New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

FIFTY YEARS APART:

They sit in the winter gloaming,
And the fire burns bright between;
One has pass'd seventy summers,
The other just seventeen.

They rest in a happy silence,
As the shadows deepen fast;
One lives in a coming future,
And one in a long, long past.

Each dreams of a rush of music,
And expectation wh spered low;
One will hear it this evening,
One heard it long ago.

Each dreams of a loving husband,
Whose brave heart is here alone;
For one the joy is coming,
For one the joy has flown.

Each dreams of a life of gladness,
Spent under the sunny skies;
And both the hope and the memory
Shine in the happy eyes.

Who knows which dream is the brightest?
And who knows which is the best?
The sorrow and joy are mingled,
But only the end is rest.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

Mrs. Eva Forrester was in a quandary. If she should go to Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard's fete-her husband would be left to his own diversions during her absence. Jealousy was one of Mrs' Forrester's besetting failings; if she could stay at home and watch him she would be giving up to him, for she had said that go she would, and he declared that he would not go."

"Blanchard cheated me," her husband said angrily. "He owes me to-day two or three thousand pounds, which he would pay if he had a spark of honor in him, though the law does not compel him. But no; he has speculated, risen up again and built a mansion; now he is going to have a house warming, and has the impudence to invite me. It isn't proper for you to go."

"It is never proper for me to go when I want to go," protested the wife. "It isn't my fault if the laws do not protect you. I should think that you wonderful men, who can rule the world in such a grand way without the help of woman, would make some sort of law about paying debts. Everybody is going to the fete, many to whom Blanchard o ed money as well as he did you, and it is to be the most splendid affair of the season. There will be boats on the pond and tents on the lawn, with fruit untold, and a dinner, a dance and a supper. I must lose these because, some ten years ago, he failed, and in your debt. I shan't do it."

"And I shan't go" retorted the husband. "If you go it must be alone."

"Very well," said Mrs. Forrester, and tossing her head, went out of the breakfast room, where this dialogue had taken place, and began to turn over her wardrobe to make a selection for the fete.

James would come around when he knew that she was really going.

But James didn't come round, and here it was the day before, and he wouln't go and she would. She concluded that she must, for, aside from showing him that she would have her way, it was impossible to think of not displaying that beautiful silk dress on the first opportunity.

To be sure it was awful to go without her husband, and still more to go with that odious Mrs. Clark, who would be her duenna; but go she would.

Mr. Forrester said not another word. He was as pleasant as usual, and he was usually a very pleasant man if he had his own way.

When at noon luncheon his wife appeared resplendent in a red silk with low neck, and jewels scarcely hidden by the little jacket she was to wear till evening, and with her hair superbly rolled and pulled, he only said:

"My dear, you look remarkably well," and seemed to take it for granted that the attire was assumed for his special delectation.

She pouted, returned no answer, and made a great show of being in a hurry and listening to the sound of every carriage-wheel that rolled along the street. But he would ask no questions.

She would have given something if Mrs. Clark had driven up before James went out; but she did not; he went without a word of good bye, though she was to be gone all night—the cruel wretch.

Mrs. Clark came the minute he was out of sight—some people never do come at the right moment—and Mrs. Forrester had hard work to be smiling.

"Wasn't your husband sorry that you should go without him?" the horrid old woman asked.

"Oh, very sorry!" exclaimed Mrs. Forrester, "but he is so anxious that I should have all the pleasure I can. He, poor dear, is completely immersed in business. He hasn't failed and paid a shilling on the pound—ha, ha!—so he must work. However, we will let bygones be bygones; and, indeed, Mrs. Blanchard is very civil. When I told her that, as you intended to return home directly after dinner I should miss the dancing, she insisted on my staying all night."

"Are you going to do so?" Mrs. Clark asked with a faint air of disapproval.

"I am, certainly," replied Mrs. Forrester, quite decidedly.

She was not going to tell people that she and James quarreled, not she. If she thought that he was a wretch and told him so, she did not mean to enlighten others on that point.

They reached Blanchard's place in due time. It was a fine estate, a mile or two from town, in which Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard had taken up a temporary summer residence, and on this glorious summer day was as beautiful as a picture.

The turf was green velvet, and here and there a tree or vine was red, gold or purple with autumn, and lighted up the landscape like a torch. The pond was gay with boats, the lawn with gaily-dressed people, and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

The Blanchards were very polite to Mrs. Forrester, and grieved that business had prevented her husband from accompanying her. They quite distinguished her, and complimented her as the handsomest dressed lady there. Perhaps they remembered the three thousand pounds; she certainly did not forget it.

When Mrs. Anna Track called her attention to the beauties of the conservatories, she sighed and said:

"Ah, yes; and my dear, poor James' money built them. I really feel as if they were mine."

When Mr. Clare, an old admirer of Mrs. Forrester, on whose arm she took a long promenade that afternoon, groaned as he looked at the charming place, and said: "It is like a view of Paradise to Adam after he was turned out. We poor bachelors look at the wives and houses of other men, and sigh in vain."

