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THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

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THE RAGGED EDGE.

The Rev. Phineas McPheeter:

Was on a visit setting yesterday.
He had good the plan of salvation to man.
But salvation of woman was sweeter.

One day the reverend old man
Found himself in very bad mess.
When he fervently prayed for a quirly old maid,
And then said amen with a bless.

Then this quirly old maid, with a flap
Fell right into McPheeter's lap.
For this quirly old maid, not used to the trade,
Was sure she heard remotely rap.

Then in came Miss Susan Snubgun's geer,
And three or four friends in high dudg-on,
And said he's to blame for the guilty the dame,
And hit in with a high moral stungeon.

So the deacons took Rev. McPheeter,
And charged the he was a repeater
Of sermons and sighs that point a lot to the skies,
But downward, like the sting of the skeeter.

But McPheeter had backs that were greer—
Mes Snubgun's ears and ladies were "seen"—
The deacons white wash made them swear it was bush
That the story was vile and unclean.

So the Rev. Mr. McPheeter
Is yet an old sermon repeater,
And that quirly old maid, with character slayed,
Looks sweeter and sweeter and sweeter.

—Indianapolis Herald.

What Our Young Men Want.

The keen satirist of society's little sins, vanities and silliness—the hearty humorist, whose mirth sets us a laughing in the midst of depression, and whose unalloyed pathos moves us to tears when we are least in the melting mood, to wit: William Makepeace Thackeray—never put his pen to better use than when he wrote those wise words:

"It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is rather slow, and you know the girl's songs by heart, than in a club, tavern or in the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which women are not admitted, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have something to conceal, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the buts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, anchovy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit all night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits man may derive from woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out, we drink for ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, o whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful."

This is the soundest kind of sense, and spoken as the brilliant novelist can speak when he dropped his cynicism and tried to plant truth in some heart which will be bettered by it. Young men of America today, especially, need just such direct advice. They are dangerously apt to catch the spirit of the times, which is to get ahead, and keep moving and looking out for number one, to push hotly along with everybody, and, if they can, over everybody in the terrible race for riches. Why, what rough and rude fellows some of them are! How they go stamping about with their you-can't-bumbug-me faces; talking stringy and staring defiantly, for all the world as if they were dealing with wild maniacs, who might spring upon and tear them of a sudden!

Up in fuming billiard rooms, down in steaming and slippery saloons, in the theatre and club rooms, they swagger and swear—always surrounded by men—mere—men. Talk to them of women, and they will hiccup her in a dirty ditty—of evening calls, and they will fore-bly denominate them bores—of quiet parties, and you will be interrogated about apron strings and sugar candy. Of course, these gay and ring-eyed and coffee-nerved young men are intensely selfish. All their roughnesses go unpolished, and they are sucked in by the whirlpool of excess, and die beastly deaths. Every young man should be frightened if he finds himself able to sneer at female society, or unable to secure a comfortable evening without masculine associates, or abashed by a girl's gaze, and struck speechless by the sound of her voice.

Well, the winter is coming along, with its seducting encouragements to sin and folly, its thousand bright temptations, and its promises of manly sport in dazzling dens of all kinds. Ah! how many good resolutions of young men fall and fade in the light of the long winter evenings—the light which streams from the yawning pisy-houses, and gaming hells, and mirrored parlors in back streets, all ablaze with the meretricious glare and glitter of harlotry. And so we earnestly commend the boys to take Mr. Thackeray's advice to heart seriously. Look about for a nice, gentle, sensible girl. Don't go to the lustrous ball room, and pick her out of the smallest foot, and thinnest waist, and gayest laugh, although she will do you twice as little harm in an evening as your strong-lunged companions. Have a sweet-heart by all means, and learn to love to be with her, and away from the low haunts of dissipation. If you are blest with sisters, don't always have to meet somebody down town when they ask you to take them out of an evening, or plead special engagements when they are to have a little company at home. Get a neat, true picture of the face you like very much, and carry it about with you. Look at it now and then, whenever you feel yourself getting gruff, and want to be cheery and jolly again, or inclined to drop into a gin palace to drown care. Accept every invitation you receive to spend an hour or two in ladies' society, forgetful of your billiards and brandy and soda, and parquette seats. You will very soon be astonished at your docility and gentle manners—you, who were a while ago so coarse and oafish as your friend Tom or Dick.

