New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

is published every day (Mondays excepted) at No. 54 Camp street. Terms: $12 a year, $6 for six months; $3 for three months—payable invariably in advance. Single copies five cents.

Office—No. 54 Camp street.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Squares.	One month	Two months	Three months	Six months	One year.
One	$12	$22	$30	$50	$75
Two	22	38	50	80	125
Three	30	50	70	110	175
Four	38	67	90	140	225
Five	46	80	105	170	275
Six	54	92	120	200	325
Seven	60	105	135	230	375
Eight	65	115	150	260	400
Nine	70	125	165	290	450
Ten	75	135	180	320	500
Eleven	80	145	195	350	540
Twelve	85	155	210	380	580
Thirteen	90	165	220	410	620
Fourteen	95	175	230	440	660
Fifteen	100	185	240	470	700
Thirty	175	330	450	750	1200

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

Second page monthly advertisements, each square, $30 per month.

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

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

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

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

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

THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN

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

Terms of Subscription.

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

Advertisements.

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

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

AN OLD GOLD DIGGER.

He Calls for a Deposit and Gets His Coin.

The facts narrated herein were told us yesterday by a gentleman who declared he would vouch for their authenticity. A few days ago a man dressed in plain but neat clothes, presented himself at the office of the cashier of the United States Branch Mint, and said he would like to make a draft on the institution.

"Does the mint owe you anything?" asked the cashier.

"A small sum. I believe I have on deposit somewhere in the neighborhood of 160 ounces of gold dust."

"I don't remember having received any such sum recently."

"No; I reckon not, for you see I don't think you were here when I made the deposit," and the stranger produced from his pocketbook a brown, age-begrimmed looking piece of paper, which he handed to the gentlemanly cashier.

The latter took the paper and read, "Received of ———, in 1854, 160 ounces of gold dust, etc," and then exclaimed, "Why this has been here for nineteen years!"

"I guess it's about that time. You see I came down from the mines in 1854, bringing with me some dust. A little dab I deposited here, while a good deal more was gambled and fooled away—drinking and sich. Then I really don't remember much more about what happened until I found myself at sea, in the forcastle of a ship. I was told that I had shipped a sailor, and may be I did; at any rate there was no help for it, and I did my duty as well as I knew how until I was discharged in Australia, when I went off to the mines in that country, and have been trying my luck in almost every quarter of the globe. But times have changed a great deal from the flush days of early California. I could spin you an interesting life yarn, but this is not the time or place, so if the documents are all right I will trouble you for the little um."

An examination of the books revealed the fact that the amount had been deposited and never called for, but was always kept in readiness for the depositor. The man was informed that the government did not pay interest on deposits, but was always ready to pay the principal. A few moments more and the equivalent of the dust deposited nineteen years before was handed across the counter and gathered up by the visitor, who, bidding the cashier "good-day," went on his way rejoicing.—*Alta California.*

Burial or Burning.

[From the New York Times.]

How to dispose of the bodies of the dead has always been more or less of a puzzle to mankind, judging from the variety of means resorted to for the purpose. In classic days they were burnt up, and the ashes collected and preserved in neat little urns appropriately labeled, which made the nicest possible ornaments for the centre table or mantel-piece of a Greek or Roman parlor. The Egyptians, on the other hand, preferred to embalm their ancestors, and stick them up against the walls of their dining-rooms, much after the style of family portraits in the present day. It is a curious instance of the tendency of human fashions to repeat themselves that both of these processes are beginning to find advocates at the present day. Our readers know how the dead Mazzini was converted into a particularly unpleasant-looking mummy for the delectation of his friends and followers, and now in England a movement appears to have been started in favor of a return to the plan of incrementation.

Rev. Charles Voysey, whose views of doctrinal matters will hardly be deemed by conservative church-goers more heterodox than his position in regard to interments, thinks that dead bodies should be chemically destroyed and the ashes inurned and "disposed of according to the wishes of the survivors in consecrated places, in niches of the walls of churches, or in mortuary chapels designed for their reception." This is practically a return to the classic custom, and is the fashion which, according to Lord Lytton, will obtain under the coming dominion of the Vril-ya. Both the medical journal and the reverend gentleman address as strong a case against the present method of interment as its comparative uncleanness and its danger in a hygienic point—a danger which, in a country like Great Britain, of limited area and dense population—is probably not exaggerated.