Mrs. Forrester laughed and said:

"Why don't you tail? Then all your friends can contribute the house and land, and the wife will come of herself. Such a place as this would be an inducement to any girl."

For a woman who was inclined to be jealous of her husband, Mrs. Forrester certainly carried on quite a game that afternoon with Mr. Charles Clare. He was very attentive and gallant, and she was very complacent and evinced no indisposition to flirting. She enjoyed it immensely.

Served James right for not coming. He could look at the other women and make them sweet speeches—she knew he did—and she would show him that two could play at that game. The only thing wanting to a perfect enjoyment of the situation was that James could not see the whole.

It wouldn't do half as well if she told him, because he might think that she was doing it to make him jealous. She almost hoped that some one would notice and warn him and think that she was horrid.

Charles Clare was going to remain all night, too; he told her so. He had been assisting the Blanchards in preparing this affair and was going to stay. Should he have the pleasure of driving her over next morning.

The real meaning of the request was that she wanted James to see her driving up to the door with Charles Clare in his carriage and ask Charles to help her out in that graceful, devoted way of his. Wouldn't she smile on her escort, and make believe she did not see one who was looking out of the window. She would teach James Forrester to let her go off alone, and never care what became of her. He could know what jealousy was.

"You really think that you will stay all night?" Mrs. Clark asked, putting her head into a charming *tete a-tete* between Mrs. Forrester and her old lover.

"Oh, yes; it is quite decided!" said Eva, angrily.

"Flirting thing?" muttered Mrs. Clark, turning away, "I shouldn't wonder if she came on purpose to see Mr. Clare."

Just as the dancing began a boy inquired at the window of the parlor for Mrs. Forrester.

"She is dancing there with Mr. Clare," Mrs. Clark said.

Mrs. Clark was just about going, and was annoyed that she must go alone. She wanted some one to abuse her host and hostess to all the way home, and she must bottle it all up till the next day.

"Here's a note for her," the boy said; and having given the note the boy vanished.

Mrs. Clark delighted in mystery and melodrama. This was so charming, the mysterious message, the tragical-looking note, the fact of any note at all having come. Then when she had breathlessly sought out Eva Forrester, and given her the note, hoping that it contained bad news, and had watched her tear it open, the expression of her face when she read it added so to the charm of the situation.

"Is Mr. Forrester ill?" her comforter inquired.

"Not very well, that is all," Eva replied, as calmly as she could. "He can't do without me if he has a sore or a toothache."

Charles Clare scowled. To be sure Eva's flirtation with him had consisted in the most outrageous praises of her husband and a description of the happiness of their lives; but then he wanted to drive her to town and make her husband a little jealous, if possible.

He had to resign himself, however, and lead her to Mrs. Clark's carriage, and see her drive away in the starry night.

The contents of the note were these lines:

"If Mrs. Forrester knew with whom her husband spends his time while she is gone, she would not stay away long, certainly not over night."

Of course there was no name signed. Of course that note would have taken Eva Forrester home over red-hot plowshares.

Mrs. Clark found her a very dull companion, and could get no satisfaction concerning her husband's illness.

"Leave me at the door," said Eva, when they drew near the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Forrester were staying.

"Why, my dear, your rooms are on the other side," Mrs. Clark said.

"But I will stop here," Eva replied decidedly.

If James was at home, he should not hear a carriage drive up, and look out and see that it was she.

It was ten o'clock, for the drive had taken them some time. The young wife's heart burned with a fierce and deadly jealousy as she glided noiselessly through the long, lighted entries. She did not know who to be jealous of, for her husband had, after all, done nothing to point out any person. Her vexations had been vague and as nothing, but now a terrible reality stood before her. She had realized, thinking the matter over on the way home, that in truth she was the happiest of women until that night, and that, though she had pretended to be jealous, it was a pretense.

Never till now had that agonized contraction of heart, which comes where proof of misery is at hand, been known to her. Her head was in a whirl, though she was outwardly cool. She was not fit for anything. What she should do to him she knew not, but as for the woman who dared to lure her husband away from her—she should die.

She passed swiftly through the hall, went into a side passage and down the street at the back part of the hotel. An apothecary shop was at the back part of the hotel. She was known there, and had no difficulty in procuring what she wanted. After a minute she went back to the hotel with a bottle in her hand.

A light shone from the door of her room. He was at home. She stopped for a minute to take breath, and softly tried the lock. Of course it was fastened, she thought. But no, it yielded to the touch, and she entered without making a sound.

The entry parlor lights were dim, but from the door of the sleeping room came a flood of light. She crossed the room and stood on the threshold. Horror of horrors! A woman lay on her bed asleep with her head turned away; a white hand dropped over the side of the bed, and a flood of hair streamed over the pillow. Eva Forrester's nerves seemed changed to wires of steel. She only glanced around to make sure no one was in the room; she softly approached the bed, the bottle clinched tightly in her hand. A table was drawn up to the bedside, and on it was placed a vase of flowers and a smelling bottle.