Don't believe the stuff they will tell you about all women being reckless and ruthless flirts; sad fishers for compliments; manikins of dressmakers, all shallowness and insipidity. The girls of this present date, notwithstanding their "tied-back dresses" coquetries, extravagant notions, and ingratitude for the solemnities of living, are infinitely better companions for you than the contemporary boys, with their incessant cigars and cock ails, profanity, late sprees, general fierceness and contempt for all that is philanthropic, scriptural, good and pure. Take Mr. Thackeray's advice, we repeat. Go to see the girls. It can't do you any harm, and may do wonders toward making you a healthy, happy, long-lived and useful man.

Grace Before Meat.

That gratitude which consists in a lively sense of favors to come is sometimes shown by the humbleness of God's creatures.

An aged maiden lady had a parrot, the solace of her declining years. She had trained it piously (being of a religious turn herself), and taught it to say the most beautiful things out of the Bible. The bird was more to her than words could tell; she loved it dearly, not because it looked like her, for she never knew, but because it was so good and pious a bird, and was such a comforting text when she felt sad. It never eat a cracker without a pious speculation between each bite, nor ever thrust its head under its wing without saying its prayers. But disease is no respecter of persons or parrots, and this exemplary bird fell sick one day.

The doctor was called in, but in all his experience he said he had seen nothing like it. The neighbors were summoned, but none of them appeared to understand the parrot's case. The poor bird grew worse, and did nothing but repeat the Book of Job. At this crisis, however, the sorrowing maiden, whose wits were sharpened by the emergency, remembered an elderly sea captain, who lived not far away, and who was believed to know something about parrots. At her tearful summonsbe gallantly came to the rescue, and, after careful examination of the symptoms, gave it as his opinion that [illegible] pining for a mate.

"Not that you ain't good enough company for the parrot, mum—I don't mean that," said the captain hastily; "but then you know, mum, you both being of the same sex, mum," he continued, furtively very red—"gentleman bird! that's what's the matter."

That was a horrible suggestion, but desperate diseases require heroic treatment. Had he a bird of that kind? Well, yes, he had. And would he bring it over? Well, he would, but then he didn't know how it oughter, being as how his bird had been raised aboard ship, and wasn't a moral bird, from hearing the sailors talk. Did his bird swear much? Was it so very wicked? No, it wasn't very heavy on the cuss words—but—and then the captain explained to the agitated lady as delicately as he could that seafaring men, long deprived of the refining influences of female society, were blunt of speech, and that the morals of the best meaning parrots in the world were likely to suffer in consequence.

But even as he spoke the parrot had another fit, and it was determined to attempt to save its life, at whatever risk of its morals; so, without delay, the nautical bird was brought and placed in the cage.

"Avast there, mat!" said the feathered son of Neptune.

"The Lord be praised—for lo! the bridegroom cometh," feebly responded the sick parrot.

"You bet your bottom dollar on that!" said the disreputable bird. "Heave alongside."

"And there were twelve foolish virgins who—" continued the sufferer, still quoting scripture.

"Virgins be blowed!" replied the ancient mariner, who had traveled and observed. "That's played out. Open the hatchway! Haul taut the stern sheets! Starboard your helm, and I'll—"

At this moment a shriek from the horrified lady, who swooned in the captain's arms, drowned the remark. What the abandoned bird said will never be known; but this was the reply of the pious one:

"For what we are about to receive, Oh! Lord, make us truly grateful."—*Boston Saturday Express.*

Who Ate Roger Williams?

