

New Orleans Republican. OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES. OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS. LIVES MYSTERY. A man who lives in the water...

SKETCH. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALBERT HASTINGS."

We have stood on the rocky beach of the enchanted Antilles in a sea-washed grove, embraced by the grounds of Lord...

Independent Judgment.

There are comparatively few strongest making capable of exercising this prerogative, which pertains to every human being.

assertion, that when feminine wit assumes the evil task, it is powerful in controlling the judgment of those exposed to its subtle and unerring industry.

A Lascar's Combat With a Shark.

We had not long come into the roadstead at Madras, when a circumstance occurred which I can not help relating. There was a Lascar on our ship who was very expert in handling a catamaran, a kind of raft made of two logs, which in this place rolls in very heavy seas.

St. Louis Steamboat News.

The Mohawk towed up two barges containing 600 tons of railroad iron. She will get away to-day at noon for New Orleans with two barges, having 100 tons of freight, including about 500 bulk grain.

BLESSING THE SHAMROCK.

To-morrow being St. Patrick's Day, we reproduce Miles O'Reilly's beautiful lines on the shamrock.

KILL OR CURE.

"The major is a capital fellow, doctor," I said, as I sat down to smoke our cigars in the garden, after an early dinner.

The Freedmen's Savings Bank.

This is a Washington telegram to the St. Louis Globe. Charles A. Meigs, the bank examiner, has made a report on the savings banks of the district, which is forwarded to and printed by Congress.

"treatment." All have failed. Doctors are no use to me. "Then why I ask why you have come here?"

DOG-GOLD'S ESCAPE.

The Story Told for the First Time. (From the New York Times.) PHILADELPHIA, March 10.—The Academy of Music was densely crowded this evening with an intelligent audience, who gathered to witness the performance of the play...

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"And hasn't killed anybody?" "And doesn't want to." "By Jove! I would be too sure of that. And so the girl he wanted to murder married the Major?"

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A SYNOPSIS.

In the year 18—, just after the general election, the Fusion treason, a malignant fever, broke out among the "most respectable" of the State.

OUR DEAD.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade. Where cold and unheeded his relics are laid. Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed. As the night dew that falls on the grass over the dead.

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