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THE MAGNOLIA.

The gradual shades of the twilight fall,
And the scents of flowers, after the heat,
Come freshly over the garden wall;
But one rich odor transcends them all,
Strong and subtle, and sweet, oh, sweet!

A wonderful fragrance, deep and rare,
The breath of the great magnolia flower,
That, after the long day's dim and glare,
Comes softly forth, like a silent prayer,
To bless and sweeten the grateful hour.

At morn to the Sun's enamored rays
It opens its bosom's snowy prime;
Pride of the sultry summer days,
It gives its beauty to all who gaze,
But keeps its breath for the twilight time.

Queen of the South and love of the Sun!
Happy, indeed, must the sleeper be
Who finds his rest, when at last 'tis won,
And the dew hangs heavy, and day is done,
Under the broad magnolia tree!

For when the valleys grow dim with night,
And the skies relent from their noonday heat,
Its long leaves shine in the level light
And its wide rich blossoms of luminous white
Slowly close, with a gush of sweet.

I see it, g'ittering in a moonlit air,
With blossoms like white translucent bowls
Of albaster, all creamy fair,
Filled with a fragrance strange and rare
As a waft from the land of happy souls.

Oh, gentle airs, which so softly blow,
Waving your beauty loverwise,
Tell me, if haply ye may know,
Is this like the lovely trees which grow
By the silver streams of Paradise?

For if Nature holds in her garden wide
One thing so perfect and wholly fair,
That when we cross to the other side,
Where the green fields smile and the clear waves glide,
We may find it, grown immortal, there—

Safe from winter and storm, and blight,
Green and deathless—it seems to me
It is this fair dweller in warmth and light,
With its glossy leaves and its blossoms white,
The beautiful, brave magnolia tree!

—[Elizabeth Akers Allen, in February Galaxy.

THE WOODEN LEG:

OR,

THE STORY OF A FRENCH PHYSICIAN

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On the seventeenth of May, 1830, a French officer of infantry—Captain Malsherbes—was found in the streets of Toulon severely wounded. A patrol of gendarmes, in making their early morning rounds, discovered him lying in a pool of blood that had evidently flowed from an ugly sword thrust between the ribs. He was picked up and carried home. Being a person well known, every attention was paid to him, and every effort made to discover the attempted assassin. The low state the patient was in rendered it impossible to obtain any information from him at the time, and the police were, accordingly, thrown upon their own resources. Blood was tracked from the scene of encounter to the sally port at the *Castigneau*, where it was lost sight of, the unknown appearing to have resorted thither in order to wash off the stains his crime had affixed to him. Although the sharpest detectives were employed that Toulon could boast, they were completely baffled in this business. No further signs were to be found. Captain Malsherbes, after a critical illness, recovered from his wound, and as soon as he could bear questioning, inquiries were naturally put to him concerning the man who had attacked him. At first he affected to know nothing about it, and attempted to convey the impression that the assault was too sudden and was committed on too dark a night for him to recognize his enemy. But from the fact that the scene of the tragedy was well lighted; that the captain, when found, had his sword in his hand; that he had not been robbed; that the wound was in front, and that the unknown had left a richly embroidered handkerchief on the field through which the captain's rapier had evidently made a hole, this ignorance was regarded with suspicion, and he underwent some close cross-questioning from the authorities. And now the captain tried a different trick—he didn't remember; he wasn't well enough to stand this obtrusive examination; he might have a relapse; he didn't want to talk, etc. The commissary soon gave the matter up as a bad job, and it ceased to be talked about, except in those polite circles in which the hero of it moved. Here it was settled to have been an affair of honor concerning some fair one. The captain was joked about that queer poke in the ribs—an ugly place for a professedly crack swordsman to be hurt—about the handkerchief, and, indeed, every particular of the occurrence that had got wind.

The captain bore it all in silence. No word of his ever confirmed the sly surmises that were constantly thrust at him by clever little lawyers in petticoats. No indiscretion in convivial hours ever furnished a clue to this dark bit of history. Time wore on. The captain appeared as much in society as ever, was as social as ever, and his friendship as much cultivated; but though he was generous, rather good looking, and well off, never got married. He could have chosen almost any pretty woman in Toulon, yet he remained single. When bantered on the subject, he always looked grave, and replied in a thoughtful manner; sometimes with a shudder—never gaily—as other men did.

When the troubles broke out in Paris, his regiment was ordered to the capital. He remained in Toulon a few days after its departure, to make some arrangements in regard to his property, and then followed it. He arrived too late to take part in the street fights that occurred, but was placed on guard with his company in the Allee de Longchamp, Bois de Boulogne.

