New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

is published every day (Mondays excepted) at No. 66 Camp street. Terms: $16 a year; $8 for six months; $4 for three months—payable invariably in advance. Single copies ten cents.

Rates of Advertising:

Squares.	1 mo.	2 mos.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos.
One	$12 net	$22 net	$30 net	$50 net	$75 net
Two	23	36	50	90	125
Three	30	53	70	110	175
Four	38	67	90	140	225
Five	46	80	105	170	275
Six	54	93	120	200	325
Seven	60	105	135	230	375
Eight	65	115	150	260	420
Nine	70	125	165	290	460
Ten	75	135	180	320	500
Eleven	80	145	195	350	540
Twelve	85	155	210	380	580
Thirteen	90	165	220	410	620
Fourteen	95	175	230	430	660
Fifteen	100	185	240	450	700
Thirty	175	330	450	780	1200

Monthly advertisements, inserted every other day, to be charged two-thirds of the above rates.

Second page monthly advertisements, each square, $20 per month.

Transient advertisements, having the run of the paper, first insertion $1 50 per square; each subsequent insertion seventy-five cents per square.

Second page transient advertisements, each insertion $1 50 per square.

Advertisements inserted at intervals to be charged as new each insertion.

Regular advertisers, who advertise largely, will be allowed such discount from above named transient rates as may be agreed upon; provided, that in no case shall such discount exceed twenty-five per cent.

All business notices of advertisements to be charged twenty cents per line each insertion.

THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN

is published every Saturday morning, and contains the news by telegraph, miscellaneous reading, editorials, local matters of general public interest, commercial and monetary reports, and everything that appears in the Daily, except such items as are of little or no public moment. The WEEKLY REPUBLICAN is an excellent family paper, valuable as well for instruction and amusement as information on the current topics of the day.

Terms of Subscription.

One year, $5; six months, $2 50.

Advertisements.

Transient advertisements same terms as in the Daily. Monthly advertisements inserted for one-fourth of the daily rates.

A liberal commission allowed to those who send us clubs of five or more.

It is ascertained that the total expenditures in the late campaign of the Republican Congressional Executive Committee for speakers, documents, traveling expenses, and expenses of every other character, are inside of $50,000.

TRUNKS, VALISES, AND TRAVELING BAGS.—The largest and best assorted stock of the above articles can be found at that well known old established stand of R. H. Bowles, No. 103 Canal street, at lower prices than at any other house in the city.

William Gowans, a well-known dealer in rare and second-hand books, died in New York on Sunday, of paralysis. He had been forty years in that business, and his store in Nassau street had a wide-spread reputation among book worms. He is said to have left a fortune of nearly $300,000.

FERTILIZERS, ETC.—Mr. Louis Bernos, No. 39 Gravier street, has on hand a large stock of lime, cement, oils, paints, tar, pitch, bone-dust, super-phosphate of lime, sulphate of lime and oil cake meal. Painters, plasterers, masons and farmers would do well to give him a call.

BOOTS, SHOES, AND SLIPPERS.—A large and complete assortment of these articles, for ladies', gentlemen's, misses', boys', and children's wear, can be found at the old well-known store of R. H. Bowles, No. 103 Canal street. All descriptions of covering for the feet can be had at this store at the lowest cash prices.

THE GROVER AND BAKER SEWING MACHINE.—Our lady readers should not fail to go and look at those beautiful work-box machines for sale at the agency of the Grover and Baker machine, corner of Canal and Dryades streets. They are everything that could be desired, and the low price at which they are sold places them within the reach of even the poorest.

CLOTHING AT COST.—Mr. Charles Lamm, Nos. 192 and 194 Poydras, is out again with a splendid stock of clothing at cost prices; while he is also prepared to manufacture to order, in the very best style, all kinds of gentlemen's wearing apparel at the lowest possible prices. We know that Mr. Lamm's stock is good, and our readers can judge of the prices by a visit to his store.

Anderson's photographs are generally acknowledged to be all that the skill and talent of the operator can make them. That they give satisfaction to the parties for whom they are taken is proved by the fact that every day increases the business of an establishment already one of the most extensive in the United States. To really be able to appreciate fully the beauties of Mr. Anderson's photographs, we consider it necessary to call at his gallery, No. 183 Canal street, and compare his specimens with those taken by other parties. It will then be seen what a real artist he is.

SOMETHING MARVELOUS.—Whatever mystifies the human mind is attractive. We all strive to reveal the hidden and pry into the occult. We shall have a chance on Monday night to gratify our sensations. The Davenport Brothers have heretofore eluded the detection of the shrewdest experts. They have traveled all over the world, and no one has yet been found so bold as to say that he can "see through it." They defy all the ordinary rules of mechanics, and emerge from the confinement of skillfully knotted and tightly bound cords. We hope some of our shrewd young fellows will be able to tell us how this is done.