To a majority of people any assertion that burying their dead in vaults or in the earth is not the best and only proper way to dispose of them, will doubtless come with the shock of something like heresy. Long habit has invested the practice with a sanctity to which the monumental brasses of stately cathedrals and the peaceful loveliness of such cities of the dead as Greenwood and Mount Auburn have added a touch of tender poetry very alluring to the imagination. Yet it can not be gainsaid that there is a force in the arguments advanced against inhumation, and one day they will have to be considered. Every now and then tradition is shaken by such an accident as that at Binghamton, where the cemetary was flooded by the spring freshets, or the still more painful one at Little Rock, where the graveyard with all its relics was swept entirely away by the rising of the river. Incidents like these—and they are hardly to be avoided, as Trinity Church yard itself may witness—shock the sensibility which clings to the sacredness of a grave. One of these days, perhaps, sensibility may be shocked into reasoning and the—who knows?—it may be found that Rev. Mr. Voysey and the urn loving ancients where right.

An Iowa woman put a couple of dozen eggs into her bed so they shouldn't freeze while she was absent a few days, and on her return home late at night bounced into bed and bent them so fearfully out of shape that she was obliged to remove them with a coal shovel and a chip. But not one of them was frozen.

[Written for the Sunday Republican.]

LEND A HAND.

BY MR. P. S. S.

Life is made of ups and downs—
Lend a hand;
Life is made up of thorns and crowns,
If you would the latter wear,
Lift some crushed heart from despair—
Lend a hand!

Crowns are not alone of gold—
Lend a hand.
Diadems are bought and sold—
But the crowns that good men hold
Come from noble deeds alone—
Lend a hand.

Many crowns that many wear—
Lend a hand—
Never in the sunlight glare
Diamonds never in them share
Yet they hold a light divine—
Lend a hand.

Hold a light that never shall fade—
Lend a hand, a hand.
Beauty art hath, never fade,
For these crowns that good men wear
Everlasting are as rare—
Lend a hand.

Would you own so bright a crown?
Lend a hand.
When you see a brother down
Lead him from the deep dark night,
And place him in the morning light.

[For the Sunday Republican.]

NOT FOR JOSEPH.

BY CHIPS.

As a late writer has proven, to his own satisfaction, that Cain was insane when Abel was slewed, and would have been acquitted by any Abell judge, or any able jury, if twelve such could have been panelled before reading the peoples' paper of those days, it is just as certain that all goodness credited to Joseph—and to which the distance of time lends enchantment—rightfully was not for Joseph. The stories of Joseph, and William Tell, and the little hatchet, and the young man who stood on top of the burning deck with the good little boy who gave his pleayune to the missionary, instead of buying the pickled lime he wanted so much, have been on duty for a long time. Some rash innovaters would willingly give them a rest, and hazard the correct rearing of a child without the use of these little anecdotes. I am not one of those. A good story can not be told too often. It don't hurt the story. It employs the chin and conveys a moral.

Joseph was the son of his father on his mother's side. His father's name was Jacob, also called Israel. Now, whether Joseph was Jacob's son, or Israel's son, does not appear; but he had a mother, and eleven brothers—ten older, and one younger than himself. His brothers were all industrious, and labored hard as stock raisers; but the good Joseph never did work. Toll disagreed with him. He dreamed dreams, he did. He saw visions for a living, and told them to his father. This took the old man. Nothing was too good for the boy. He suited his father, and his father gave a suit to him. The coat was a regular Mardi-Gras. It had many colors, and many pieces; but it made no peace in the family. The brothers didn't mind the dream business much; but they could not stand the checkered coat. Although sugar-coated to his father, Joseph was a bitter pill for his brothers. One day they asked him to dream for them a little in the fields, and, when there, cast him into a pit. Joseph may, or may not, have been the first theatre deadhead on record; but ancient writers, angered against the brothers, say he was put in the pit for nothing.

Now, as Joseph was regularly pitted against his brethren, they had a family meeting and decided that the thing to do was to sell him instead of killing him. A little money was better than blood. As a stage hero rushes from behind a canvass tree just the moment he is wanted to rescue a fleeing maiden from the clutches of the front wood robber, pursuing her with a wide belt, buckle and dark lantern to a violin step, so along at this moment comes Potiphar, agent, and buys up Joseph from the pit. Jacob or Israel is made to believe his son is dead, for the patch work coat comes back to him wallowed in the gore of a kid, and his head is bowed in sorrow.

Joseph now feels that he has been regularly sold, but determines to make the best of all the Egyptian mummery his owners may try to come over him. So he travels on through Egypt, down to the land of Goshen, although it would not pay to legislate butter in his mouth.