At midnight a feeble call for help was heard in the wood, and his men, aroused, rushed forward, and found Captain Malsherbes badly wounded, as before, in the ribs. He was immediately conveyed to the Longchamp hospital and his wound dressed, while every effort was made to discover his assailant. The captain was much beloved by his men, and it was they who made the search. They were as unsuccessful as the gendarmes had been in Toulon. Footsteps were traced to the Porte Dauphine, but lost sight of at this point, for here the pavement commenced. No other signs were discovered. After a long illness the captain recovered as before, was as close-mouthed as before, and bore his injuries and the scandal that followed them with the same silence.

That the unknown was no assassin was again evident. The captain was found sword in hand and at the mercy of his antagonist, who might have taken his life had he chosen.

The disturbed state of the city forbade all further inquiry at the time, and the captain's evident reluctance to revert to the subject effectually prevented it afterward. Malsherbes returned to Toulon, made some further arrangements concerning his estate, and rejoined his regiment, which was then stationed at Lyons, and quartered at the barracks near Fort Brotteaux.

A week afterward the captain was found severely wounded as before, and the following curious billet pinned to his breast: "I have at last reached your leg!" and it was his leg indeed. A savage thrust had penetrated to the knee, near the patella or knee pan and rendered amputation necessary. All that was known of the affair was that shortly afterward a boat belonging to a man-of-war anchored in the Rhone had left the quay at the Tete d'Or, and pulled rapidly to the vessel.

No other clue was obtained, and as the *baliment de guerre* sailed the next day for the Mauritius, the search was soon abandoned. This time, however, Captain Malsherbes was not so communicative as before. During the painful operation of removing his fractured leg, and when little hopes were entertained of his recovery, he imparted in weak, broken tones to the attending physician, the writer of this strange story, that portion of history which furnished some explanation of his mysterious fatalities.

It seems that during a former residence of the captain in Paris, before the wound he received at Toulon, he frequently met and secretly admired a beautiful young woman, an orphan daughter of a captain of artillery who died at Quatre Bras. This lady, whose name was Madelene Lavalette, was remarkable for her spirit and dash. Her parentage, which was respectable—her beauty, and a little fortune she possessed, gave her the range of the best society; but the extraordinary freedom of her manner made her envied or hated by most of her sex who encountered her, and it was only her own daring and the many male friends who were devoted to her that sustained her in the position she occupied.

The poor girl was evidently looking for a husband—at least so thought Malsherbes, and in a moment of unaccountable pique he said as much in a crowded drawing-room, and added, "but *paurre enfant*, she will never get one." "Why not?" asked a bystander. Captain Malsherbes made a very foolish reply. He meant it to be witty; it was cruel. "Bedanse," said he, "the poor creature has a wooden leg!" At this all eyes were turned to Mlle. Lavalette. To Captain Malsherbes' utter discomfiture she was within earshot, and overheard every word of his malicious joke. A deadly paleness overspread her countenance, and she walked away in silence, but with a gleam of hatred in her eyes that might have appalled the facetious captain had he been unfortunate to see it. Thoroughly unconscious, however, of this incident, he went on in an easy, jesting way, throwing his darts here and there, raising a laugh against everybody, and immensely amusing his auditors. As often happens, the squibs directed against everybody else were forgotten, but Lavalette's wooden leg was the constant theme of gossip.

The animus that had long been nourished against her now found vent, and nothing was heard of for weeks, but Mlle. Lavalette's wooden leg. Now there was no further foundation for this than Malsherbes' canard, and an almost imperceptible halt in Mademoiselle's step. This defect had never been noticed before; but now it was the theme of a thousand female tongues. Nothing was heard of in Paris but the *jambe de bois*, and Mademoiselle Lavalette, courageous as she was, could brave it no longer. She disappeared from society, and nothing more was heard of her. Ridicule is more potent than hate; and the *jambe de bois* killed her as effectually as though she had committed a crime. The gay captain was called to Toulon some time after his imprudent slip of the tongue, and only heard of its result from the letter of a friend, which he received some months after. He heard of it with dismay, and ceased to regret his cruelty. He confidently expected a challenge from some of Mlle. Lavalette's numerous gallants, but although his new address was well known in Paris, no hostile cartel.

All of a sudden he was confronted on the memorable seventeenth of May, by a stranger whose striking likeness to Mlle. Lavalette stamped him at once as her brother.

Calling the captain by name, he challenged him on the spot, and bidding him defend himself, assaulted him fiercely with his rapier. Malsberbes, himself a noted adept, soon found he had no mean antagonist; his favorite lunge was parried, and the unknown's sword found its way toward our hero's heart. Luckily for him, it was stopped by a rib, and thus saved his life. The avenger instantly disappeared. It was the same strange enemy who encountered him in the Bois de Boulogne; the same who caused the loss of his leg at Fort Brotteaux. Further than that his tormentor was an exquisite swordsman, and had always aimed at his leg, the captain knew not. This latter circumstance, and the resemblance already mentioned, left no doubt in his mind that he was persecuted solely for his foolish fling at Mlle. Lavalette, and though fiercely incensed at the loss he had sustained, he looked upon it as partly deserved. It was a whimsical revenge. There remained little doubt in the event of his recovery as to who would have a wooden leg. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a leg for a leg. Justice itself could not have been more equitable.