A few days ago a brief article went the rounds of the newspapers, having the significant title, "Who ate Roger Williams?" It seems that in searching for the remains of one of the fathers of religious liberty in America almost nothing was found. The pick and spade removed the hard earth till a dark line was reached, having the shape of a coffin. Below there were a few locks of silvery hair and some teeth, the things, Byron tells us, that decay soonest in life and remain longest after death. The dead form had disappeared and a living form had taken its place. The body of the old hero had become, not food for worms, but substenance for an apple tree. A root had forced its way through the hard earth till it reached the coffin, whose lid it lifted and whose contents it devoured. It had stretched itself over the skeleton and thrown out divisions over the extremities. These in turn had divided and showed the form and position of the fingers. A living form showed where a decaying one had rested. An apple tree had eaten up a man. From the food it had devoured it had produced a luxurious crop. The children of the grave-digger had plucked and fruit that he himself had eaten. Mr. Rodney Welch, in the *Teacher's Monthly*, is our authority for the story, which he gives in detail. Not always, however, he adds, does a decaying body thus immediately minister to the wants of a living body. A traveler in Central America tells us that the priests of Leon, Nicaragua, rent out burial lots for ten or twenty years, at the end of which time they sell the bones and the surrounding earth to the manufacturers of saltpetre. This mode of disposing of the dead is quite as economical as was the disposition of the body of Roger Williams, and the latter case the body became of service to man in a modified form soon after it had ceased to be of any use to him in the form it first had. There is almost as much poetry in the last case as in the first. It certainly may be a consoling thought in approaching death in that sunny land of perpetual flowers to think that there, at least, the grave is not the last of earth. There must be rare pleasure in contemplating how useful one will be after he is dead—in considering how portions of one's body may be used in making jerked beef and dried bacon, on which his survivors and successors may feed and fatten. It should kindle patriotism in the heart of a dying man to know that he would some time be worked up into gunpowder and used in the defense of the honor of his country. We can not, if we would, long retain the particles of a body that once gave joy to all around it. Even if the root of an apple tree does not force its way into a grave, the shovel of a nitre-maker does not open it, or a plundering Arab claim its contents to sell to English farmers for manure, some other agencies will operate to rob the coffin of its contents. In many country churchyards sheep graze on the grasses that grow upon graves. In city cemeteries fragrant flowers, planted by loving hands, attest the fact that they luxuriate on the gases sent up from the bodies beneath them. Secure it as we may, and cement it as we carefully, the time will come when the sexton will roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and the living will come forth from the shrouds of the dead. It would seem to be vain then to seek to locate or long retain the little quantity of matter that once belonged to living man. Why grapple for the drowned beneath the waters of lake or ocean? Why seek the miner suffocated amid the debris of the fallen gallery? Why search the Arctic snows for the remains of Franklin? Is it, indeed, more desirable to feed an English willow than a polar bear? "Dust to dust" is the cry nature is ever sounding to call home her own. Hudson answers it from the billows of the mighty bay that bears his name; De Soto from the great river he discovered; Irving from his quiet home beyond the river he loved. "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," is the solemn sentence pronounced on all who live, nor can any escape it, whether long delay or essentially modify its literal exactness. Shall the fate of length awaits each human form, whether, like Cromwell's, it is desecrated years after its interment, or like Napoleon's, which, after years of dishonor on an enemy's island, was brought to his beloved capital at the head of a triumphal procession, such as never accompanied a living conqueror. "We are as near heaven on the sea as on the land," said Sir Humphrey Gilbert to his companions on a threatened ship. So, too, we are as near the dust whether resting beneath the dome of St. Paul's or sleeping amid the clods of the valley.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

A Mechanical Triumph.