Introduced to the household of Pharaoh, by strict attention to business he soon found favor at the court of that monarch. There was none of that intelligent or reasonable prejudice against him on account of his failure to have been born in Ireland, or descended from the oldest and worst families of enlightened Egypt. The grief assuaging postscript, announcing that he had been a resident of the place for the last twenty-five years, could not have been added to his obituary notice in the Egyptian *Times*, but unlike other young men, he did not lay awake nights for that. He became a useful citizen. He had his little dreams, and saw visions as usual. Those about the seven lean and seven fat cows, and the seven ears of corn by the river, pleased the king, and Joseph was promoted from chief bookkeeper to treasurer, in fact he became the Pharaoh banker of the royal palace. He was a handsome man and had curly hair resembling the Tax Contributor, who was also a great beau in those days. Among his other accomplishments he had a tolerably good voice, and used to sing ballads under corner lampposts, and accompany himself on the jews harp, which he was allowed to bring with him.

Unbeknown to Joseph, his sweet voice had its effect on Mrs. Potiphar. She was an exceedingly ill tempered woman, and was no longer young, but conceived a great liking for Joseph. One day he had a little difficulty with this lady, and came away without his overcoat, being in a hurry to attend to some business down town in connection with his bank. Mrs. Potiphar felt herself snubbed, and informed the king that in her opinion the young Hebrew gentleman was not a fit person to have about the house. It was the old story of blame upon the wrong party, and so Joseph was cast into one of the prison wards, deprived of liberty without trial by jury—a precedent for what we now call a high-handed outrage—although it was a low proceeding then.

The prison was indeed a cell. But Joseph did not despair. He was faithful, and told the jailor he would not have his liberty again on any account, and for that reason was appointed overseer of the hard labor yard, where he enjoyed himself seeing others work, but hardened not his own hands. He saw some more visions, and got the prison baker to dream, also, that he might practice on interpretation. The baker told one laughable dream, wherein he said his head appeared like three baskets, and when he did walk the birds of the air ate from the top one. Joseph rather abruptly told the baker, who was a short weight loafer, that three baskets signified three days, at the end of which time he should be hung, and vultures would eat the whole top of his head off. This dream afterward came true, for Joseph had the baker hung to prove it.

Pharoah now saw that Joseph had too much genius to be longer employed as a criminal, and he took him from his jail, and made him Lieutenant-Governor of the State of darkness, and a power in the land. As his appointment was purely a military one, none questioned his right to rule.

These, my brethren, are some of the leading facts in the abused history of Joseph. One record is that of a young man who had an eye to the main chance; who resisted that which was not good for him, and cleaved unto what would pay—a line of conduct since recommended by Benjamin Franklin, and other eminent conservatives—so that repute for all goodness is not for Joseph. Go thou, and do the same.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

As if it were with an especial view to upsetting all our school boy lore, here comes a remarkable historical discovery, narrated by a Rio Janeiro correspondent of the New York *Herald*, to the effect that Brazil was discovered by the Phoenicians some five centuries or more before the Christian era. A planter living in Parahiba, one of the most eastern provinces in the Brazilian empire, has unearthed an engraved stone bearing a Phoenician inscription commemorating a visit to that place in the days of one of the King Hirams. A copy of the inscription was forwarded to the Historical Society of Rio for examination, and Senor Ladislao Netto, the director of the Rio Museum, has given much attention and great care to deciphering the hieroglyphics.

His efforts were successful and highly satisfactory, to himself at least, as he was able to make out the inscription sufficiently to learn that the stone in question was a commemorative monument erected by refugees, or exiles, who, after coasting down the Red sea and along the African coast for twelve lunar months, were drifted upon the American coast through some unknown agency, which the director explains through the medium of Commodore Maury's treatise on oceanic currents. Which of the Phoenician monarchs was the Hiram of the epoch does not appear, and the writer being in doubt whether it was Hiram King of Tyre, the ally of King Solomon, who reigned from 980 to 947, B. C., another sovereign of that name who occupied the Phoenician throne from 558 to 532, B. C., or still another of which we have no clear historic record, who must have come after, concludes that the voyage was made in the years 541-542, B. C., twenty-six years after the siege of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar, and four years before the reign of Cyrus.

It is not our purpose to examine the subject from a scientific standpoint, nor to discuss it on the score of probable truth as regarded from a historic point of view. It is perhaps very doubtful if we shall ever receive any more satisfactory information concerning the recent discovery than has been given by the learned pundit, and it is well enough to swallow the story as genuine, rather than attempt to disprove the slightest item of the narrative.

To the schoolboy of romantic mind who has read of the trials and perils of the early voyagers, and learned from childhood to venerate and revere the names of Christopher Columbus, Americus Vespucius and others who, he was told, went forth on errands of discovery, and were the first to land on the American continent after years of diligent labor and peril, the recent intelligence that the Phoenicians are entitled to the credit hitherto accorded to the mariners of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries must be depressing in the extreme.

Then what aids to knock the romance out of history, as we used to read it, "ye ancient mariners" from Phoenicia found America without an effort, and without, so far as anything appears to the contrary, even a knowledge of what they had done. But then, after all, it is only a wonder that somebody didn't find the American continent ahead of the Phoenicians—it is such a big place it does seem as though they could hardly help finding it.