With her hand resting on the table, Eva bent forward to see the face of her rival. It was a sweet and lovely face, scarcely the one that might be looked for in a woman who would be found in such a situation.

"Wretch!" she muttered, taking a step nearer, but at the same time she heard her husband coming.

"Why, who is here?" exclaimed a lady's voice at the door.

Another woman! In sheer surprise Mrs. Forrester turned her head and saw Mrs. Marvin, the lady who owned the suite of rooms next her own. The lady stood looking at her in astonishment. Their acquaintance was too slight to warrant such a visit on either side.

"Why, how in the world happened you to come into my rooms?" cried Mrs Marvin, too much surprised to be very polite.

"Your rooms!"

Eva looked about her. Sure enough, she was in the wrong room.

After explanations and apologies; Mrs. Forrester gathered up her wraps, which had dropped off upon the floor as she entered, and sought her own apartment. But not with a light heart. She might find something as bad there.

Mrs. Marvin's sister had arrived only that night; but perhaps she was not the only new comer in the house.

A light under the door here, too. She made sure that she had the right door, and again the door yielded to her hand; again the dim light in the parlor and the bright light beyond.

This time Mrs. Forrester looked about the room. Yes, that was her furniture, and the canary gave a sleepy warble as she entered. She went to the bedroom door, and, with a thickly-beating heart, stood on the threshold. No flood of fair hair and no white hand were there to wring her heart, but a brown-haired head on the pillow, and a pair of brown eyes open and looking at her.

"Won't you lock the back parlor door, Eva?" her husband asked, sleepily.

She started and tried to recover herself.

"Why didn't you lock it?" she asked.

"I left it open for you," he replied.

"But I said I should stay all night," she exclaimed.

"I didn't think you would, dear, after you received that note," he remarked coolly.

"That note!" she cried.

"Yes; didn't he bring it to you, though?" He couldn't help smiling.

"James, what do you mean?" his wife asked, breathlessly, coming to the bedside, having hidden the fatal phial in her pocket

He stretched out his hand, and drawing a little stand nearer, took from it the facsimile of the note Eva had received.

I couldn't bear to have you away from me so long," he said.

Then, as she burst into tears, half of joy, half of terror for the awful crime she had only just escaped, he put his arm around her.

"Forgive me dear!" he said, tenderly. "It was a cruel jest, I didn't think you would take it so hard."

It was some time before she was quite calm, having told him all her story, not omitting the vial, frightening him nearly to death.

He learned by that never to tease his wife with making her jealous again. Jealousy, he saw, was no play and no weapon for a man to use.

They were quite reconciled at length, and happier than ever.

"But I did flirt awfully with Charles Clare," she said, penitently.

"So I saw," her husband said, dryly.

"You saw, then?" with a glad laugh. "Oh, sir, I have caught you. You didn't mean me to know, and you really cared enough for me to follow me, you, darling James!"

"Well, to tell the truth, I haven't been [illegible] ten minutes," he had to owe.

Acquaintance With Texas.

There ought to be an indissoluble tie between New Orleans and Texas, and that being the case, we copy the following article from the Houston *Union:*

Texas is known at last. The world is at last awake to her vast advantages over nearly all other lands. The time was in the memory of Texas journalists, still in the vigor of the prime of manhood, when the papers of the North and of Europe had scarcely a mention of Texas during a year, while their columns teemed daily with news, incidents and descriptions of California and all the States and Territories of the Great West. Now Texas is mentioned in the leading papers of the world, every day and everywhere.

Colonel Thomas A. Scott, president of the Texas Pacific railroad, takes a trip through this State to examine the proposed line of his road. Colonel Forney, the talented and versatile editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, accompanies him, as well as several other gentlemen of the North, of means and leisure. Colonel Forney writes letters to his paper descriptive of the fertility, health and advantages of Texas, which have made tens of thousands of people in the North wild with the desire to make their homes in Texas. Colonel Scott, in the interest of his great road, visits San Francisco, to get its people to build a road connecting that city with his road, the Pacific terminus of which is in San Diego. In his speech, as published in the *Union* of yesterday morning, he gives a glowing account of the fertility and latent wealth of Texas.

From New Orleans and Savannah to Philadelphia and New York, the twenty odd eastern branches of the Texas Pacific railroad are chiefly interested in it, because it runs through the vast and rich State of Texas. So it is with the western or Pacific feeders of the same road, from San Francisco to San Diego, and lower down on the Pacific coast. The time is near at hand when every railroad running west from the Atlantic and gulf coasts, from Portland, Maine, to Houston, Texas, will seek its Pacific and Asiatic connections over the Texas Pacific railroad. And the time is also near at hand when every railroad running east from the Pacific coast, from Oregon to San Blas, will seek its connections over the Texas Pacific railroad. Not only the whole United States will travel and trade, west and east, over this great railroad, but all Europe will travel and trade to Asia over this line, and all Asia will travel and trade to Europe over the same line. Texas is destined, through this great road, to become the common meeting ground of all the States and all the nations, Europe, the United States, Mexico, Japan, China, and all the vast Orient.