A careful survey that was recently made showed that the west wall of the brick building No. 111 West Twenty-fourth street encroached eighteen inches upon the neighboring lot. The owner of the lot needed more room, and therefore bade Mr. Mott, the owner of the encroaching building, remove his wall. The wall is sixty-five feet in height, sixty feet in length, and of an average thickness of fourteen inches, and the ordinary method of tearing down and building a new wall would have entailed heavy expense and much time. The building was being used as a livery stable, and Mr. Mott was unwilling to vacate the premises for so long a time as he was told would be necessary. The builders whom he consulted, Weeks & Brothers, urged him, however, to allow them to attempt to move the wall bodily, and with his consent they finished the undertaking yesterday morning. They had previously severed the connection of the west wall with the north and south walls, and had taken from the last two about two feet of brick and mortar. They had also sawed off from the floor timber beams eighteen inches, and had sharpened the new ends of the timbers so that they might fit into the old beam holes on the moving up of the wall. Then, at a height of about four feet above the foundation stones, Mr. Weeks had pierced the wall at intervals of six feet, and had inserted in each hole to make a double set of heavy needle-beams. The lower beam of each set had been firmly imbedded in earth work, and the upper beam, upon which the weight of the building was to rest, was much shorter than the lower, but otherwise it corresponded in size, and the two lay with their vertical faces in the same plane. The horizontal faces which were brought in contact were placed smooth and greased. Then the brick work supporting the wall had been taken away, [illegible] ed on the needle beams.

Yesterday morning, at half-past five o'clock large screw jacks were lashed to the upper sides of the lower beams, which, as has been said, were much longer than the upper beams, so that the end of each screw pressed against the end of an upper beam in such a way that the jacks when operated made the beams, with the wall on their top of them, slide along the greased surface of the lower beams. There were ten of these screw jacks, and a man stood at each one with a lever in his hand. At a signal given by Mr. Goodwin, who superintended the work, the ten men with their levers worked the jacks in unison, so that no part of the wall should be pushed forward more rapidly than another. The greatest nicety was demanded, for the great wall, more than sixty feet square, was balanced on an edge only sixteen inches wide, and a jar, however slight, would have turned it over to bury the men working at its base. It is the first time that the moving of a detached wall has been attempted in such a way, and a number of distinguished builders and officials of the building department attended. The work was slowly and carefully done. Several times the jacks were stopped, and lines were dropped from the summit to the base, only to show that the wall remained plumb, and delicate measurements were taken to retain the face of this wall true. It was nearly ten o'clock when the work was finished, and then the wall stood exactly upon the line marked by the surveyors, and the floor timbers rested in the old beam holes. Nothing remains to be done but to close the narrow gaps at the corner of the building, and to build a new foundation under the wall. The weight of the wall exceeds 270 tons.—*New York Sun.*

Personal Habits of the Pope.

In the absence of other subjects, writes the Rome correspondent of the London *Echo*, "Fanfulla" has taken pains to ascertain how Pius IX. passes these hot days. His holiness is stirring by 5:30 A. M., and generally opens his bedroom door himself to his attendants, Signor Zangolini, who assists the Pope to finish his toilet, and by seven o'clock he enters the private chapel, where he receives his first visit and hears another. Pius IX. has daily baths of mineral water brought up in barrels every morning from the hot springs near Civita Vecchia, which have done such wonders for Garibaldi. After chapel his holiness has his early breakfast, consisting of a cup of strong soup with a fresh egg in it, a glass of Orvieto or white Bordeaux, and half a dozen biscuits. By nine o'clock the Pope is always to be found sitting in his arm chair under his canopy before a large writing table, on which stands a crucifix and an Immaculate Conception, besides papers and an inkstand. Then comes Cardinal Antonelli in his black soutane, bordered and buttoned with red, and the red silk mantle hanging from his shoulders. The cardinal communicates dispatches, receives instructions, collects the pious oblations of the preceding day, and then spends an hour or two with his hands full of gold and bank notes. Next comes the turn of Signor Spagna, the pontifical master of the household, with whom the Pope has a continual argument as to their respective ages. Then arrives the post, with letters and papers. A prelate on service reads the papers and hands the letters to the Pope glances over with his eye glass. The audiences follow, but last until noon only. The Pope takes a little exercise in the long, shady galleries until dinner time, attended by the Cardinal Vicar, five other cardinals, General Kanzler and the Anticamera Secreta. Sometimes a circle is formed in a shady summer house, and the Pope hears the news of the day. He calls two or three of the company "City Chronicle," another "*Cosas de Espana*," another "French news," and lately "Notices from Herzegovina" has been added to the number of venerable gossips. The pontifical dinner hour is about five o'clock, and the meal is now composed of rice soup, toward the composition of which go two kilogrammes of the best beef and two chickens; *fritto, beef a la mode*, a roast, vegetables, fruit and pastry. But the Pope eats chiefly of the soup and risotto, only tasting the rest, and he has a glass of Bordeaux and a cup of coffee, after which he retires for the afternoon *siesta* of two hours. Thus far, the daily life of Pio Nono is described, with a promise of more details about the afternoon promenade, etc.