National Trophies at Auction.

The United States ordnance authorities offer at private sale an immense quantity of unserviceable material of war. Among these items are a large quantity of Confederate cannon and small arms, and some pieces captured in the war of the revolution. The war material captured in the civil war may well be disposed of. Trophies of a victory by one portion of a people over another should by no means perpetuate hostilities prejudicial to the united progress of a people. Senator Sumner went so far counter to the natural pride of military achievement as to suggest that banner inscriptions, commemoration the triumph of one part of a people over another, were unwise, and should, in a spirit of elevated fraternity, be omitted. This was expecting, perhaps, too much of the individuals with whose prowess and successes these mementoes were personal. It was not unlike the humanitarian who, seeing one man pummelling another prostrate beneath him, exclaimed "For the honor of old England, let him up!" "Ah!" replied the conquering combatant, "if you had known the trouble I had to get him here!"

But while much must be awarded to personal valor, the nation has no such feeling, and so the cannon captured in civil war might be as well cast into serviceable shape for the joint use of former antagonists against somebody else. The proposed sale of revolutionary and foreign trophies would be shameful. We copy a memorandum of some of them, and add our voice to that of the press generally in protest against such a desecration. Let all American journals unite in condemning this useless and disgraceful sacrifice.

Many of these guns are of elaborate workmanship, and are covered with coats of arms and appropriate legends in Latin and French. An English gun, scarred by a shot, cast in 1711, with the arms of the United Kingdom, the legend, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," and the inscriptions, "*Dieu et mon droit*," "*Spectemur agendo*." An English howitzer was cast in 1752, with the arms of the three Kingdoms, and the motto on a shield, "*Tres juncta in uno*," and dedicated, "*A rege et Victoria*." An English howitzer, taken by Wayne at the storming of Stony Point, July 15, 1779. There are a half-dozen or more field pieces of the French revolution, cast in 1788, and covered from breech to muzzle with mottoes and inscriptions from the classics and Republican poets of that era. Each bears the battle-cry of that great struggle, "*Liberte, Egalite*." There are guns of the French monarchy, cast in Strasbourg in the last days of Louis XVI., with the Bourbon arms and the names "La Poesie," "Donae," "Minerve," etc. Others there are, cast at Douay by Berenger in 1756, with profuse ornamentation, and the motto "*Ultima ratio regum*." Eight twelve-pounder British siege guns were surrendered to the American forces by the convention of Saratoga on October 17, 1777, and at the capitulation of Yorktown, October 19, 1781. These guns are carefully inscribed with the dates of their capture, and are histories in themselves.

The Death of General John H. Morgan

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

In a late issue of the REPUBLICAN I find an account of the death of General John H. Morgan, which is so full of errors that I beg of you permission to use the columns of your journal to correct them, and to do so I shall have to go back to the time when Morgan made his last raid.

About the first of June, 1864, General Morgan crossed the Cumberland mountains, going westward into Kentucky, with 2741 men. On the eighth he struck the federals in camp at Mount Sterling, capturing 300 men, destroying $500,000 worth of supplies and losing 100 men. On the ninth the federals attacked him, but he held on to his prisoners and made good his escape, reaching Lexington and Georgetown on the tenth, when some sharp fighting occurred, the federals being driven into their works, with the loss of sixty-five killed on picket alone. On the morning of the eleventh he attacked Cynthiana, and after a bloody engagement of four hours the federals surrendered, 1150 strong, having been whipped in detachments.

Morgan, satisfied that he was able to maintain himself in the centre of the federal camps, and 600 miles from the lines, took up a well chosen position and bivouacked for the night—his horses, though, remained saddled and his men booted.

At five o'clock next morning the federals, 5000 strong, under General Burbridge, struck Morgan's line, which had by this time, from severe losses and guards for the prisoners, been reduced to 1000 men. The attack was well planned, and the onslaught was like a storm, such as Morgan had made on many occasions. His men, though, were ready at the crack of the first rifle at the outposts, and the fight soon became general. After one hour's bloody work the lines of the Confederates gave way, and they were driven through the town and river; and of the 2700 men that had crossed the Cumberland but a few days previous, only 450 were left. These returned to Southwestern Virginia, and the command was reorganized and ready for the front on the tenth of August.

At this time Colonel Gillem commanded the federals and Colonel Vaughn the Confederates in East Tennessee. Gillem, in a score of skirmishes, had shown himself to be more than a match for Vaughn, and Morgan had been ordered to take command of this department, which he did immediately. The scouts he sent after Gillem always came back, bringing more empty saddles than prisoners, and Morgan, becoming displeased at the action of his scouts because they could neither force the enemy back on to Knoxville or capture him, determined to take his entire command to the front, and, if possible, punish the enemy by a decisive blow.