SOUBY'S REMBRANDT AND IMPERIAL GALLERY.—To form a just and proper conception of what the Rembrandt pictures are, one should visit the gallery of Mr. E. J. Souby, so well known in this community, at No. 165 Canal street, near Dauphine.

These beautiful Rembrandt pictures have of late so elevated the art of photography, by placing it beyond the reach of mere pretenders, that those who have set aside their legitimate trade, thinking photography so lucrative a business, to follow it in a mechanical way, making trash instead of artistic and life-like productions, will now find its pursuit too intricate for their limited knowledge of scientific and artistic principles, and be necessarily compelled to abandon a profession of which they know nothing.

We, therefore, take pleasure in stating that Mr. E. J. Souby, having made photographic science a special study, in all its branches, from the old daguerreotype to its present stage of perfection, deserves the patronage of this community. We recommend our readers to visit his rooms, No. 165 Canal street, near Dauphine, in order that, as we stated before, a correct and proper conception may be had of what this beautiful Rembrandt style is. Remember the number, 165 Canal street.

TWO GIRLS.

All alone in the old, grand room,
Mid silken curtains and splendid gloom,
A girl in her beauty sighs.
The softened light of the chandeliers
Kissing her diamonds seeking the tears
That stand in her wistful eyes.

All alone by the castle walls
Where hardly a ray of starlight falls,
A girl is crouching in dread.
She dare not beg of the churlish wight,
Guarding the portals in livery bright,
Even a crust of bread.

A gay cavalier comes riding along,
Carelessly humming an amorous song—
Will he toss her a silver crown?
No. His thoughts are filled with his new love's face,
As he hurries past the familiar place,
And canters on to the town.

"Oh, for a morsel of food," one groans;
"If he but loved me," the other moans.
She comes from a race of Earls.
The beggar outside is not starving alone;
Father in heaven, who lovest thine own,
Pity these hungry girls.

JOHN H. SURRATT.

Plot for Abduction of Lincoln—Meeting of Conspirators in Washington—Facts About J. Wilkes Booth.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

WASHINGTON, December 7.—John H. Surratt, one of the alleged conspirators in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln, made a full confession or statement of his knowledge of the same in the shape of a lecture delivered in the courthouse at Rockville, Maryland, a few miles distant from Washington, last night. It is very long, but the following opening extract covers the features of it:

REMINISCENCES.

Ladies and Gentlemen—Upon entering that door a few moments ago, the impression on my mind was so strong as to vividly recall the scenes of three years ago. I am not unacquainted with courtroom audiences. [Sensation.] I have stood before them before. True, not in the character of a lecturer, but as a prisoner at the bar, arraigned for the high crime of murder.

In contrasting the two positions I must confess I felt more ease as the prisoner at the bar than I do as a lecturer. Then I felt confident of success, now I do not; then I had gentlemen of known ability to do all my talking for me; now, unfortunately, I have to do it for myself. I feel illy capable of performing the task, still I hope you will all judge me kindly. I am not here to surprise you by any oratorical effort, not at all; but only to tell a simple tale. I feel that some explanation, perhaps, indeed, an apology, is due you for my appearance here this evening.

OBJECT OF THE LECTURE.

In presenting this lecture before the public, I do it in no spirit of self-justification. In a trial of sixty-one days I made my defense to the world, and I have no need or desire to rehearse it, nor do I appear for self-glorification. On the contrary, I dislike notoriety; and leave my solitude and obscurity unwillingly. Neither is it an itching for notoriety or fame. My object is merely to present a simple narrative of events as they occurred. I stand here through the force of that which has obliged many other men to do things quite as distasteful—pecuniary necessity, for the supply of which no other available channel presented itself. So you will take it kindly, I trust, and the ground we will have to go over together will guarantee sufficient interest to repay your kind attention in this, my first lecture.

I will speak of my introduction to J. Wilkes Booth, his plan, its failure, our final separation, my trip from Richmond and thence to Canada, then my orders to Elmira, and what was done there.

WHERE HE WAS AT THE TIME.

The first intimation I had of Mr. Lincoln's death, I was mostly engaged in sending information regarding the movements of the United States army stationed in Washington and elsewhere, and carrying dispatches to the Confederate boats on the Potomac. We had a regular established line from Washington to the Potomac, and being the only unmarried man on the route, I had most of the hard riding to do. [Laughter.] I devised various ways to carry the dispatches—sometimes in the heel of my boots, sometimes behind the planks of the buggy. I confess that never in my life did I come across a more stupid set of detectives than those generally employed by the United States government. They seemed to have no idea whatever how to search a man.

THE REMOVAL TO WASHINGTON.