Life in New York.

The problem of living in New York, says the *Graphic*, is finding its present solution in the restaurant and boardinghouse. The number of these lately has enormously increased, and there is no limit to either except the size of the island and restaurant charges. But it must be remembered that this city suffers from the causes which tend to increase restaurant prices. One is dear and inferior labor, the other the want of good markets for provisions. Still another cause is the difficulty of procuring the first-class cuts and articles which all Americans want, whatever price they pay, the moment they get outside of their own homes. Twenty dollars per week in a boardinghouse, they consider, should give them porterhouse steak for breakfast, chicken and oysters for lunch, and soup, roast turkey, beef, *entrees*, and confectionery for dinner, and yet they see every week times four times as much to keep house and live on from hash. Nobody in the country wants to do any hard work. Naturally the products of the soil, the getting them to our doors, and their preparation as food are costing us more every day; and naturally, also, the work being little thought of as neglected and badly performed. Butter is deteriorating in quality while it rises in price. Whatever depends upon conscientious labor is inferior in quality to the same article years ago, when the labor was cheaper and the article itself could be bought for half the price which it costs at present. We talk of the dignity of labor, but we must act the dignity of labor. We must grow more good workers and fewer quaaks and shysters. We must stop giving generously and take to paying justly, else we shall lose our homes and our morals as we have lost our teeth—in one universal rot.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A New Conspiracy.

The Atlanta *Herald* reports that emigration agents are already operating in the recently disturbed counties of Georgia enticing the negroes to the rich lands of Mississippi and Louisiana. It reports that 150 had been secured by one man. They will go as soon as the present crops are disposed of, unless deterred by reports of the recent massacres. We notice that a movement is on foot in Columbia to invite some of this emigration to South Carolina.

This is a "conspiracy" against the welfare of Georgia far more dangerous than any which has of late attracted the attention of its people. The wealth of Georgia is estimated by the value of its lands and personal property. If the assessor was obliged to go below the surface of the question, he would be required to admit that the better measure would be the number of its laborers. What, for instance, would be the value of a body of 10,000 acres of farming land in middle Georgia if every negro now engaged in tilling it should remove to Mississippi? There is no surplus labor obtainable from which to draw to repeople it, and it left to itself it would soon relapse into a state of nature. From $20 an acre it would fall in two years to $1 an acre. The land of Georgia is, therefore, nearly worthless without labor to make it profitable.

When Southern men are estimating the losses to the South occasioned by folly of the carpetbaggers they usually add in the $2,000,000,000 which was invested in slaves. This was in no sense a loss to the States or the section. Such a loss could only be sustained by the death or removal of the slaves. All that was valuable to the community was the labor of the men, women and children. This remained after the war, though it necessitated the greatest, perhaps, the rearrangement of the capital which had heretofore directed it. That derangement was only temporary, and has in a great measure already passed away. Of course there was loss to individuals in the loss of slave property, but to the State it was but a substitution of free for slave labor.