During the ten days that these detachments were operating Morgan was anxiously awaiting the arrival of General Duke, who was expected daily from the North on exchange. Morgan became so impatient that he could not wait longer for Duke to make a general attack, and on the morning of the second of September he left Jonesborough with 1600 men and four guns, and on the evening of the third he reached Greeneville and stopped for the night.

Vaughn's East Tennessee troops, about 500 strong, picketed the front one mile south of the town, sixty men being placed on duty in the road, and the remainder taking a strong position 100 yards east of the road. Giltner's brigade occupied the roads to the right, Smith's to the left, and the artillery, covered by a squadron, protected the rear of the town. Morgan's headquarters were situated in the centre of the command in the town.

At dark a most furious storm set in and and raged until five o'clock on the morning of the fourth. Soon after the storm subsided rapid firing was heard to the front, at Vaughn's post, which lasted for five minutes; then all was still as death. Ten minutes more and the federals were at Morgan's headquarters, and he was shot. Gillem had, through his scouts, learned the exact position of Morgan's command, and with 800 men he attacked Vaughn, dashed over him without firing a shot, rushed into the town, part of the command surrounded Morgan. He was shot, his remains thrown across a horse and carried to the rear and thrown upon the ground, where a few minutes after he breathed his last. Vaughn's command, after this dash, broke precipitately in every direction, and the artillery, after firing a few rounds, limbered up for the rear, followed by Smith's command, which had been posted east of the town, Giltner being cut off, after awaiting an hour for orders, crossed over to the main road in the rear of Greenville, and there learned the first news of the fall of his leader.

He fell back a few miles, posted his command in a splendid position, sent back a flag of truce for the remains, and General Gillem not only complied with the request, but he rendered every facility possible—loaning an ambulance for the purpose of carrying the remains back to Virginia, and showing every courtesy that a gallant soldier could possibly show even to a fallen friend.

The day afterward General Duke reached the command to find his comrade dead.

J. H. L.

It appears from a detailed exhibit of items of expense, published in the Chicago *Tribune*, a person can make the tour as a first class passenger from New York to Liverpool, London, Manchester, Paris, Turin via Mont Cenis tunnel, Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Rome, Naples, Bologna, Venice, Trieste, Padua, Verona, Milan, through Switzerland, Basle, Baden Baden, Heidelberg, Strasburg, Worms, Mayence, down the Rhine to Aix-la Chapelle, Cologne, Brussels, Antwerp, and back via London and Liverpool to New York, for $[illegible] less money than he can go from New York to San Francisco, San Jose, Geysers, Big Trees and Yosemite and back to New York, even though on the American tour the traveler should dispense with the comforts of a sleeping car.

Schonchin's Scalp in San Francisco.

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, of April 30, has the following:

A merchant of the settlement at Atlan, in Big Valley, seventy miles east of the lava beds, arrived in this city yesterday, having in his possession a scalp, said to be that of John Schonchin. It was received by him on Friday by express from his clerk, a man named A. B. Rine, who is with the troops. In a note dated at Davis' Bridge, April 23, 1873, Mr. Rine says:

"I send you John Schonchin's—one of the chiefs of the Modocs—scalp. There is no mistake in his identity. I bought it of a soldier on the nineteenth, two days after the battle that routed the Modocs from the lava beds. He cut it from the head himself. There was a citizen with him that I am well acquainted with. He said it was John Schonchin's scalp."

The trophy, which the gentleman carries in a little paper box in his pocket, is about ten inches long, literally sprinkled with gray. The skin is nearly a quarter of an inch thick, and it is evident that whatever frailties the Modoc had, he could not be accused of being thin skinned. The trophy was redolent, but the odor was not of Maccassar.

NEW ORLEANS.

The Past, Present and Future of the Crescent City—What She Needs to Make Her the Great Commercial Metropolis of the Gulf.

[Correspondence of the St. Louis Times.]

I have visited and hastily studied most of the great cities of North America. The City of Mexico, those of the Pacific slope, those of the lakes, exclusive of Chicago, and the Canadas remain for future visitation. I have noted the essential peculiarities in nature and civilization possessed by each of those I have seen. But a few days ago I made my second visit to New Orleans, and though my stay was short I sought to realize, in sentiment and hope, the present and future of the commercial metropolis of the Gulf of Mexico.

Forty-seven years before Pierre Ligueste Laclede landed where St. Louis now stands, or in 1717, New Orleans was founded by the French, whose rude forms of architecture and elements of imported civilization still linger in the city she now is.

