall be subject, to the same regulations and restriction as other ports of delivery in the United States, and all the privileges and facilities afforded by the act of Congress of the second March, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, entitled "An act allowing the duties on foreign merchandise imported into Pittsburg, Wheeling, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Nashville, and Natchez, to be secured and paid at those places," shall be extended to said port. A surveyor of customs shall be appointed to reside at said port and perform the duties prescribed by law, who shall receive the same compensation now provided, or which may hereafter be provided, by law, for surveyors of the same grade.

Approved, July 11, 1870.

[PUBLIC—No. 157.]

AN ACT relinquishing whatever title may remain in the United States to a certain parcel of ground in Fremont, Ohio, to the corporation of Fremont.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whatever title may remain in the United States to a parcel of ground in the city of Fremont (formerly Croghansville), Ohio, laid out under the act of Congress of April twenty-six, eighteen hundred and sixteen, which is not included in any of the lots, out-lots, streets and avenues of the city, but lying between the lots, streets and avenues, and the Sandusky river, as indicated on the official plat of the town of Croghansville, be and the same is hereby relinquished to the corporation of Fremont.

Approved, July 11, 1870.

[PUBLIC—No. 159.]

AN ACT to make the Territory of Arizona a separate surveying district, and to establish the office of surveyor general therein.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Territory of Arizona is hereby created a separate surveying district, and that the President, by and with the consent of the Senate, shall be, and hereby is, authorized to appoint a surveyor general for the Territory, whose annual salary shall be three thousand dollars, and whose power, authority, and duties shall be the same as those provided by law for the surveyors general of Oregon. He shall have proper allowance for clerk hire, office rent, and fuel, and he shall locate his office from time to time at such places as may be directed by the President of the United States.

Approved, July 11, 1870.

[PUBLIC—No. 159.]

AN ACT to create a port of delivery at Du Luth, Minnesota.

Be it enactad by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the city of St. Louis, in the State of Minnesota, shall be, and is hereby, constituted a port of delivery within the collection district of Superior, and there shall be appointed a surveyor of customs to reside at said port, who shall perform the duties and receive the compensation and emoluments prescribed in the act of Congress, approved March two, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, being "An act allowing the duties on foreign merchandise imported into Pittsburg, Wheeling, Cincinnati, Louisville, Saint Louis, Nashville, and Natchez, to be secured and paid at those places," shall be extended to said port. A surveyor of customs shall be appointed to reside at said port and perform the duties prescribed by law, who shall receive the same compensation now provided, or which may hereafter be provided, by law, for surveyors of the same grade.

Approved, July 11, 1870.

[PUBLIC—No. 161.]

AN ACT to provide for the redemption of the three per cent temporary