In this light which is the true one, what is the pitiful subsidy granted by the State of Texas to the Texas and Pacific railroad, about which some narrow-minded people make so much complaint? It is nothing but an advertisement of the State worth thousands of millions, paid for at a very low price.

Who has brought Texas at last to the notice and the admiration of the world? The hard worked and poorly paid journalists of the State, who, for the past twenty years, have advertised her gratis with all their might. Will they find their reward?

The Sir Walter Scott Statue.

The New York *World* says of this statue, which arrived in New York on the seventh instant:

The statue is of bronze, executed by Mr. Steele, of Edinburgh, and is said to be (by those who ought to know) a faithful representation of the deceased poet. Mr. Steele executed the original statue which now adorns the Scottish capital, Edinburgh, and the one which has just arrived is a counterpart of the original. Sir Walter is represented in a sitting position, wrapped in a Scotch plaid, with his faithful and favorite dog at his feet. The statue is over six feet high, and will be mounted upon a fine granite pedestal ten feet high, consisting of polished Aberdeen granite. The statue is the gift of the Scotch residents of this city solely, in honor and memory of their illustrious countryman. The committee of arrangements have decided that the statue shall be unveiled on St. Andrew's day, on which occasion it is intended to have a gala day. The various Scotch societies of New York, Jersey City, Newark and Brooklyn will parade in full Highland costume, and the Seventy-ninth Regiment (Highlanders) will also muster in their new kilts so as to make the ceremonies as imposing as possible. A banquet will take place at Delmonico's to commemorate the event.

The original site in the Park has been changed since the laying of the corner-stone last year. The one now selected is opposite that whereon the statue of Shakespeare now stands, as it was considered by the Park Commissioners to be a more appropriate location.

The Florida Ship Canal.

The St. Louis *Democrat* of Wednesday says:

Mr. J. T. Wiswall, of Mobile, is in the city, and was on 'Change yesterday. He is deeply interested in the success of the proposed ship canal across the peninsula of Florida from St. Marks to Fernandina. This canal is entirely practical, and would be of vast use to the government as well as a great aid to our interior and foreign commerce, by giving Mobile a short and safe outlet to the Atlantic. Mr. Wiswall thinks the various Boards of Trade of the West should adopt resolutions requesting the Legislatures of their respective States to memorialize Congress upon this subject. He believes that if Congress were thus urged a survey would be ordered at once, and the great utility of the canal demonstrated. We have no doubt if Mr. Wiswall would take the matter in hand he could procure the adoption by the Exchange board of directors of just such a resolution as he might wish respecting this important project. St. Louis is deeply interested in everything that pertains to adding new avenues to the ocean, and would undoubtedly respond to Mr. Wiswall's proposition heartily if she had an opportunity.

Circulating a Grant Journal.

The following New York special to the St. Louis *Republican* shows "how it is done:"

The *Times* is publishing at the head of its editorial columns a list showing large accessions to its subscription list. The Manchester, New Hamp-hire, *Union* give the key to the *Times'* sudden prosperity as follows: It says the following circular has been sent to every postmaster in the State, under the frank of Senator Craigin:

OFFICE REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE,
Concord, N. H., August 27, 1872.

SIR—Will you have the goodness to give us the number of subscribers to the New York *Tribune* in your town, whether weekly, semi weekly or daily? We propose to send all such a copy of the New York *Times* until after the November election. You will be furnished with a copy of the *Times* for your own use. Send at once.

O. C. MOORE, Chairman.

B. F. PRESCOTT, Secretary.

Commenting on the outrage, the *Union* observes: "The *Tribune* advocates no doctrines now which it did not advocate twelve months ago, yet, when Mr. Greeley attempts to give practical effect to the theory of reconciliation, which he has so ably urged since the close of the war, the hounds of the administration are turned loose upon him, not only to defame his character, but to ruin his business.

A Washington special says:

It appears to be pretty generally believed by those informed on the subject that the mixed claims commission will make heavy awards to the British claimants for cotton seized during the war. A gentleman who has ample facilities for ascertaining the facts, expresses the opinion that the awards in favor of these claimants will go far toward making an offset to the awards in favor of the United States made by the arbitrators of the Genava conference. One party alone in New York, it is said, has about twenty claims pending, averaging about $50,000 each, all of which must be rated valid, and there are many more on the same footing, some of which are larger in amount.

The drum of a column from the temple of Ephesus has been received at the British Museum. Ten horses were required to draw it.

"Elfie or the Cherry Tree Inn."