Before the invention of the railway, or at least before its use had attained to the supremacy it now holds, New Orleans was looked upon as the future commercial metropolis of North America. After considering the geography of the Mississippi valley and noting the tendency of all its navigable waters to flow to and by New Orleans, foreign and home writers made no hesitation in declaring it a city destined to a wonderful future of commerce and greatness.

Said an English writer, as recently as 1840, when speaking of New Orleans: "The city is in the most favorable situation for the prosecution of the trade of one of the most important parts of the North American Union, being near the mouth of the great outlet to the valley of the Mississippi. It is already the emporium of the vast region which is drained by that river, the Missouri, the Red river, and their tributaries, and in future years, when settlements shall have extended through that fertile region, New Orleans may become the greatest commercial city of the West. There is no place in Europe or America which has equal natural facilities of internal navigation."

She was looked upon as destined to become the legitimate successor of Constantinople, of Venice and Genoa, as the commercial power of the world moved westward with the grand march of the human race. A kindred climate, similarity of waters and navigable advantages, together with superior resources surrounding on many sides, all conspiring to make her greater than her predecessors of the trans-Atlantic waters. But the parallel between the city of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, and that of the Gulf of Mexico, does not belong alone to the topographical character of the country surrounding each, for it is alike observable in the origin and growth of their respective civilizations. The serf labor of the Africans belonging to and around the one, had its parallel in the serf labor of the Levantes in and around the others, and the new civilization won by the city of the Adriatic throught the outlaws of the Roman empire fleeing from the vandal hordes of Attila, had their parallel in the carpet-baggers fleeing from the army of Grant to the city of the Gulf. And, as from the first grew the commercial supremacy of the world, may we not hope that better times will succeed the latter, and the city of the Gulf rise to be to the new world what the city of the Adriatic was to the old? The days have passed by when the fair daughters of Themistocles and Leonidas were bought and sold in the shambles of Smyrna; so, too, have the days passed when negro slaves were bought and sold in the markets of New Orleans. Thus situated, with national parallels and historical precedents found belonging to the queenly cities of other times, may we not justly assume that the fair honor won and lost by the commercial metropolis of the Adriatic may, through the lapse of time, be more than gained by the rising metropolis of the Mexican Gulf, and the merchant princes of New Orleans rival those of Venice, when she was the commercial mistress of Europe? Is not such a conclusion just, is not such a result inevitable? Yes! yes! yes! More than a rival, more than a superior, will the metropolis of the Gulf of Mexico be to the metropolis of the Adriatic when she "sate in state, throned on her hundred isles."

Crowd all the commercial splendor of Venice and Genoa with merchant princes ruling the world, and their fair women rising in the richest and most refined society that the earth could produce. Then add to these achievements and these refinements the more modern culture and wealth and fashion of Paris. Crowd all these into one metropolis of commerce, of fashion and fame, and the one whole will but feebly compare with the future growth, refinement and splendor of New Orleans.

In 1858 the exports of New Orleans amounted to $88,270,224; for the same year the exports of New York amounted to $83,639,741, showing that at that time the metropolis of the Gulf was almost the equal, as an exporting city, of the metropolis of North America. This alone is a word of promise to her future.

But sad enough it is that to-day New Orleans stands prostrate upon the threshold of the gulf, not so honored and hopeful as in former days. Misrule, the crisis she is now in, and the transition through which she is passing, have discouraged her merchants, paralyzed her commerce and caused her capitalists to doubt the future. Yet there is for her a future full of promise and achievement. But that future is beyond the present crisis; beyond the transition through which she is now passing. It can only be realized when the commerce of North America, when the commerce of the world is reorganized and conducted in harmony with the provisions of nature, and when a new social, political and intellectual order supplants the present. When considering what are some of the changes and improvements necessary to her future progress and greatness, one of the first things for the people to do is to provide good food for themselves and strangers to eat. At present her markets and hotel tables afford nothing fit to eat, save what grows in a vegetable line and in the way of fish and other products of the water. Her markets do not afford any beef fit to eat, nor are the pork and mutton any better. Her people do not use the best quality of flour, and can only boast of good liquors and tobacco, including cigars.

As to the water supplied to the city for domestic use, it is intolerable. It is neither clean, palatable nor healthy. Yankee enterprise would have long since provided something better.

There is no excuse for a want of good food and water in New Orleans, for both can be supplied almost as cheaply as the present unfit articles can.

Another matter of immediate consideration for the people of New Orleans is the elevation of the city. This is a necessity that cannot be neglected. A system of gradings, on a vast scale, without any reference to expense, must be inaugurated, and the entire city raised at least eight feet. It may be that this proposition will excite alarm, but no matter, for there is no bright future for the city of the gulf without it. Chicago has furnished an example and challenged the world to imitate the enterprise of her people.