Contrary to every hope, Captain Malsherbes recovered. He bore the operation manfully, and went through a long relapse with heroic fortitude. He soon after threw up his commission, and retired from the army, and nothing was heard of him for some years. At last the report of a serious duel in the Bois de Boulogne between M. Malsherbes and a M. Lavalette appeared in the Paris journals. At this time the use of side arms had grown into disrepute, and such affairs were generally settled with the pistol. Such was the case now. M. Malsherbes' antagonist, so the papers stated, had received a serious pistol shot directly beneath the left lung. I was stopping at St Cloud then, but immediately hurried to the city. I sought out my old friend, and learned the extraordinary particulars. A day before the event he received a cartel from the hands of a captain in the navy, in which the writer, who signed himself Lieutenant Lavalette, congratulated M. Malsherbes upon his recovery, and imagining the desire for revenge which, no doubt, filled Monsieur's breast, offered him a full opportunity to gratify it, that was, if M. Malsherbes did not consider himself taken at unfair odds on account of his wooden leg! The writer would meet him at any time he appointed, and at any place; the challenged party, as usual, to choose his weapon.

It concluded in this manner: "The spirit and courage of M. Malsherbes is too well known to be doubted, but the writer warns him that whether he accepts or refuses this offer he never will cease to be encountered until one or the other shall fall." M. Malsherbes, of course, accepted it, appointed the time and place—the Bois de Boulogne, a noted theatre for such meetings—and designated pistols for weapons. An allusion he was compelled to make to his wooden stump in waiving all inequality in the proposed combat from that score was met by his enemy's polite friend with a grim smile.

Malsherbes was a dead shot with the pistol, yet, during the interval before the meeting he was not free from the most serious misgivings. He had already three strong reasons for not despising his antagonist. He made his will, and prepared, as any brave man would, for the worst. At the appointed time he repaired to the field with an old military comrade as second. Every formality was gone through. According to agreement, M. Malsherbes was propped with his back against a tree, so that his wooden infirmity bore not to his disadvantage, and in order to make everything even, M. Lavalette, who now appeared in the full uniform of an officer of the royal navy, was likewise backed by a tree. The main conditions of the duel were that, at the word, each party was to deliver fire, and, if neither were wounded, their seconds were to reload their pieces and allow them to commence *de novo*. At the first fire Lavalette's cap was carried away, and Malsherbes wounded in the fleshy part of his left arm. He rejected an offer of release from the contest, and instructed his second to reload his piece.

Both parties evinced the greatest coolness and precision. The seconds, both veterans, were perfectly charmed. All was silent as the grave. It was early dawn; the swallows twittered through the park; the fresh air of morning bore an incense redolent of leaves and dew-washed flowers; the gray sky above them brightened every moment with the ascending sun, and looked down wonderingly upon these two madmen bent upon sending each other out of this beautiful world for what began from folly and was continued from passion. Never did the lovely park look better than at this time—the middle of Louis Phillippe's reign. Nature upon all sides spoke more eloquently for peace and good will among men than ever an angel did.

Nevertheless, the duel went on. At the second fire both parties received a flesh wound, but as they mutually agreed to renew hostilities, the third fire was delivered. Upon this Malsherbes received no further hurt, but Lavalette fell, it was at first supposed, mortally wounded in the lung. The surgeon who attended the party here advanced, and the wounded man's throat gear and coat were immediately removed, when, to the utter astonishment of Malsherbes, who was generously assisting to relieve the sufferer, and of the seconds and surgeon, it appeared that Lavalette was a woman! This discovery paralized all the parties. She was placed in a fiacre and conveyed to the city, her second detaining the vehicle for a moment to assure M. Malsherbes, upon his honor, that the discovery they had all witnessed was as strange to him as to them; that he had sailed for several years with Lieutenant Lavalette, who as an officer in the navy, had, of course, always been regarded a man—a man, too, he assured him, in many senses of the word—generous, skillful and brave.

The feelings of Malsherbes may better be imagined than described. The almost incredible scene he had witnessed revealed to him at a glance, the whole history of this impetuous girl—for Mlle. Lavalette, it was, undoubtedly, who had already, for the fourth time, sought to avenge the scandal he had put upon her. That my friend was not the man to hate her for this, was evinced from a fact that I learnt some time after. The will he had prepared before this sinister meeting was mainly in favor of "Mlle. Madelene Lavalette, formerly of Paris, to whom I have been the cause of a lasting unhappiness, and who, I trust, will receive this residuary legacy as an earnest of the atonement of a man, who always admired her, and dying through her vengeance, acknowledges it to be just, and admires her still."