This play has been produced on the New Orleans stage, and some of our readers are familiar with it, but as it is underlined for the Academy of Music, and will shortly be brought out there, we reproduce what the Memphis *Appeal* says about the drama and the company that will perform it:

A strikingly sensational drama, with the very English title of "Elfie, or the Cherry Tree Inn," was repeated at the theatre last evening. Dion Boucicault, the most famous play writer of modern days, is the author, and, as might be expected, the piece is full of plot and counter-plot. A young sailor is in love with a miser's daughter who returns his love, but the paternal blessing is wanting, owing to his impecuniosity. He encounters a London burglar who promises him wealth, but instead "counterfeits his presentment," robs the miser of his gold and jewels in the character of the poor but honest *Jack Tar. Elfie*, (Miss Sydney Cowell) overhears an important secret which the house breakers divulge, goes to London with blind *Sailor Joe* (Mr. Pike), and develops the entire story. Mr. J. Wesley Hill gave a very characteristic personation of *Bob*, the mate of an Indiaman. His costume was thoroughly correct, and there was a naturalness about his every movement that fully identified him with the character he was called upon to represent. Miss Sydney Cowell was *Elfie, the Maid of the Inn*, to the life, and her sweet singing at the hearth of the old village inn found an echo in every heart. More especially was this the case when she trilled Douglas Jerrold's feeling words, "All in the Downs the Fleet lay Moored." Her appreciation of the character of the pretty bar-maid was most natural, and in the more pathetic scenes she struck a chord that vibrated through every heart. Miss Hawthorne had very little to do, but she testified that she will not slight even a minor part, when placed in her hands. Mr. DeGroat is one of the actors of the old school, and to say that his village doctor was a rare and refreshing piece of acting, is only to pay him a moderate compliment. He was indeed a portraiture of our English village doctors, blunt, yet full of gentleness, with his patients his only care. Mr. Pike, who is ever careful, was really good as *Joe*, the blind sailor, while Mr. Roland Reed made a most eccentric character of *Sadlore*, and received a double encore for his comical singing of a London song, "The Hen Song."

Boarding House Life.

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: "To think of it! Not even a dog to lick his hand, or a cat to purr, and rub her fur against him! Oh! these boarding houses! What forlorn people one sees stranded on their desolate shores! Decayed gentlewomen, with the poor wrecks of what once made their households beautiful disposed around them in narrow chambers as they best may be, coming down day after day, poor souls, to sit at the board with strangers, their hearts full of sad memories which have no language but a sigh, no record but the lines of sorrow on their features; orphans, creatures with growing tendrils and nothing to cling to; lonely rich men, casting about them what to do with the wealth they never knew how to enjoy when they shall no longer worry over keeping and increasing it; young men and young women, left to their instincts, unguarded, unwatched, save by malicious eyes, which are sure to be found and to find occupation in these miscellaneous collections of human beings, and now and then a shred of humanity like this little specialist, with just the resources needed to keep the 'radical moisture' from entirely exhaling from his attenuated organism, and busying himself over a point of science, or compiling a hymn-book, or editing a grammar or dictionary. Such are the tenants of boarding houses, whom we can not think of without feeling how sad it is when the wind is not tempered to the shorn lamb—when the solitary whose hearts are withering are not set in families."

Pere Hyacinthe's Wife.

[From the New York World.]

Mrs. Emilie J. Merriman, who has married Pere Hyacinthe in London, will be remembered by many persons in this city and Brooklyn as one who has led a very eventful life. She was separated from her husband some years before his death, sold a small house and couple of lots in Brooklyn, which he had deeded to her, and went with her daughter to travel abroad, acting as agent for a "patent" corset, and endeavoring to act as corr spondent to papers, in which last she was not successful.

Mrs. Meriman was converted to Romanism while on this trip. After her husband's death she returned to this city, in order to obtain the money for an insurance upon his life, which he had presented to her during their early married life, and which she had kept paid up while abroad. While here she became reconverted to Protestantism, under the ministrations of the Rev. Joseph Thompson, of the Church of the Tabernacle, but finally left New York and went back to Paris, where Pere Hyacinthe converted her back again to Romanism, and was converted by her to matrimony.

Corn for Europe.

The St. Louis *Democrat* says:

It has finally become an indisputable fact that bulk grain may descend the Mississippi river and proceed to a European market, via the gulf, with as much safety as attends its transit via the lakes and New York city. Cargoes of corn from New Orleans to Liverpool are now becoming quite common, and ceases to attract attention. On Saturday last the iron steamer St. Louis cleared from New Orleans with 50,000 bushels aboard, and the rate charged was thirteen pence per bushel. Our object here is to note the high rate of freight asked, and we are told the captain wanted fourteen pence, making cotton the basis of his grain charge! What stupidity! Cotton is a freight rated everywhere higher than grain, which is rated as fourth class. If this sort of figuring is to obtain in New Orleans, the great water route may as well "dry up" so far as Western produce is concerned.

Ingenious Smuggling Device Frustrated.