Let the people of New Orleans but will to elevate their city, and the profits accruing will infinitely transcend those of Chicago. In short, the work must be done. Not only do the interests of the city itself demand it, but the commerce and civilization of the western hemisphere demand it.

Intellectual literary culture must find encouragement and support in New Orleans. Fourteen rich club rooms, with palatial mansions and spacious grounds, appropriated to a half lascivious life, and no encouragement of public lectures and little of literature, are not the things for an American city. Nor is it of any avail to the welfare of New Orleans for the still lingering but decaying ranks of a once boastful and self-constituted chivalrous society to die cursing the forerunners of the new order that is to reorganize and redeem to honor, splendor and power the fair metropolis of the gulf.

But I have said the future of New Orleans is wonderful beyond comprehension. Even the prostrate condition in which she now lies, is but the fructifying period in which the germinating principles of her future progress and greatness are organizing for the ascendency. The quickening power of her new life begets the labor pains of to-day, the promise of the new birth soon to be followed, with joy and thanksgiving. On all sides nature indicates her future. There she stands, the germ of the Venice of the New World, between the floods of two mighty rivers. One in the sea and one in the land; one giving life to the ocean, the other giving life to the continent. There she stands midway between Behring Straits and Cape Horn, and there as I behold her standing in the centre of a vast area of land and water, where rivers, and seas, and oceans, and islands and continents, and valleys, and mountains, and varied climate, and diverse races and nations of mankind all converging and existing together rich in the productive wealth of nature, I catch the inspiration of the future, and behold in the years to come those associated forms of nature and civilization, the bases of the grandest drama of human activity and human achievement, produced by the ages.

I realize that there, in the future, astride those tropical and semi-tropical lands and waters that lie around New Orleans, nature and a progressive civilization will erect a real empire of wealth and mind destined to be adorned and beautified by the fruition of all the once buried, but soon to be resurrected, hopes of navigators and explorers, of merchantmen and herdsmen, of inventors and artisans, and of orators and poets. Nature all around her conspires to make her great; she holds the key to the gulf; she has the middle land. Her majesteria growth and commercial attractions will draw all nations unto her. A thousand fleets, bearing the flags of every nationality on the globe, will, ere long, come to her gulf and to her harbor to take the surplus products of the great valley States of the North, which the argosies of populous and powerful cities will transport upon the great river of the continent to her harbor and her gulf. Other times and other people will see in her Mesopotamian sea the culmination of the maritime commerce of the world. Europe from the East, and Asia from the West, will pass by her doors and through the interoceanic canal soon to be constructed across the Isthmus, to reach each other, and then the Mediterranean of the new world will as surely transcend in commercial importance the Mediterranean of the old world as will the civilization and greatness of North America transcend that of Europe.

Still more the bloom of the magnolia and the thousand other flowers of beauty and value that to day adorn the streets of New Orleans, and perfume her atmosphere bespeak the future fashion, beauty and refined social order of the fair women of that city destined to mould and rule American society.

Not many years hence American women will refuse to be ruled by the fashions of Paris, for everywhere the fashions of New Orleans will adorn and beautify American society.

Then be it the noblest mission of her people to lay the foundations and mould the institutions of their city in strength and in wisdom, and in after times their children and their descendants will sing of their native home in sweeter tones and with higher aspirations—

"Land of the South! imperial land,
How proud thy mountains rise;
How sweet thy scenes on every hand,
How fair thy covering skies;
But not for this; O not for these,
I love thy fields to roam;
Thou hast a dearer spot to me—
Thou art my native home."

L. U. REAVIS.

St. Louis, Missouri, May 4, 1873.

Postal Cards.

Hon E. M. Barber, Third Assistant Postmaster General, will issue the following important regulations to-morrow morning:

Prices.—Postal cards will be sold for one cent each, neither more nor less, wether in large quantities or in small.

Uses.—The object of the postal card is to facilitate letter correspondence and provide for the transmission through the mails, at a reduced rate of postage, of short communication, either printed or written in pencil or ink. They may therefore be used for orders, invitations, notices, receipts, acknowledgments, price lists, and other requirements of business and social life; and the matter desired to be conveyed may be either in writing or in print, or partially in both.

In their treatment as mail matter they are to be regarded by postmasters the same as sealed letters, and not as printed matter, except that in no case will unclaimed cards be returned to the writers or sent to the Dead Letter Office. If not delivered within sixty days from the time of receipt they will be burned by postmasters.

Irregular cards.—An ordinary printed business card may be sent through the mails when prepaid by a one cent postage stamp attached; but such card must contain absolutely no written matter except the address; otherwise it will be treated as not fully prepaid, and refused admission into the mails.