In 1864 my family left Maryland and moved to Washington, where I took a still more active part in the stirring events of that period. It was a fascinating life to me. It seemed as if I could not do too much or run too great a risk.

HIS INTRODUCTION TO BOOTH.

In the fall of 1864 I was introduced to John Wilkes Booth, who, I was given to understand, wished to know something about the main avenues leading from Washington to the Potomac. We met several times, but he seemed to be very quiet with regard to his purposes.

BOOTH'S PROPOSITION.

Finally he said: You know as well as I, the efforts that have been made to bring about that much desired exchange of prisoners. Aside from the general suffering they are compelled to undergo, we are sadly in want of them as soldiers. We can not spare one man, whereas, the United States government is willing to let their soldiers remain in our prisons, because she has no need of the men.

PLAN FOR THE ABDUCTION.

I have a proposition to submit to you, which, I think, if we can carry out, will bring about the desired exchange. There was a long and ominous silence, which I at last was compelled to break, by asking:

"Well, sir, what is your proposition?"

"WALLS HAVE EARS."

He sat quiet for an instant, and then, before answering, he arose and looked under the bed, into the wardrobe, in the doorway and the passage, and then said:

"We will have to be careful; walls have ears."

He then drew his chair close to me, and, in a whisper, said: "It is to kidnap President Lincoln and carry him off to Richmond!"

"KIDNAP PRESIDENT LINCOLN!"

I said. I confess that I stood aghast at the proposition, and looked upon it as a foolhardy undertaking. To think of successfully seizing Mr. Lincoln in the capital of the United States, surrounded by thousands of his soldiers, and carrying him off to Richmond, looked to me like a foolish idea. I told him as much.

HOW IT WAS TO BE DONE.

He went on to tell with what facility he could be seized in the various places in and about Washingson, as, for example, in his various rides to and from the Soldier's Home—his summer residence. He entered into the minute details of the proposed capture, and even the various parts to be performed by the actors in the performance.

I was amazed, thunderstruck and, in fact, I might also say, frightened at the unparalleled audacity of this scheme.

After two days' reflecting I told him I was willing to try it. I believed it practicable at that time, though I now regard it as a foolhardy undertaking.

HIS OWN DEFENSE.

I hope you will not blame me for going thus far, for I honestly thought an exchange of prisoners could be brought about could we have once obtained possession of Mr. Lincoln's porson. And now the reverse of the case. Where is there a young man in the North with one spark of patriotism in his heart who would not have, with enthusiastic ardor, joined in any undertaking for the capture of Jefferson Davis and bringing him to Washington? There is not one who would not have done so, and so I was led on by a sincere desire to assist the South in gaining her independence. I had no hesitation in taking part in anything honorable that might tend toward the accomplishment of that object.

THE IDEA OF ASSASSINATION.

Such a thing as the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, I never heard spoken of by any of the party, never. [Sensation.]

AN ABANDONMENT OF THE PLAN PROPOSED.

Upon one occasion, I remember, we had called a meeting in Washington for the purpose of discussing matters in general, as we had understood that the government had received information that there was a plot of some kind on hand. They had even commenced to build a stockade and gates on the navy-yard bridge; the gates opening toward the south, as though they expected danger from within, and not from without. At this meeting I explained the construction of the gates, etc., stated that I was confident the government had wind of our movement, and that the best thing we could do would be to throw up the whole project.

BOOTH RESOLVES.

Every one seemed to coincide in my opinion except Booth, who sat silent and abstracted, arising at last, and bringing down his fist upon the table, he said, "Well, gentlemen, if the worst comes to the worst, I shall know what to do."

THEY DON'T AGREE WITH HIM.

Some hard words and even threats then passed between him and some of the party. Four of us then arose, one saying:

"If I understand you to intimate anything more than the capture of Mr. Lincoln, I for one bid you good-bye."

Every one experienced the same opinion. We all arose and commenced putting our hats on. Booth perceived, probably, that he had gone too far, and asked pardon, saying that he had drank too much champagne. After some difficulty everything was amicably arranged, and we separated at five o'clock in the morning.

EVERYTHING IN READINESS.

Days, weeks and months passed by without an opportunity presenting itself for us to attempt the capture. We seldom saw one another, owing to the many rumors afloat that a conspiracy of some kind was being concocted in Washington. We had all arrangements perfected from Washington for the purpose. Boats were in readiness to convey us across the river.

NARROW ESCAPE OF MR. LINCOLN.