He now perceived what was indeed the fact, that this orphan girl, crushed beneath a load of ridicule and obloquy which she could not remove, had devoted her life to punish the author of it. She had disguised herself as a man; had obtained a commission in the navy and become a skillful officer; never for a moment, however, losing sight of her enemy; always encountering him on fair terms; always aiming to inflict an exactly retaliatory punishment; never taking advantage of him when unarmed, and, though not seeking his life, always risking her own.

The hard life incidental to the profession she had chosen; the patience, skill and heroism she had displayed; the generosity she had manifested, were well calculated to make a profound impression upon a man like Malsherbes. He visited her constantly until, by the successful extraction of the ball, she was pronounced out of danger, when he dispatched one of those half tender, half chivalrous epistles to her, that only such men can write. What were the exact terms of this letter I never could learn; but the lady from near whose left lung I assisted to extract a pistol bullet afterward became the wife of Auguste Malsherbes, and I now reckon her, with her husband, among my most esteemed friends. They are a noble pair, she one of the finest looking women I ever knew. He calls her Lieutenant; she calls him Captain. Any such jokes as that of swinging hammocks or splicing the main brace is sure to cover Madame Malsherbes' face with blushes, while the captain never feels happier or looks more proudly at his wife than upon an allusion being made to his wooden leg.

THE SISTERS OF SONG.

The World Indebted to America for its Two Greatest Prime Donne—The Story of the Two Pattis.

It is a melancholy but long recognized fact that the race of the Italian prime donne has almost died out. Year after year, says *Watson's Art Journal*, as we examine the lists of brilliant engagements at the various opera houses of the capitals of Europe and England, we can not fail to observe how few Italian names appear in the schedule, especially among the leading soprani. The only heirs of a long and illustrious line of great Italian vocalists at this moment prominently before the world are the sisters Carlotta and Adelina Patti. The mantle has fallen upon them gracefully, we admit, and the talents they have exhibited for the world's admiration prove them to be worthy the inheritance.

From the appearance of Senesino in London, in 1720, to the present day, Italy has furnished to the world the most famous of its singers, and its school has been recognized as the only true vocal school, combining as it does the best system for forming and ripening the voice, for insuring facile but pure velocity, for the development of intelligence, taste and dramatic power. Within the last thirty years some combinations have appeared, the memory of which will never pass away, for they will descend to posterity as traditions of the by-gone greatness of the operatic vocal art. Will the memory of that quartet which for a quarter of a century won the admiration of the civilized world—Grisi, Alboni, Mario and Lablache—ever be forgotten? or, in our own Badiali and Marini? or even the earlier combination of Milibran, Fornasari, Viardot, etc? We think not. Their reign will be recognized as eras in the world's musical history.

At the present day our Italian opera companies are an agglomeration or a conglomeration of varied nationalities, such as French, Swedes, Spanish, English, with a sprinkling of bona fide Italians. There are great artists among them, commanding in their talents and admirable as exponents of their several schools; but we miss amidst all their flashing brilliancy, that ripeness of the natural voice, that rich and sonorous utterance, and that broad dramatic power which is equal to every situation, and possesses a vocal electricity which flashes itself into every heart.

The Patti sisters have for several years divided the interest of the public in their separate spheres—Adelina on the operatic stage, and Carlotta in the concert room, and occasionally on the stage—with extraordinary success. Italian born, and members of an illustrious family of musicians, they inherited, besides exquisite voices, a rare and beautiful instinct for music, which made singing to them simply an irresistible impulse of nature. It is true they received their instruction in American; but Italy, the land of song, had given sunshine and warmth to their voices, and their instruction was imparted by their mother, herself a prima donna of high European reputation. Both commenced their careers in New York, and winning their first laurels here, they left to win further honors in Europe. Adelina went abroad first, and the news came speedily back of her triumphs in competition with hosts of great artists and established favorites.

Carlotta followed, and being desirous not to trench upon the ground already successfully occupied by her sister, she chose the concert-room, and in a day became its reigning attraction. Within two months after her first appearance, she had not only sung at fifty concerts with brilliant success, but had been summoned to court to sing before the Queen of England (herself a pupil at Lablache), who praised her in the most flattering terms. At the close of this brilliant season, she was engaged at an almost fabulous salary for a concert tour through France, Belgium and Holland.

Her debut in Paris, where she was a complete stranger, was even more triumphant than in London, and her reputation thus established in the two great capitals of the Old World, her fame spread on the wings of the press, and the concert tour, from being a doubtful affair, as all such speculations are in Europe, became a career of triumph. So remarkable was the artistic and financial success of this concert tour that for six years a series of tours was inaugurated, extending to Germany, and afterward to Russia. In every place her success was the same; her vocal accomplishments, her startling facility, took the critics and the public alike by storm, and won for her the friendly recognition of the royalty of each nation. The Emperors of France, Austria and Russia honored her by requisitions to appear at their courts, and presented her with valuable, nay princely, tokens of their admiration. During this period Carlotta Patti sang at more than 1200 concerts, and, upon the occasion of important combinations, appeared on the operatic stage, where she was a star among stars.