NEW YORK, September 8.—Fifteen thousand cigars were found smuggled on the steamer Morro Castle, from Havana done up in rubber bags, ready to be thrown overboard as the steamer came up the harbor from Sandy Hook. Two small boats followed the steamer from off the Hook some distance up the bay, evidently waiting to pick them up. The presence of customs officers on board, who boarded the steamer some distance below, prevented the success of the smugglers, who are first ward politicians, and who have been engaged in this business for a long time. All the cigars were of the finest brand.

This is from the New York *Tribune* of Saturday:

We reprint to-day, from the *Maine Standard*, a well-considered and reasonable estimate of what the Liberals and Democrats of that State may properly expect. It shows beyond question that if they are able to reduce the average majority of 16,000 twenty-five per cent, bringing it down to 12,000, a similar decease of the Grant vote all over the Union would insure the election of Greeley and Brown by an overwhelming majority of the electoral vote. It would be fairer to compare with the last State election majority in a year when Grant was a candidate. The State was then carried by 29,403, and twenty-five per cent reduction even on this would indicate a percentage, which, if carried throughout the Union, would far more than insure our triumph. We should like to see the Liberals do much better than this, but in view of the tyrannical organization of the Grant party and their lavish expenditure of money in the campaign, it is possible that they may fall a little below it. They have made a most gallant fight, but the odds were overwhelming from the start.

On reaching Florence station, on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, the other day, Conductor House called out its name to the passengers inside the ladies' coach with much emphasis, when a young lady by that name from Winchester responded, "Yes, sir," and started toward him. The commotion this little incident occasioned among the passengers, and the blushes which crimsoned Miss Florence's face on discovering her mistake, can easily be imagined.

UNCLE SAM'S CAPTURES.

Among the Flags of Rebeldom—Monuments of the Bravery of the Boys in Blue—Short History of the Captured Trophies.

The Washington *Chronicle* of Saturday contains the following interesting article:

In one of the old houses on Seventeenth street, nearly opposite the War Department, are deposited all the Confederate flags captured by the Union forces. There are several hundred of these emblems of revolt, and to each there is a history attached, which, if written by persons familiar with the particulars connected with them, would make very interesting reading. As they appear in the back room of the house mentioned, to the eye of the casual visitor memory runs back to the time when they were borne aloft at the head of frenzied columns by men who were goaded on by designing leaders to imbue their hands in the blood of kindred, and endeavor to destroy the government by which they were protected. Reflections like these must occur as one gazes at these mute memorials of a struggle in which such mighty hosts partook, and for the results of which a wondering world took pause to watch.

These memorials of many a deadly encounter are hung around the walls, others are suspended from the ceiling, and the remainder are carefully folded up, docketed and numbered, and placed away in pigeon holes. The entire room is upholstered with the most noticeable of these trophies, and they represent many of the States that were early in revolt, prominent among which may be mentioned Virginia. The material of which these flags are composed is as various as the States they represent, and proves conclusively the straits to which the rebels were obliged to resort at some periods of the struggle to maintain some semblance of the customs observed by men engaged in a conflict of arms. Many of the flags are made of fine silk, and the dates inscribed on them show that they belonged to organizations formed anterior to the war. Others of the same material, finished with neatness, and formed in accordance with the design adopted by the Confederacy for their first flag, show that they were made in the early part of the struggle. Others again are made of coarse cotton or English bunting, and one gives unmistakable evidence of having at one period done duty as a lady's dress. This belonged to a North Carolina regiment, and was presented by a lady of that State, possibly the one who previously wore it as a dress, as it bears this inscription: "Presented by Mrs. W. T. Sutherland."

The shafts to which the flags are attached, in a majority of cases, are of very rude material, undressed hickory poles being evidently a favorite article. Coarsely dressed poles, similar to ordinary broom handles, are also to be seen, and some of wood are highly polished with varnish.

All the flags are numbered to correspond with a record kept in a ledger, where the history of each is set forth. This gives the date of capture, the name of the captor, the regiment, brigade and division to which he belonged, the battle in which it was taken, the inscription born on it, which tells it own history, and any other matter of interest connected with its capture.

Many of the flags are blood-stained, telling the story of some poor fellows who died defending them, and almost all of them are torn into shreds, showing that they have passed through showers of musketry. Some that were riddled with balls bear on them clumsily sewn patches, indicating that the men had tried upon the field to remedy the ravages of the battle.

A few of these mementoes of the "Lost Cause" seem to have passed through but little rough service. They are made of course serge or flannel and of English bunting. They are inscribed with the names of historic fields, such as "Shiloh," "Lookout Mountain," "Donaldson," etc. These are evidently the successors of some worn out in the service, and were captured at a late date in the struggle without having been exhibited in many battles.

The collection as a whole is full of interest, and to the reflective mind they can not but afford much material for thought as they are gazed upon in their depository, where they rest as evidences of an abortive attempt to perpetuate slavery and prevent the triumph of free institutions.