One day we received information that the President would visit the Seventh street Hospital for the purpose of being present at an entertainment to be given for the benefit of wounded soldiers. The report only reached us about three-quarters of an hour before the time appointed, but so perfect was our communication that we were instantly in our saddles, on the way to the hospital; this was between one and two o'clock in the evening. It was our intention to seize the carriage, which was drawn by a splendid pair of horses, and to have one of our men mount the box and drive direct for Southern Maryland via Benning's bridge. We felt confident that all the cavalry in the city could never overhaul us, as we were all mounted on swift horses, besides having a thorough knowledge of the country, it being determined to abandon the carriage after passing the city limits. Upon the suddenness of the blow, and the celerity of our movements we depended for success. By the time the alarm could have been given, and horses saddled, we would have been on our way through Southern Maryland toward the Potomac river. To our great disappointment, however, the President was not there, but one of the government officers. Mr. Chase, if I mistake not. We did not disturb him, as we wanted a bigger chase (laughter) than he could have afforded us. It was certainly a bitter disappointment, but yet, I think, a most fortunate one for us. It was our last attempt.

THE PLOT ABANDONED.

We, soon after this, became convinced that we could not remain much longer undiscovered, and that we must abandon our enterprise. Accordingly a separation finally took place, and I never after saw any of the party except one, and that was when I was on my way from Richmond to Canada on business of quite a different nature, about which I will speak presently. Such is the story of our abduction plot. The last time I saw any of the party I went to a hotel and stopped over that night. As a detective had been to my house inquiring of the servant my whereabouts, in the early train next morning, Tuesday, April 4, 1865, I left for New York, and that was the last time I ever was in Washington till brought there by the United States Government, a captive in irons, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

HIS WHEREABOUTS ON THE FIFTEENTH OF APRIL.

The United States, as you will remember, tried to prove my presence in Washington on the fifteenth of April, the day on which Mr. Lincoln met his death. On arriving in New York I called at Booth's house, and was told by the servant that he had left that morning, suddenly, on the ground of going to Boston to fulfil an engagement at the theatre. In the evening of the same day I took the cars for Montreal, arriving there the next day. I put up at the St. Lawrence Hotel, registering myself as John Harrison, such being my two first names.

PLOT FOR THE RELEASE OF THE ELMIRA PRISONERS.

Then he details his trip made once to Elmira, New York, to make a sketch of the Confederate prisons there, and to perfect a plot formed in Canada to release the prisoners. The next day after his arrival at Elmira he heard of the assassination, and just as he was about to start for Washington, but he reconsidered his trip, and went straight back to Canada, where he was secreted till he went to Europe.

DID NOT DESERT HIS MOTHER.

He repels the charge that he deserted his mother, and says that his Washington friends advised him that she was in no danger, but does not mention that she knew anything of the abduction plot. He says that the witness, Weichman, on whose testimony Mrs. Surratt was hung, was in the abduction plot, and, while a clerk in the War Department, furnished Surratt with a knowledge of Federal troops, which the latter conveyed to Richmond.

A gentleman in London recently resisted the payment of a bill for goods which his wife had purchased without his authority. He resisted payment chiefly on the ground that the articles thus purchased were luxuries, not within the ordinary scope of the duties of a wife, and not necessary to her station in life. Among these were a gold pencil case, a guitar, and a double scent-bottle. The judge before whom the shopkeepers brought suit for payment decided the articles named to be unnecessary. In his mind they were useless luxuries to the woman who had contracted for the purchase. He gave it as his fiat that "the law is not bound to render any assistance to the growing luxury and degeneracy of the age," and the husband, in obedience to this decision, kept his money in his pocket. Commenting upon this trial and its results, a London editor calls for a specific line to be definitely drawn between luxuries and necessaries, and he thus puts some pertinent interrogations:

"If a guitar is a useless luxury, what is a harp, or a trombone, or a drum? Is eau-de-cologne a necessary? Has a wife a right to order toilet vinegar? Can a tradesman supply such articles as kalydor, or false hair, with a hope of payment? And so we might go on asking a thousand queries."

Dr. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*, thus describes the great strategist, Von Moltke:

There is suddenly an uprising in the eating-room of the Hotel des Reservors, where we sit listening and pondering—a great clanking of steel scabbards and spurs, and clink of glasses on many tables. Dukes reigning, and dukes who will never reign, and princes royal and serene, and all the uniformed host at many tables rise, and stand as it were, at "attention," as a tall, thin old man, with slightly stooped shoulders, walks out hurriedly with an abstract air, puffing a cigar; round-headed, with many wrinkled brow, face clean shaven and hairless, no moustache or whisker, only a thick eyebrow over a speculative eye, which looks out as if far beyond at a distant object. "Who is that?" asks one of the English refugees, "he must be somebody!" "It's Von Moltke." "Oh, indeed! Well, *he* has driven us out of Paris, any way." There is the great painter Werner, come to paint his picture for the town of Kohl, where Von Roon was born. He is to be represented directing the investment of Paris, which is seen in the background with the German armies deiling in the middle distance.