It is not easy to estimate the loss to Georgia of every laborer who leaves her. Toe surplus credited to each family per year in the census of Georgia is about $350. This, of course, represents only a portion of the productive capacity of a family of laborers. We think it would be safe to say that if 20,000 persons left Georgia, and they would be the most spirited and enterprising of her laborers, that the loss would not fall below [illegible] deterioration in value of land. The Governor of Georgia is a man who earnestly desires the welfare of the State. He has shown his capacity to deal with a delicate and evident like the recent troubles. He will doubtless now turn his attention to saving the State from the loss of its laborers. The quickest and surest method is to change the tone of bitter hatred and contempt for the colored laborer now prevalent in Georgia to one similar to the deference of Conservatives of Charleston toward the same class.—*Columbia (South Carolina) Union-Herald.*

The Inventor of the Steamboat.

And now comes the State of Georgia, and claims for one of its citizens the honor of having invented the first steamboat, thus tearing from the brow of Fulton the laurels he has so long worn. This fact is established by a letter from William Longstreet, the alleged inventor, to Governor Telfair, of that State, dated Augusta, September 26, 1790, and which is said to be in the archives of the State. It is also stated that Longstreet did build his steamship, and that Rev. C. W. Howard says that his grandmother told him that she saw it make the trial trip. The following is the letter, but how it happens to turn up at this period for the first time is not explained. What have the disciples of Fulton to say to this claim?

AUGUSTA, September 26, 1790.

SIR—I make no doubt but you have often heard of my steamboat, and as often heard it laughed at. But in this I have only shared the fate of all other projectors, for it has uniformly been the custom of every country to ridicule even the greatest inventions until use had proved their utility.

In not reducing my scheme to practice has been a little unfortunate for me, I confess, and perhaps the people in general; but until very lately I did not think that either artists or material could be had in the place sufficient. However, necessity, that grand science of invention, has furnished me with an idea of perfecting my plan, almost entirely with wooden materials, and by such workmen as may be got here; and from a thorough confidence of its success, I have presumed to ask your assistance and patronage.

Should it succeed agreeable to my expectation, I hope I shall discover that source of duty which such favors always merit; and should it not succeed your reward must lay with other unlucky adventures.

For me to mention to you all the advantages arising from such a machine, would be tedious and indeed quite unnecessary; therefore, I have taken the liberty just to state in this plain and humble manner my wish and opinion, which I hope you will excuse, and I remain either with or without approbation.

Your excellency's most obedient and very humble servant,

WILLIAM LONGSTREET.

To Governor Telfair.

The Methodist Church in Mexico.

From the *Two Republics* of the first instant, we extract the following:

The dedication services of the recently completed Southern Methodist Church took place, according to announcement, on Sunday, August 22, at 3 P. M. There were about 400 persons present, and perhaps half as many more came but found it impossible to get in. This large audience was composed principally of Mexicans, many of whom belong to the better classes of society, but there were also to be seen many of the English residents of this our capital.

The dedication sermon was preached by the Rev. Santiago Pasco, of Toluca, who was assisted in the service by Rev. Sostenes Juarez and Rev. J. C. Mota. The sermon was followed by a brilliant discourse by Mr. M. M. Corelia, in which he said it was not his intention to attack Catholicism nor to defend Protestantism, but merely to make manifest the necessity for a pure religion; among other points made and sustained by Mr. Corella was that it is impossible for a nation to exist without a religion.

The act of dedication was performed (in Spanish) by the Rev. Joel T. Davey, superintendent of the Southern Methodist Mission in Mexico, after which the congregation was dismissed. The same evening there was a service in the same place, when Mr. Daves preached his first sermon in Spanish, and acquitted himself most admirably.

This is an elegant church, which, being built on the American plan, is in striking contrast with the others of this city. The lot was purchased by Bishop Keener during that gentleman's first visit to this country, and the present building has been constructed under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Daves.

Connected with the church is a free school for boys and girls, for the management of which the services of competent teachers have been secured.

Alaska's Buried Wealth.

The Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* writes:

People some years ago smiled at the idea of paying $7,000,000 for Alaska, upon the ground that the possession was valueless. From recent reports to the Treasury Department from the collector at Sitka it appears that the possession promises to be a very valuable one—that is, if the recent reports are verified. The most important of the reports forwarded by the collector is one made by a practical miner who has been exploring Alaska. He reports that he has found a very rich silver mining region, one of the richest in the world in natural indications. His report is very ample in its details, and gives a most glowing description of the untold wealth of this newly discovered region.

The discovery of this mine involves also an international question, as since then some British Canadians have come in and squatted upon the territory, claiming that it lies within the British dominions. The collector of the port at Sitka is decidedly of the opinion that the mines lie in American soil. This latter point has been submitted to the State Department for investigation. If the mines are as rich as represented, no doubt there will be a struggle over them, as the British subjects have them in their possession.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

The City of New Orleans vs. James Fallon.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 59,864.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, for city taxes of 1874, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on TUESDAY, October 12, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit:—

ONE CERTAIN PORTION OF GROUND, situated in the Third District of this city, in square number twelve hundred and fifty-one, bounded by Washington, Broad and Bayou Road, triangle lots.

ONE CERTAIN PORTION OF GROUND, situated in the Fourth District of this city, in square number two hundred and seventy-eight, bounded by Seventh, St. Denis, Dryades and Eighth streets, designated as lot number twenty-five, measuring one hundred feet on Seventh street, by one hundred feet in depth.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN.

se10 19 oct2 Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

The City of New Orleans vs. Mrs. Adelaide L. Gabet.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 72,600.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, for city taxes of 1874, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on TUESDAY, October 12, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit:—

ONE CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND, situated in the Fourth District of this city, in square number three hundred and thirty-two, bounded by Lawrence, Magazine, Camp and Jena street; designated as lot number nineteen, measuring forty feet on Jena street, by one hundred and twenty feet in depth.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN.

se10 19 oct2 Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

Citizens' Bank of Louisiana vs. Herman Smith.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No 26,659.—By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on TUESDAY, October 12, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit:—

ONE CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND, situated, being and being in the First District of this city, in the square bounded by Marais, Dauphine, Barracks and Bourbon Pelite streets, designated by the numbers six, seven, eight and nine on said square, measuring 120 feet in depth, by 40 feet in front, according to a plan made by L. H. Pilie, late city surveyor, dated the twenty-first day of May, 1868, and deposited in the office of William J. Vasser, a notary public in this city, which said lots of ground adjoin each other, and measure each twenty four feet nine inches five lines front on Water and Marais street and one hundred and twenty-five feet in depth, between parallel lines, of one hundred and twenty-five feet four lines; said lot number nine forming the corner of Marais street and Pelite alley, with all the rights, ways and advantages thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining; also, the buildings and improvements on said property, being the same property acquired by the defendant herein by purchase, from plaintiff herein per act passed before Felix Percy, late notary public in this city, on the sixteenth of October, 1874.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot. The purchaser to assume the payment of twelve notes of five hundred dollars each, and falling due every three months, on and from Saturday, September, 1875, to the first of September, 1878, inclusive, with eight per cent interest per annum from the first of September, 1874, if paid; and the balance cash.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN.

se10 19 26 oct12 Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

The City of New Orleans vs. Mrs. M. Rodrigues.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 74,452.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, for city taxes of 1874, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on THURSDAY, October 14, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit:—

A CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND, situated in the Second District of this city, in square number eighty two, bounded by Hospital, Dauphine, Barracks and Burgundy streets, designated as lot number twenty three, measuring forty six feet on Hospital street, by one hundred and twenty-eight feet in depth.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN.

se19 26 oct1 Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

The City of New Orleans vs. Widow Joseph Fassin.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 72,127.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, for city taxes of 1874, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on THURSDAY, October 14, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit:—

ONE CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND, situated in the Sixth District of this city, in square number three hundred and twenty-one, bounded by Peniston, Pitt, Prytania and General Taylor streets, measuring seventy eight feet on Peniston street, by one hundred and seven feet in depth.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN.