The following description of a few of these flags, with the inscriptions borne on them, taken at random, may not be without interest:

No. 205 is a black flag, made of coarse cotton, having a white star of the same material in the centre, and bears the inscription, "Winchester." The official record gives this history of it: "Captured within the rebel lines near North Mountain, Maryland, August 1, 1864, by Detective C. H. Marsh, of the Middle Division."

No. 242 is an artillery guidon, made of coarse, blue flannel, with a white cotton border, and has a white, circular centre piece of common cotton, bearing cross cannon painted black as emblems. It is inscribed "Fifteenth Alabama Regiment," and is much bloodstained.

No. 225 is a Confederate battle-flag. It is suspended from the ceiling, and bears the inscriptions, "Baton Rouge," "Port Hudson," "Shiloh," "Jackson." The material is red flannel and blue silk, upon which are twelve gilt stars. The record says it was captured by the cavalry corps of the military division of the Mississippi, at the battle of Richland creek, December 16, 1862.

No. 88, the North Carolina flag mentioned above, is made of common blue silk, now torn into shreds. It is inscribed "North Carolina; on to victory. Presented by Mrs. W. T. Sutherland." Other portions of the inscription are illegible. It is attached to a rough, undressed pole. The record states that it was captured by Private James Sweeney, Company A, First Veteran cavalry, October 19, 1864.

One of the first adopted flags of the Confederacy is made of red, white and blue silk, the colors much faded, and bears the stars and bars and these words: "We collect our own revenues." "We choose our own institutions."

An Alabama flag is inscribed: "Our homes, our rights, we intrust to your keeping, brave sons of Alabama."

A Norfolk, Virginia, flag has the motto: "Sic Semper Tyrannis" on the upper part, and these words in the centre: "Presented by the ladies of Norfolk to the N. L. A. Blues, organized February 22, 1830. In the centre is the Virginia coat-of-arms, badly shattered.

A Georgia flag bears the coat of arms of that State. It represents the entrance to a temple, above which is the word "constitution." On three pillars in front are figures with the words "Wisdom," "Justice," "Moderation" severally inscribed on them, to indicate what they are supposed to symbolize. On the reverse are the words, "We yield not to our country's foes." The fate of the flag is a sad commentary on the want of the essential qualities in the men who sent it into battle which are inscribed on the pillars of the temple as above mentioned. This flag is inscribed, "Washington Rifles—organized May 1, 1858."

A Confederate battle flag, No. 22, bearing the stars and bars, has the words *Dulce et de corum est pro patria mort*," in faded gilt letters on it. The record says it was captured at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, by the Sixtieth Regiment, New York Volunteers, Colonel Abel Goddard, of the Twelfth army corps.

No. 150 is the flag of the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment. It is made of coarse English bunting, and is covered with a record of battles in which it appeared. There is another flag captured from the same regiment.

A blue silk flag has the following inscription in gilt letters: "Presented by the ladies of Bath. God protect the right." On the reverse are the Virginia coat of arms and motto.

No. 102 is a red, white and blue silk flag, with the stars and bars, having on it the Georgia mottoes above mentioned. On the reverse are the words, "Presented by the ladies of Henry."

No. 237 is a Confederate battle-flag, inscribed: "Benjamin Infantry. Organized April 24, 1861. Clayton county, Georgia. 'Strike for your altars and your firesides.'" The record states it was captured by the third cavalry division and first and second brigades, second cavalry division, army of the Cumberland, under General Kilpatrick, in the raid on the Macon railroad, August 20, 1864.

The above are but few of the trophies in the collection, and the mention of their being accessible to the public may be the means of inducing some of those who aided in their capture and can add something of interest to their history to go there and add it to what is known and on record, and so perfect, as far as may be possible, what will some time hence be regarded as among the most interesting of the archives connected with the great rebellion.

Pere Hyacinthe on His Marriage.

This is a special to the St. Louis *Democrat:*

NEW YORK, September 11.—Father Hyacinthe's letter on his marriage, in the *Independent* this week, causes wide comment and much excitement among Roman Catholics. These are the principal parts of his letter: If I had left my convent for the purpose of marrying—which was not the case—I would not hesitate to admit it, for I should have done nothing which could not be openly avowed before those who place the marital law of God, with its inalienable rights and duties, above human laws, and especially above conventional engagements. That which is really a matter of guilt and blame, is to drag on without conviction, too often without morality, the chains of obligations which have ceased to bind, save only out of deference to the prejudices of the world and the calculations of individual interest.