A year or two since Corlotta Patti returned to America, and her career during her stay was one of unexampled success. Her concerts in New York were crowded night after night by the elite of the city, and the same reception met her in every city in the United States. Afterward she made a tour of South America, which proved as brilliant in its results as either her European or North American tours.

We now find her again in Europe, and this time her career will be operatic. She has already achieved success on the stage, where the reception she has met with falls nothing short of the enthusiasm which always greeted her in the concert-room. The European journals predict for her a career as successful and as brilliant as that of her sister Adelina.

The career of Adelina is familiar to all the world—vibrating between the leading capitals of Europe, winning success after success, her movements all chronicled from day to day so that he who runs may read. It is somewhat singular that these two sisters, bred up in New York, almost the last, as we have said, of a long line of illustrious Italian predecessors, should at this moment be the leading operatic stars in the musical firmament of Europe. With all their Italian prestige, America's claim to them has never been forgotten here nor denied by them, and we look forward to the time when one or the other, or both, will return to their old home, and renew with us the vocal triumphs which their genius has wrung from the most critical audiences of the old world.

RUSSIAN PROVINCIAL RULE.

The Russian system of maintaining power over and control of the people of its provinces, especially those bordering on the Baltic, must ultimately result in disaster to the government of the autocrat of all the Russias. The czar is forcing upon the people of these provinces the sway of the Russo-Greek Church, by what are known as the moral as well as the administrative measures of that church, supported and assisted by government authority. As an indication of this purpose, the University of Dorpat has been removed to Nilna, thus depriving the youth of these sea-side provinces of the advantages of such an education as kept them free from the influence of the proselyters of the Greek Church. A large majority of the people of these districts profess and practice the Lutheran form of worship, which has virtually received complete toleration from the government. There are certain provisions of the Russian laws pertaining to this portion of Russian territory by which one who has once gone over to the Greek Church is forever prohibited, by pains and penalties, from changing his mind.

These provisions of the law, since the recent visit of the Evangelical Alliance from this country, have been and are now being enforced with greater vigor than ever. It is not so much in the interest of religious unity that this policy is now adopted, as it is believed to be in pursuance of the traditional Russian theory that uniformity of habits and customs among the subjects of the czar forms the best guarantee for loyalty and security. In Poland, since its absorption as a Russian possession, the most savage and repressive form of carrying out this theory has been maintained for many years. It is only recently that in certain districts of Lithuania the military authorities have established a system of Draconian severity in regard to the use of the vernacular tongue. Most of the inhabitants speak only the Lettish, and as treason is always supposed to lurk under an unknown tongue, the Russian officers being without a knowledge of it, they have made it a penal offense for any of the natives to speak any language but the Russian in public places. This virtually prohibits the use of their native tongue among friends, neighbors or kinsfolk outside the precincts of their own homes.

Thus far this tyrannical, coercive course has not met with any resistance from this people, by a revolt or protest, and therefore has not attracted the outside world; but if the machinery of compulsion in the extinguishment of one language, and the forcible substitution of another is set in motion, as it is proposed to be by the Russian authorities, in the Lutheran provinces of the Baltic, the resulting commotion will arouse the attention and shock the moral sense of all civilized nations.

The tendency of the age is against all such measures, and no nation pretending to be civilized can practice them with impunity, and without the certainty of retributive punishment for such an act of wrong and injustice.

These three provinces, which lie on the eastern bank of the Baltic, form the most cultivated and enlightened portion of the Russian empire. Their united population numbers nearly two millions, of whom more than three-fourths are Protestants, the other fourth being divided among Hebrews, Russo-Greek communicants and Roman Catholics. No part of the empire is so well supplied with schools. In none is there so wholesome and active a commercial movement. The ruling element is German, and they have sensibly affected every department of life with their own characteristic thrift and industry. These provinces are comparatively recent accessions to the empire. Esthonia, which lies farthest of the three to the north, remained under the authority of the Swedish crown until the war of Peter the Great with Charles the Twelfth, and only became openly incorporated with Russia by the treaty of Nystadt in 1721. It was in the same year that Livonia was also wrested from the Swedish rule and incorporated with the other conquests of the czar. Courland more recently came into Russian hands. It was formerly ruled by sovereign dukes owning a nominal allegiance to the Polish crown. When Anna became empress, in 1730, her uncle Ferdinand was made Duke of Courland, and held power for seven years. The adventurer Biron next occupied Ferdinand's place, through the favor of his imperial mistress, and left it as a legacy to his son, who was forced to cede it to Catherine the Second in 1795.