In San Francisco they have an unlucky genius named John Brown. Some four years ago he had one of his eyes put out in a fight with his wife. Recently she "went for" him again and deprived him of the remaining eye. He is now totally blind. The San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "It is thought that when she shall have knocked all his teeth out and cut off his ears and nose, Brown will apply for a divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty."

THE DICTATOR OF FRANCE.

A Splendid Tribute to Leon Gambetta—What the Great Minister Has Done in Two Short Months—A Wonderful Work.

[From the London Spectator, November 19.]

It is quite natural that M. Leon Gambetta, stoutish Marseillaise advocate of thirty-five, with the look of a traffic manager, and Dictator of France outside of Paris, should have some difficulty in obtaining recognition even from those Englishmen who are favorable to the French cause. He is an offense to all their instincts. That a man, not being a prince by birth, should bear rule without "legal" title, without patent from any king, or election by any assembly, or sanction from any plebiscite, is to most Englishmen an annoyance; and that he should be a lawyer and, according to English precedents, a young man, is almost an affront. Englishmen groan, it is true, under the sway of the old, denounce the electortral system as fatal to young ability, and, whenever they have anything to do outside political or military business, select men under forty to do it; but, nevertheless, old men govern opinion in England as elsewhere, and the rise of a man, not yet worn out, to the highest position is to them an offense requiring to be excused. They follow a middle class premier with enthusiasm, and are delighted because he has transferred to the sons of the professionals a monopoly of administrative work; but still, in their hearts, they can not believe that a man without birth, or wealth, or long experience can be a fitting ruler for a great nation, even in the throes of a revolution. Add to his want of "blood," of position and of years the fact that he belongs to the race which gave Napoleon to France, and that he is still essentially a southerner, a man of superficially impulsive emotion and lyrical utterance and fiery temper, who, if he thinks a general a traitor, says so without inquiry, and it is easy to understand why Englishmen can not appreciate or even endure M. Leon Gambetta, are inclined to defend Marshal Bazaine because he has been denounced by that "young despot," and are half pleased at reverses they yet dislike because they prove that his southern sanguineness of speech is so little justified by events. We have nothing to say, of course, against their impression, based as it is on a perfectly honest ignorance that there can be men, and considerable men, who are not in the least like Englishmen. If M. Gambetta were an Englishman, and yet wrote and spoke as he does, the chances that he would be a fool in action would be overwhelming; but being what he is, an energetic southerner, trained to write and speak for a southern multitude, it may be expedient, despite English impressions, to look a little deeper than his words to find him. And so looking, we see, or think we see, a personage who is not the English idea of M. Gambetta at all, but one entirely different.

Judging by visible facts alone, we discern in M. Gambetta a man of a type common among Italian politicians and men of business—men who are superficially fussy and oratorical, or even vulgar, with nothing about them indicating power except steady eyes and square brows, but who have, nevertheless, a faculty of succeeding, of choosing men, and of impressing themselves upon other men. That M. Gambetta possesses this last faculty in an unusual degree is self-evident. Of legal title to rule France he has, in the English sense of legality, not a shadow. Of moral title to take his special position as Minister of both War and the Interior he had only this—that General Trochu considered him, on the whole, as the fittest man for these offices. His colleagues in Tours might fairly have been jealous of him as a recruit who had superseded veterans; his subordinates in the War Department might reasonably have distrusted him as a civilian who never saw a field piece.

He had immediately and directly to rule the most exacting, self-opinionated and independent body of men in the world—the general officers of the old French army—men who disliked him as a Republican, dreaded him as a Red and detested him as a Pekin. Yet from the moment he dropped, tired out with a journey by balloon, into his chair in the old Archiepiscopal Palace of Tours, and announced that he was invested with full powers to defend the country, no one throughout France has seriously disputed his authority. His colleagues have become his clerks, and have, as his clerks, re-organized the army intendence till complaints of deficient supplies have all but disappeared. The treasury was empty; but he re-filled it; the arsenals were half empty, but one great army, perhaps two, have now artillery, horses, gunners and breech-loaders. The loan in England, the immense contract for arms with America, and the still greater contracts in France itself for artillery, provisions, carts and clothes, were all arranged by himself, are all "drawing;" the actual cash, goods, transport, munitions, which were not in being two months ago, are there to-day at General d'Aurelles' disposal.

These were acts within the competence of any energetic business man; but M. Gambetta had three questions to decide of infinitely greater importance to the future of France and of the war, and he has, to all appearance, decided all successfully. First of all, he had to determine by action and not by words, whether the Republicans or the Reds were to conduct the war, whether he would employ organization or anarchy as his grand weapon. Red in his energy and his impulsiveness, M. Gambetta is Republican in brain, by virtue of that common sense which never, in the highest whirlwind of his passion, leaves an Italian; and he decided for the republic. Lyons, Marseilles, Toulouse were in insurrection for the red flag; to quarrel with it was, feeble men said, to introduce civil war; but M. Gambetta faced the danger, told the Lyonese Reds, in so many words, that they were wicked fools; risked actual war at Marseilles, where a well-meaning prefect, weakened by English ideas about bloodshed, had made himself agent of the ultras; and within two months from his arrival compelled every free city in France, Lyons and Marseilles included, to submit quietly to his agents.