That which ought to excite reprobation; that which, for my part, I have always looked upon with horror, is not marriage. But, sir, unswerving faithful to the principles of the Catholic Church, I feel myself in no manner bound by its abuses, and I am profoundly convinced that among the most fatal of those abuses are perpetual vows. The fault of Luther lay not in that pure and pious marriage, in which his example might be followed by the larger number of those who load him with malediction. It was solely in his rupture with the legitimate traditions of the necessary unity of the church. In the presence of the deeply rooted and all-powerful prejudices which have prevailed for ages among the Latin nations, and especially among the French, I could never have been simple enough to hope that a few utterances against Papal infallibility and against compulsory celibacy would change, as by enchantment, the whole current of opinion. In making the declaration which I have never for one moment ceased to make, and which I now once more repeat, that I intend to remain a Catholic and a priest, I should not have practically ameliorated in any degree my position in regard to marriage. I should, on the contrary, have aggravated it, and I should have created for myself, in a certain sense, willfully, a situation which, to most, would have appeared illogical, insupportable and without solution. My marriage has no connection with any religious convictions, nor with any act of the twentieth of September, 1860—or rather, let me say, it is most intimately connected with them, but in that large and general sense which binds together all the steps achieved by a soul in progress toward light and liberty. I will express my meaning with entire openness. I owe to the rule of religious celibacy some of the most exquisite joys, some of the most profound and decisive experiences of my life, from the age of eighteen, when I chose it. I have observed it with a fidelity for which I give glory to God.

If now, at the age of forty-five, in the calmness as well as in the maturity of my judgment, my heart, of my conscience—in a word, of my whole being, I believe myself bound to renounce it, it is that marriage comes home to me as one of those laws of the moral government of the world which can not be set aside without overturning the fabric of life and running counter to the will of God. I believe that celibacy may be a holy and glorious exception. I only say that this law presents itself unmistakably to me when a man has reached in his heart as another exception, no less rare, holy and glorious, that pure and lofty love in which the world does not believe, because it is not worthy of it. Such a man, be he priest or be he monk, is the most absolute proof that he is not of the number of these self dedicated victims of whom the Gospel speaks. Such a man am I; and here, once more, I give glory to God for what He has wrought in me.

Killing a Catamount.

The Mobile *Tribune* gives us a racy little report:

Yesterday (Wednesday) evening, Mr John Hauser, living on the old Telegraph road, near the Three Mile Creek bridge, having his attention called to the fact that near by there were two animals seen, supposed to be the panthers reported to have walked the streets of this city with impunity at all hours of the night, took his rifle and went in pursuit of them. Coming up with them he fired, killing one of them at a distance of two hundred yards—a very good shot. The other took to the swamp. Mr. Hauser followed as close as the nature of the ground would permit, and fired three shots at the animal, which, on the third fire, fell to the ground, but the dogs could not be persuaded to go in and fetch it out, and Mr. Hauser did not care about going in himself.

The killed animal is said to be a catamount, which is a species of wild cat, and as it measures five feet from the tip of the nose to the socket of the tail, it is an unusually large specimen. Probably, after all, it may be a panther; but, until it is decided, we will await with anxiety the return of the *Register's* local, who has gone, as is his custom, to get the skin. The meat was divided among the negroes in the vicinity, Mr. Hauser only retaining a small portion.

A Sprightly Goat.

The Mobile *Tribune* reports this nice little goat story:

At one o'clock yesterday evening the crowd at the depot of the New Orleans, Mobile and Texas railroad, waiting for the in bound train, were witnesses to a feat accomplished by a goat, that puts to the blush all the thrilling performances of the Rolands and Harlows. The goat had been enticed into the large feed warerooms of Ober & Anderson, by the tempting display of mountains of well filled corn sacks. Being observed by one of the employes of the establishment, who made for the intruder with a broom handle, the animal jumped on the sill of an open window in the second story of the building, and, after casting one "longing, lingering look behind" at the golden cereal strewn upon the floor, sprang gallantly into the air, as wild stags are said to do in dime novels about Indians and things, and fell, not upon Government street wharf, but upon the canvas covering of a portable negro restaurant, underneath which six or seven sleepy politicians were sitting at the time. The fastening of the canvas gave away, letting the goat down uninjured, and the negroes, imagining that a retributive streak of lightning had fallen upon them, fled in dismay from the spot.

In the vicinity of the celebrated Cremorne Gardens, in London, a shocking tragedy has taken place lately. Two young Germans, supposed to have come from Berlin on what is vulgarly termed a "spree," had spent all their money in company with two girls—one a German and the other English. On a certain night they locked themselves in a bedroom with the determination to commit suicide together. When the room was forced open the younger man, Hermann Negal, was found lying on a couch, shot through the heart. The other one, Paul May, was stretched on the floor, also wounded, but not fatally. After being revived by stimulants and the hemorrhage checked, he gathered strength, and there is now a possibility of his recovery.

A Washington special says:

It is currently reported here that the Board of Public Works has about exhausted the $4,000,000 loan in the improvements being made here, and that some sharp financiering will be required to keep work in motion until Congress assembles. To carry out the measures of improvement already under way will require large appropriations in the future, which must either come from Congress or be abandoned, as the money already expended on special taxes represents at least one-eighth of the entire value of the property of the city.

The Woodville *Republican* says:

We have been informed that the squirrels are emigrating from Louisiana to