Counterfeits.—All cards different from those herein described, with postage stamps printed or embossed thereon, and purporting to be United States postal cards, are counterfeits; and the manufacture of such cards, or the attempt to use the same, will subject the offender to a fine of five hundred dollars and imprisonment for five years. (Sec. 178, Postal Code.)

Spoiled Cards.—Postmasters will not, under any circumstances, be permitted to redeem or exchange postal cards that may be misdirected, spoiled in printing, or otherwise rendered unfit for use, in the hands of private holders.

Requisitions.—The department will not furnish less than five hundred cards on the order of a postmaster. Individuals desiring postal cards will purchase them of a postmaster, as in no case can they obtain them upon direct application to the department.

One of the noted congressional characters at the St. Louis convention is to be the Hon. William Crutchfield, of Chattanooga, a sort of modernized Davy Crockett, and famous throughout the Southwest for the bold defiance he threw at Jefferson Davis, when that extinguished light was suffering an ovation at Chattanooga on his way to assume the executive chair of the new-born Confederacy. Captain Crutchfield, as he is generally called, became a partisan ranger after hostilities begun, and did good service for the Union side. He is now a large trader, and has been elected Representative of the Chattanooga district in Congress. He pronounces for the general improvement of the Southern and Western rivers, including the Tennessee, as one of the ways of checking the rapacity of the railways, and wants the government to shoulder the expense of erecting the levees along the Mississippi and take the profits, either in the general increase of wealth and prosperity, or in any specific manner that will not become a burden on any special industries.

In the St. Louis *Times* we have a report of what might well be spoken of as "a sickening spectacle." A lady connected with one of the oldest and most respectable families in the city of St. Louis, well dressed and heavily veiled, entered a drinking saloon, and walking to the bar asked for whisky. This was refused and she called for wine. After drinking a glassful she staggered back to the rear part of the saloon, where she took a chair and remained some time in a state of semi unconsciousness. She was roused by a policeman, who tried to find out who she was, but in vain. She was locked up in the calaboose. It being found who she was, her friends were sent for. If she had not belonged to one of the "oldest and most respectable families" she would have fined or imprisoned.

A consul in South America finds it hard grubbing to pay $10 a day for board, $2000 a year for clerk hire and $3000 for office rent, on an annual salary of $1000. So Dr. Bertram came home from Montevideo and made his way to Washington to pay his respects to Secretary Fish. In his narrative Dr. Bertram says of this interview with Hamilton: "I told him that an American consul to the republic of Uruguay must steal or starve. He replied that he knew it, and asked me which I did. I replied that I starved, because there was no change for me to steal. He bowed profoundly, and again tendered me the hearty sympathy of the State Department."

Victor Emmanuel's appearance is thus described by a correspondent: "A huge, broad face, burnt a dark mahogany brown; fierce, bitter eyes, half hid under their swollen lids, coarse features, disfigured by bloated massiveness, a sensuous mouth, protruding in spite of the enormous moustaches."

LAWS OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

AN ACT No. 95.

Establishing four municipal police courts in the city of New Orleans, and defining the jurisdiction and officers thereof, and repealing all laws establishing recorders' courts, and providing for the transfer of the records from the recorders' courts to the said municipal police courts, and for other purposes.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana in General Assembly convened, That there shall be, and there are hereby created and established, four municipal police courts in and for the city of New Orleans, which shall be known and designated as follows: The First Municipal Police Court, which shall have jurisdiction over all the territory of said city known as the First District; the Second Municipal Police Court, which shall have jurisdiction over all of the territory of said city known as the Second District; the Third Municipal Police Court, which shall have jurisdiction over all the territory of said city known as the Third and Fifth Districts; the Fourth Municipal Police Court, which shall have jurisdiction over all the territory of said city known as the Fourth and Sixth Districts.

SEC. 2. Be it further enacted, etc., That the Governor of the State shall appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, four suitable persons as judges of the courts hereby created; and on the nomination of the judge of each court hereof, one chief clerk, three assistant clerks and one messenger for each of said courts; and said judges and clerks shall perform the duties hereinafter provided for.

SEC. 3. Be it further enacted, etc., That the judges of the said courts shall each receive an annual salary of three thousand dollars, and the chief clerks thereof shall each receive an annual salary of two thousand dollars; two of the assistant clerks shall receive an annual salary of fifteen hundred dollars each, and one shall receive an annual salary of twelve hundred dollars. The messenger shall receive a monthly salary of forty dollars, and the salaries hereby created and fixed shall be paid monthly by the city of New Orleans; and the Council of the city of New Orleans shall immediately after the promulgation of this act, provide suitable court rooms and accommodations for the administration of justice, as well as suitable rooms for the use of the