The respectables everywhere rose at his summons, the anarchists have everywhere been beaten, and the revolt of the Lyons Gardes Mobiles on their march westward is probably the last spurt of a resistance which, since the tide of victory seems to turn, has throughout France become impossible. The mutineers were treated as mutineers, enveloped by more faithful troops, compelled to produce their ringleaders, to see them shot, and to march on, in their hearts recognizing, that the State was in France supreme once more. The second task was still more difficult—to reaffirm once for all the vital principle forgotten for twenty years in France, that a general is a servant of the State, as much bound to obey its orders as the humblest gendarme. That task involved in the midst of a war a quarrel with the men of the sword. Under the Emperor every French general has felt himself an entity, a personage, a man with a separate position in the great club which kept the Emperor on his throne, and has repudiated almost in words the notion of obedience to any civil authority whatsoever.

The future historian of France will be able to show that many of the disasters of this great war had no other cause than the bickerings and jealousies of the generals, their intense sense of their individual rights and privileges. So ineradicable was this evil spirit, the very root of insubordination, that even within the fortnight a French general, General Cambriels, has ventured to have and to act on a private opinion that it was beneath his position to act with another French general, named Garibaldi—that in fact he had, as a "regular" soldier, a right to settle whom the State should and should not accept as its allies. M. Gambetta met this spirit in the only way in which it can be met anywhere—by an inflexible assertion of the supremacy of the civil authority, by removing general after general without explanation or apology, by reducing officers, promoting officers, and even—in defiance of all traditions since Louis Philippe in a moment of subserviency destroyed France by accepting the law which abolished the right of the State to dismiss an officer, and so made of the army a self-dependent club—making officers, until he had found the men who were prepared to obey the State, and who, therefore, have for the first time stemmed the tide of French disaster.

The generals reduced to reason, there still remained the greater task of reducing the soldiers to obedience. The difficulties in the way were enormous. Under the empire the officers had gradually become accustomed to tolerate laxity, and found refuge from resistance in isolation—had, to use an expressive, though unjust common phrase, become "afraid of the men," till they hardly dared issue an unpleasant command, till the tradition of obedience had disappeared, while the proclamation of the republic had of itself destroyed the tradition of mere deference. Deference, at no time strong in a French army, where the private may be the social superior of his officer, could not be restored; but obedience might be, and it was. Rising fully to the height of the situation, the stoutish Italian advocate who for the hour represented France, decreed that in this supreme hour of danger, every soldier guilty of disobedience, insubordination, or pillage, should be treated as he would be in the Prussian army—tried by court-martial of officers only and executed there and then. A stern hint was at the same time given to all general officers that this order had no limits, and was meant to be executed as well as read, if they intended to remain in command.

The new power, which exists as an ultimate power in every army in the world, was, therefore, relentlessly but justly applied, and executions, said to have exceeded one hundred in number, completely restored discipline in the army of the Loire—discipline of the old and true kind, under which a soldier dare no more plunder the peasantry without orders than he dare retreat before the enemy without a signal.

Correspondents raged and talked of discontent and the certainty that d'Aurelles would be shot—as if that mattered—but no army ever mutinied against discipline yet; the officers recovered their places and their confidence, the men found once more that they were led, and once again, for the first time since Woerth, it became possible to execute maneuvers and to move men swiftly without leaving one-half of them behind. It had come to this with the French army—that a march of ten miles a day reduced it to a disorganized crowd.

The instrument of which the Prussians make such use (the field telegraph) has been organized; and, finally, by the appointment of civil commissaries, with absolute power of making requisitions, to accompany the army, M. Gambetta has removed the last and most serious difficulty in the way of the intendence, has enabled it to levy supplies from the country, without demoralizing the army by employing soldiers in a task which, if left to them, degenerates into unauthorized plunder. As a result of all these decrees, France has again an army which can fight a battle in the field. We have taken every fact in this article from the letters of men who are bitterly hostile to M. Gambetta; who consider him a foe of the army, an upstart, and a lunatic; who are never tired of shrieking for a military dictator, and consider that France is lost because her representative "looks like a *bourgeois*"—a remark, by the way, which is only true, so far as it is true, of so many French and Italian statesmen, who are apt to want the impassiveness most Englishmen and all Germans of rank are accustomed to affect.