se18 26 oct1 Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

The City of New Orleans vs. Augt. Smart.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 74,968.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, for city taxes of 1874, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on THURSDAY, October 14, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit:—

THREE CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, situated in the Third District of this city, in square number two hundred and fifty-six, bounded by Dauphine Washington, Lafayette and Burgundy streets, designated as lot number one measuring twenty nine feet on Dauphine street, by one hundred and forty-eight feet in depth; lot number two measuring twenty nine feet on Dauphine street, by one hundred and thirty five feet in depth; lot number twenty-five measuring thirty feet on Dauphine street, by one hundred and forty-four feet in depth.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN.

se18 26 oct1 Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

The City of New Orleans vs. Jean Tecouiet.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 74,966.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, for city taxes of 1874, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, in the Second District of this city, on TUESDAY, October 19, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit:—

1 SQUARE NUMBER SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE AND IMPROVEMENTS, in the First District, bounded by and measuring three hundred and seven feet on Salomon, fifty-eight feet six inches on Dauphine street, one hundred and twenty-four feet ten inches six lines on Common, and on the fourth side by Florida building.

2 SQUARE NUMBER SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX AND IMPROVEMENTS, in the First District, bounded by and measuring three hundred and thirty-four feet two inches six lines on Carrollton avenue, three hundred and fifty feet on Salomon, fifty-eight feet six inches on Dauphine, one hundred and twenty-four feet ten inches six lines on Common street, and about three hundred feet on Florida landing.

3 A SQUARE NUMBER SEVEN AND IMPROVEMENTS, in the First District, number four, in square number three hundred and twenty-one, bounded by Dauphine, Franklin and Lafayette streets, measuring eighty-four feet six inches on Lafayette and one hundred and fifteen feet two inches one line in depth and front on Franklin street.

4 TWO LOTS OF GROUND AND IMPROVEMENTS in the First District, numbers thirty and thirty-one, in square number two hundred and fifty-nine, bounded by Poydras, Lafayette, Baronne, and Dryades streets, measuring each twenty-seven feet nine inches front and one hundred and six feet eleven inches four lines deep; lot number thirty one forms the corner of Lafayette street.

5 A LOT OF GROUND AND IMPROVEMENTS, in the First District, number five, in square number two hundred and ninety-three, bounded by Julia, Rampart and Saint Louis streets, measuring twenty-six feet on Julia street, twenty-seven feet ten inches four lines in the rear, eighty-seven feet in depth on the side adjoining Rampart street, and seventy-eight feet on the other side.

LOT NUMBER FOUR, in square number three hundred and ninety-eight, in the same district, measuring twenty-six feet on Julia street and eighty feet in depth.

Seized in the above suit.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

EUGENE WAGGAMAN.

se4 19 oct7 Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

The City of New Orleans vs. Jacob Haffner.

SUPERIOR DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 72,928.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the honorable the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, for city taxes of 1874, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in the Second District of this city, on SATURDAY, October 9, 1875, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit:—

TWO CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, situated in the Sixth District of this city, in square number one hundred and sixty-nine, bounded by Tchoupitoulas and Octavia streets, designated as follows: Lot number one measuring twenty-nine feet ten inches on Tchoupitoulas, ninety-five feet eleven inches in depth; lot number four measuring twenty-eight feet on Jersey street by eighty-seven feet in depth.

TWO CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, situated in the Sixth District of this city, in square number one hundred and sixty-nine, bounded by Constance, Constantinople, Austerlitz and Laurel streets, designated as lots numbers ten and eleven, measuring fifty-eight feet on Constance street by one hundred and twenty feet in depth.

TWO CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, situated in the Sixth District of this city, in square number two hundred and one, bounded by Constance and Cadiz streets, designated as lots numbers one and two, measuring sixty feet on Magazine street by one hundred and fourteen feet in depth.

TWO CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, situated in the Sixth district of this city, in square number eleven, bounded by Preston, Market, Joseph and Arabella