The people who inhabit these provinces are not the weak and ignorant tribes who are held in servile vassalage to autocratic authority, but, to the contrary, are refined, intelligent and highly educated. For many centuries these three principalities enjoyed a separate and almost independent existence. Even when Livonia and Esthonia passed under the sceptre of Sweden, they retained their autonomy, and Courland, while an appendage of the Polish monarchy, preserved its local institutions inviolate. When Peter the Great incorporated the two former provinces with his empire, he allowed them to regulate and conduct their own governmental affairs without hindrance or molestation, retaining only a nominal authority.

The census of the United Kingdom of Italy was taken by midnight on the thirty-first ultimo. An enumeration of part of the inhabitants was made in 1864, but this is the first census of the whole peninsula taken since the days of the Roman empire. The Italian government purposes in future to have decennial enumerations like those of the United States. The example of our enlightened republican policy in this, as in many other measures of government, is spreading all over Europe.

Those who cherish the foolish idea that the negro can not take care of himself will do well to look into the working of the Freedmen's Savings Bank of Washington. This bank started five years ago with a deposit of $37. Since then it has been twice compelled to enlarge its quarters. The number of depositors now ranges from 150 to 200 a day, and within four recent weeks the deposits were $60,000 in excess of the drafts.

NEW BOOKS.

The following books have been received from George Ellis & Bro., No. 82 Camp street:

MORTON HOUSE. By the author of "Valerie Aylmer." D. Appleton & Co., New York. Illustrated.

A HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF SONGS, FOR FOUR VOICES. Collected and arranged by Francis C. Bowman and C. A. Dana. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume contains 154 pages sheet music, with the songs, including the national songs of the great nations of the world.

Also, the following from Messrs. Kain & Co., successors of A. Eyrick, No. 130 Canal street:

FANCHON THE CRICKET; OR, LA PETITE FADETTE. By George Sand.

The new edition of the works of George Sand, now being issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is a very handsome one, and should be in every library. George Sand has presented great truths in the guise of fiction, and for years she has been recognized as one of the most vigorous of novel writers. "Consuelo," "The Countess of Rudolstadt," "Indiana" and "Jealousy" already have been brought out by the Petersons, and now we have the fifth volume of the edition, "Fanchon, the Cricket; or, La Petite Fadette." This last novel is written in the author's purest and best vein; the characters are boldly drawn, and the passions of the heart analyzed with the skill of an artist. The chief beauty of her writings is the purity of her style. Her sentences flow along as smoothly as deep waters, and hardly a ripple occurs to break their beauty and elegance. "Fanchon, the Cricket; or, La Petite Fadette," is a work of genuine vigor and pathos, full of life and character, depicting the trials and vicissitudes of a poor orphan girl, with a style that is very interestingly and charmingly told in the author's most plaintive spirit. The plot of the story has been rendered very popular by a dramatic version, which has been performed in all the principal theatres in the world with an unbounded success. It is published in a large duodecimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, gilt side and back, price $1 50; or in paper cover for $1, and is for sale by all booksellers, or copies will be sent, postpaid, to any one, on receipt of the price, by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE COUNTRY OF THE DWARFS. By Paul du Chaillu, author of the most popular works of travel in Africa of the present time.

The volume is splendidly bound in red cloth morocco, gilt, and illustrated with numerous engravings. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

LUCIA AND HER PROBLEM. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "With Fate Against Him," "In Trust," etc. New York: Sheldon & Co.

"Ought We to Visit Her?" is the singular title of a novel with a very attractive appearance, by Mrs. Annie Edwards, just published by Sheldon & Co., of New York. A story of English life, with the usual struggle to keep up appearances on a limited income, is what we derive from a hasty examination.

Messrs. Kain & Co. also send us the following works, reprinted from popular European authors: "Kate O'Donoghue," by Charles Lever; "Monsieur Antoine," by George Sand;" "Cyrilla, or the Mysterious Engagement," by the Baroness Tautphoeus; "Kate Kennedy," by Mrs. C. J. Newby; "Rose Foster, or the Second Series of the Mysteries of the Court of London," by George W. M. Reynolds. All published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and bound in paper covers.

Of the above novels, "Cyrilla" will be new to most of our readers. Though it has been in print some time, it will continue to be read, like the novels of Scott and Dickens, for years to come. The author is a daughter of the celebrated Lord Erskine, formerly Lord High Chancellor of England. She was educated in Great Britain, but since her marriage to Baron Tautphoeus she has resided on the continent, and has the faculty, either natural or acquired, of depicting life scenes with rare fidelity and absorbing interest.

Robert J. Harp, agent of the Southern Methodist Episcopal publishing house, No. 112 Camp street, sends us, from the publishers, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, a valuable work by Rev. L. T. Townsend, entitled "The Sword and Garment." The author treats of the duties pertaining to the ministry, and maintains the proposition that perspicuity of style and method of arrangement are more essential to success in the pulpit than vain attempts at originality. The work is sold for $1 50 a copy, and is beyond doubt, worth many times its cost.