And we ask our readers deliberately whether the man who has done all this for his country, who in two months has re-established order in the great cities and discipline in the armies of France, who, amid unheard of disasters has struggled against national despair, with one hand beating down anarchists, and with the other building up armies, and who, in the very midst of a work which he believed to be on the edge of success, halted to accept an armistice he detested because his beleagnered colleagues had approved it—a man, that is, who has displayed the energy of a Jacobin and the self-restraint of an English Cabinet Minister—is a man to be so utterly despised? Our prayer is that when England's hour of danger shall arrive, we also may find such a man, with the one additional quality of silence.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF STEAM ENGINES IN THE SOUTH.—Such of our readers who design erecting sugar-houses, plantation mills, saw and grist mills, cotton presses, etc., are directed to peruse the advertisement of Mr. J. B. Knight, agent for the Watertown Steam Engine Company, No. 76 Carondelet street, which will be found in another column of our paper this morning. Mr. Knight, besides having on hand the largest assortment of steam engines in the city, is agent for and keeps always on hand J. E. Carver & Co.'s cotton gins of all sizes—from seven saws to one hundred—which have always been considered the best gin the country; Hoe's saws of all descriptions; Andrews & Brother's centrifugal pump and hoisting engines; Brooks' revolving screw cotton presses, and a general variety of cane mills, shaftings, pullys, Knight's broom corn scrapers and thrashers, etc. Being a practical machinist, Mr. Knight is perfectly qualified to superintend all works contracted for by him, and when he furnishes the machinery and puts it up, failure to give satisfaction is next to impossible. The stock he has on hand of shaftings and pulleys and saw mills of all kinds is especially worthy of attention, as it is more extensive than can be found in any other establishment in the South. We advise all our readers to go and look at the goods he advertises.

WASHBURN'S CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS.—There is no citizen of New Orleans, who takes a pride in the triumps of our people, that can behold one of the above mentioned pictures without feeling confident that whatever may be the shortcomings of Orleanians generally in the matter of photographs, we have at least one artist who can challenge competition from any of the European capitals. Those two cabinet photographs of well known personages in the pulpit and at the bar, which Washburn has just exhibited in his gallery, are *chefs-d'œuvre*. In finish, perfection of resemblance, and in the position of the subject, they can not be excelled, while they are full life size, and as durable as any picture. Really, they are a study, and we hope that they will not be delivered before our readers have an opportunity to call and see them.

UPHOLSTERY.—If the public generally would patronize Mr. George W. Homan, the well known and reliable upholsterer, of No. 95 Prytania street, there would be far less grumbling than there is about the disappointments they are subjected to. Mr. Homan, while being a skillful and artistic workman, is absolutely promptitude itself, and can be relied upon as safely to do his work as the sun to run its course. The fact is, he is an industrious man, and if the days are not long enough to enable him to faithfully perform contracts he encroaches upon the nights; for his rule is never to disappoint.

THE LADIES' FAMILY SHOE STORE.—Such of our readers as live in the vicinity of the Magazine Market will perceive, on perusing the advertisement of Mr. B. Oppenheim, No. 559 Magazine street, that they can get the best kind of shoes at the very lowest prices from him. His stock is large, and contains no auction goods, everything having been manufactured for his own sales. He is a liberal and courteous merchant, and deserves patronage. Give him a call.

The present European war has, we learn, produced a great decline in the prices of the splendid stock of dry goods at the St. Philip store, corner of Royal and St. Philip streets. Persons in want of really cheap articles would do well to call at the St. Philip store, where they will find articles, such as black and colored silks, worth $1 50 per yard, sold at $1; ladies' gloves, worth seventy-five cents, sold at twenty-five cents, and other goods sold at the same comparative rates.

KINDLE AND SMILE.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a wilderness,
Go! build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother,
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears!
Clear from clouds to fan it,
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

BRITISH RAIDS UPON AMERICAN FISHERMEN.

The Seizure of a Gloucester Fishing Vessel at Prince Edward's Island.

[Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.]

I promised in my preceding letter to acquaint you with any further developments of our present fishing troubles, and mentioned that the Clara F. Friend, owned by Charles Friend, of Gloucester, was lying here as prize to her Britanic Majesty's steamer Plover. The suit has been delayed a long time, and the Plover, last Thursday noon, left for Halifax with a howling northwester.

The Friend lay at both anchors, about a mile from shore and a little above the town. Three armed men "kept watch and ward," or were supposed to be doing so. The mainsail had been unbent and stowed away, but the foresail and jib had been dried and refurled the same afternoon. At midnight, as nearly as can be ascertained, the owner and part of her old crew, together with several volunteers (among them a relative of Hon. Joseph Howe), boarded the vessel and intimidated the guard. One cable was cut, the cables having fouled, and the schooner got under way for Gloucester. The guard were sent back in the boat borrowed to board the schooner, together with all their arms, traps, etc.