"Every Horse Owners' Cyclopedia." This is a very complete and valuable compendium of information relative to the horse. It embraces the anatomy and physiology of the horse, general characteristics, the principles of breeding, and the best kind to breed from, the treatment of the brood mare and foal, raising and breaking the colt, stable management, diseases and how to cure them; to which is added extensive notes of the American turf. Edited by Robert McClure, M. D. Illustrated with about 100 fine engravings. Published by James Hummel, No. 166 Camp street, and sold only by subscription. This is a work every owner of a horse should have.

Hon. William B. Allison, the new Iowa Senator, who has been in Congress several terms, was born in Ohio, March, 1829. He was trained on a farm, but settled to the study of law in 1851, and emigrated to Dubuque, Iowa, in 1857, where his profession brought him into note. In 1860 he was a delegate to the convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln. In 1862 he was sent to Congress, where he continued until the last session, when he retired voluntarily.

Colonel Fisk's brain weighed fifty-eight ounces, and his heart sixteen ounces. He was perfectly sound and healthy in every way. His lungs had not a spot on them. Had no accident intervened, he might have lived to be one hundred years of age. The bullet was found in his thigh, having passed through twenty-six inches of his flesh.—*New York Sun.*

An old story has been revived, this time located in Providence: A lady who had a great horror of tobacco got into a railroad carriage the other day, and inquired of a male neighbor, "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" "No, madam, I don't," was the reply, "but I can get you a chew if you want one."

The latest style of sending presents of flowers is in earthen dishes made flat, in which the flowers are regularly planted and growing, which is a far more sensible present than the old style of baskets, which, with the utmost care, only lasted a day or two.

A Janesville, Wisconsin, paper says the girls of that town "sleep with their corsets on." When those Wisconsin girls take a notion to be squeezed, they are going to be, even if they have to have it done by machinery.

An exchange says: "All the Western trains, except George Francis, are stopped by the weather."

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SENATE

SECOND SESSION

OF THE

SECOND GENERAL ASSEMBLY

OF THE

STATE OF LOUISIANA.

Seventeenth Day's Session.

SENATE CHAMBER,
Friday, January 19, 1872.

The Senate met at 12 M., pursuant to adjournment.

Present—Hon. P. B. S. Pinchback, Lieutenant Governor and President of the Senate, and Messrs. Anderson, Barber, Butler, Campbell, Gallup, Harris, Hunsaker, Jenks, Kelso, Lynch, McMillen, Noland, Ragan, Swords, Twitchell, Whitney—17.

The President announced that there was no quorum present.

Communications from the Auditor were received, but, no quorum being present, remained unopened.

On motion of Mr. Hunsaker, the Senate took a recess until 1 P. M.

The hour of one o'clock having arrived the President called the Senate to order.

Present—Hon. P. B. S. Pinchback, Lieutenant Governor and President of the Senate, and Messrs. Anderson, Barber, Butler, Campbell, Gallup, Harris, Hunsaker, Jenks, Kelso, Lynch, McMillen, Noland, Ragan, Swords, Twitchell, Whitney—17.

Mr. Anderson moved that the Senate adjourn until to-morrow at 12 M.

Adopted.

The President then announced that the Senate stood adjourned until Saturday, the twentieth instant, at 12 M.

CHARLES H. MERRITT,
Secretary of the Senate.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

OF THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

SECOND SESSION

OF THE

SECOND GENERAL ASSEMBLY

OF THE

STATE OF LOUISIANA.

Eighteenth Day's Proceedings.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Saturday, January 20, 1872.

The House met at twelve o'clock, pursuant to adjournment.

Speaker Brewster in the chair.

The roll was called, and the following members answered to their names:

Speaker Brewster, and Messrs. Abel, Barrett, Barrow, Belot, Bentley, Bickham, Blunt, Bowen, Brown, Buckingham, Carr, Cochrane, Crawford, Darinsburg, Davidson, Davis, Demas, Deslonde, Faulkner, Floyd, Fontelieu, Garstkamp, P. Harper, Hempstead, Huston, Kinsella, La Saliniere, Laurent, Mahoney, Marie, Marvin, Matthews, McCarty, McFarland, Morphy, Morris, Murray, Oplatek, Overton, Pond, Raby, Riley, Ringgold, Sartain, Smith, Souer, Stamps, Stanton, Tounoir, Verrett, Washington (Assumption), Washington (Concordia), Waters, Worrall, Yorke—56.

Quorum present.

Prayer by the Chaplain.

Mr. Abel, of Bossier, moved to correct the minutes of yesterday, wherein the name of Mr. Wands, of Tangipahoa, was omitted in the resolution expelling certain members of the House, and to have said member's name inserted; it being in the original resolution.

Carried.

Mr. Davidson, of Livingston, moved a reconsideration of the vote whereby certain members were expelled, so far as regarded Mr. Laurent, of Avoyelles, and that Mr. Laurent be allowed to take his seat as a member.

Carried.

Upon motion of Mr. Davidson, of Livingston, the reading of the journal was dispensed with, and it was adopted.

PETITIONS AND MEMORIALS.

Mr. Faulkner, of Caldwell, presented a petition from the citizens of Richland parish, which was read and referred to the Committee on Parochial Affairs.

NOTICES OF BILLS.

Notices were given that the following entitled bills would be introduced at some future time:

By Mr. Sartain, of Carroll:

An act to repeal act No. 41 of the session of 1871, relative to the Louisiana Warehouse Company, where the State of Louisiana is pledged to guarantee the bonds thereof.

By Mr. La Saliniere, of St. Martin:

A bill to be entitled an act relative to criminal proceedings in the State of Louisiana.

By Mr. Garstkamp, of Jefferson:

A bill entitled an act to create and appoint a board of insurers and reweighers of cotton, to guarantee and insure the weights of the same, and to allow a compensation for the risk to be taken, and the work to be done.

By Mr. Smith, of Caddo:

A bill to incorporate the Shreveport Insane Asylum, and to give State aid to the same.

Also, a bill entitled an act to incorporate the Shreveport and Arkansas Northeastern railroad, allowing towns, cities and parishes to extend aid to the same.

INTRODUCTION OF BILLS.

According to previous notice, Mr. Fontalieu, of Vermillion, introduced House bill No. 295, an act relative to the qualifications of jurors in the parishes of Vermilion, Lafayette, St. Martin and Iberia, which was read.

Under a suspension of the constitutional rule the bill was read a second time, and referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

Previous notice having been given, Mr. Sartain, of Carroll, introduced House bill No. 296, an act to amend and re-enact section twenty-six and the first enacting clause of section sixty-seven of an act entitled an act to regulate public education in the State of Louisiana, approved March 16, 1870, which was read.

Under a suspension of the constitutional rule the bill was read a second time, and referred to the Committee on Education.

According to previous notice, Mr. Gardner, of Jefferson, introduced House bill No. 297, an act compelling the New Orleans and Carrollton Railroad Company to lower their track even with the streets of the city of New Orleans and town of Carrollton through which it passes, which was read.

The constitutional rule being suspended, the bill was read a second time and referred to the Committee on Railroads.

Previous notice having been given, Mr. Murray, of Orleans, introduced House bill No. 293, an act to provide for abolishing the Sixth District Court for the parish of Orleans, after the expiration of the term of the present judge thereof; to limit and define the jurisdiction of the said court in the meantime; to provide for the ultimate transfer of all the cases pending in said court, and the immediate transfer of certain cases now pending in said court to the Fourth District Court for the parish of Orleans, and to provide for the issuance of writs of injunction to enforce the provisions of this act, which was read.

Under a suspension of the constitutional rule the bill was read a second time, and referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

Mr. Oplatek, of Orleans, having given previous notice, introduced House bill No. 298, an act repealing act No. 31, of 1871, entitled "An act creating a commission to locate a State House in the city of New Orleans, to purchase the necessary grounds therefor, and making an appropriation to pay for such grounds, and to build a State House and other buildings necessary for State purposes, and improving the same," which was read.

Under a suspension of the constitutional rule the bill underwent its second reading, and was referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

According to previous notice, Mr. Faulkner, of Caldwell, introduced House bill No. 299, an act authorizing Ivison A. Meredith and Achah E. Meredith, his wife, of the parish of Caldwell, to adopt and constitute Mary A. Humble their heir and legal representative, which was read.

The constitutional rule being suspended, the bill was read a second time and referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

Mr. Faulkner, of Caldwell, having given previous notice, introduced House bill No. 300, an act authorizing Darius Hebert and Pauline Hebert, his wife, of the parish of Caldwell, to adopt and constitute Narcissus Gertrude Hebert as their heir and legal representative, which was read.

The constitutional rule being suspended, the bill was read a second time and referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

Mr. Marvin, of Catahoula, having given previous notice, introduced House bill No. 301, an act entitled an act to amend article 817 of the Revised Statutes, which was read.

Under a suspension of the constitutional rule the bill was read a second time and referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

Mr. Faulkner, of Caldwell, having given previous notice, introduced House bill No. 302, an act to prohibit members of the General Assembly from holding offices of profit and trust during the time for which they were elected; to prohibit members of the General Assembly and other persons from holding said offices in violation of articles 41 and 117 of the constitution; to prescribe the duties of the Governor relative to vacancies created by the operation of this act, and fixing the penalties for the violation of the same, which was read.

The constitutional rule being suspended, the bill was read a second time and referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

Mr.