The schooner Foam, also a prize and guarded by an aged individual named Traverse, lay about half a mile from the scene of action. The aforesaid vigilant Cerberus snored peacefully until daylight, when, like Hamlet's ghost, a thought struck him: "Methinks I smell the morning air;" and rubbing his eyes open he went on deck. The Friend had disappeared, and he, dismissing the odor of morning breezes, at once "smelt a rat." He rowed ashore and sought the domicil of Pates, the Marshal of the Admiralty Court, and, with the aspect of that frightened individual who drew "Priam's curtains at the dead of night," communicated the awful news.

The intelligence spread like wildfire, and elicited "loud and continued lafture" on every hand. The daring and skill displayed in the recapture were generally commended, and the unfortunate marshal must look upon the twenty-fifth of November as one of the most unpleasant days of his insignificant existence. A few (among them the American Consul) stigmatized the act as "piracy," and condemned the course of Mr. Friend as desperate and felonious; but the majority of the citizens have wished her crew every success in the most hearty manner. But, alas! the scheme so well began was too daringly pursued, and in a lull of wind in Canso they were recaptured by the Plover on the evening of the twenty-fifth, brought in here Sunday, and are now undergoing examination. The boat, with the captain and five or six others, escaped, but Mr. Friend and four others are now in custody.

I write in haste and must close in time for the mail. The protection of the fishermen is being agitated in your midst. The national honor suffers here because our government seems to have lost sight of this important branch of our national industry, and the manly efforts of General Butler to obtain justice for his hardy New England constituents are laughed to scorn, because political opponents of his among you forget the justice of his cause or truckle to the interests of a dominion founded in wrong and bitterly hostile to republicanism and the United States. To-night a brave old man must sleep behind the grates of a prison because the manufacturers and railroad men are too busy legislating to make money to attend to the rights and protection of our shipping interests, and the honor of our flag. More will be furnished as the trial progresses.

NOT FOR JOSEPH.

Love-Making on too Short Acquaintance—How the Housemaid Repulsed the Burglar—A Little Dose of Soapsuds.

[From the New York Sun.]

Yesterday morning, about daybreak, a buxom Irish housemaid, industriously scrubbing the steps of a house near Astor place, attracted the attention of a disreputable looking young man, who evidently did not earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. He wore a sickly pink moustache; his boots were dirty, but his hair was elaborately greased and frizzled, while he displayed on his person enough Attleboro jewelry to form the basis of a gift enterprise. Approaching the damsel, and assuming an expression intended to be extremely fascinating, the youth accosted her:

"You are up early this wet morning."

"To be sure, sir," was the answer, while Bridget scrubbed away more vigorously than ever.

"I see you are here about this time every day," continued the youth.

"So you can if you have eyes, sir," was the response.

"You are a smart girl, I think."

"Of course I am, sir."

"Now tell me—are you engaged?"

"Don't you see I'm engaged at my work?"

"I mean have you got a beau?"

"To be sure I have a bow—three or four of them; but what would I be wearing them in the morning for?"

"No, no; you don't understand me. Have you got a sweetheart?"

"Oh dear, no; I can't find one."

"I know better than that. You are just the nice kind of a girl that I would like to keep company with. Can I call on you this evening?

At this Bridget sprang upon her feet, placed her arms akimbo, and looking her would-be follower squarely in the face, exclaimed with emphasis:

"No, sir; not for Joseph. What do you want to call on the likes of me for? I know. You want to look at the windy fastenings, and to fit a key to the dure, and then steal in some dark night, and carry off every blessed thing in the house. Pooh! to the divil wid ye!"

This shot rather discomfited the young man, coming from one whom he had taken for an unsophisticated, newly arrived emigrant; but, not being disposed to give it up so, he imitated the example of the excellent Mr. Sparrowgrass, who, while exercising his new horse, found comfort in attributing a violent attack of the blind staggers to an exuberance of animal spirits. So, with the intention of prolonging the conversation, he endeavored to laugh the matter off by saying jokingly:

"Ah, I see, you are a lively girl!"

"Yes, and I'll be alive when you are swinging dead on the gallows," was the reply; and then, giving the house-cloth a twirl which sprinkled her pertinacious wooer from head to foot with dirty soapsuds, Bridget disappeared down the area steps, humming the familiar air of

"Not for Joseph, if he knows it."

The Great West keeps step with the other sections of the Union in pretty nearly all things: A prostitute died in Kansas City recently. The body lay in state for several days. When the time for its burial came, it was placed in an apartment described as fitted up with Oriental magnificence and over one hundred of the frail sisterhood assembled. A reporter of one of the papers there says that he never saw a like number of women assembled anywhere among whom could be seen such splendor of attire